

significant shorts

Woman waits on judges' decision over abortion ban

The woman whose husband wants to stop her having an abortion faced further uncertainty last night after three appeal judges reserved judgment on whether a temporary ban should be lifted. Colin Sutherland QC, acting for James Kelly, 28, had spent the day seeking to persuade the judges the Court of Session in Edinburgh to make the ban permanent. The judges said there was too much evidence for them to make an immediate ruling and that the decision would be announced this morning. After an unprecedented series of legal hearings, nine days will have passed since the date originally scheduled for 21-year-old Lynn Kelly's termination. The couple separated acrimoniously a few weeks ago when Mrs Kelly was eight weeks' pregnant. Her counsel, Anne Smith QC, said Mrs Kelly could not be seen as an incubator for the child. *Patricia Wynn Davies*

Coach driver cleared after crash

A coach driver was yesterday cleared of dangerous driving and causing the deaths of 10 passengers in a crash. Phillip Crisp, 26, who was found not guilty on all charges at Cardiff Crown Court, had said that his brakes failed as the coach neared a roundabout on the A40 at Raglan, Monmouthshire, in July 1995.

The 16-ton vehicle, with more than 40 passengers, skidded and overturned, killing eight women and two men who were on a day trip from the Cynon Valley in South Wales to Stratford-upon-Avon. The prosecution alleged that Mr Crisp approached the roundabout too fast and failed to use his gears correctly. Examiners found that neither rear brakes of the wrecked coach were working, although the front brakes were. At a hearing at Abergavenny magistrates' court last year the coach owner, Ronald Lewis, 52, was fined £750 after admitting operating a vehicle with defective brakes, a faulty speed limiter and two teograph offences.

McAliskey leaves prison to give birth

Pregnant terrorist suspect Roisin McAliskey was under police guard in hospital last night after being freed on bail from Holloway prison to have her baby.

Ms McAliskey, 25, who is fighting extradition to Germany for questioning over the IRA bombing of British Army barracks in Osnabrück, is understood to be suffering from asthma and other complications caused by an eating disorder. The baby was

due last Wednesday. She has always denied her involvement in the terrorist attack, in which no one was injured. *Steve Boggan*

Letters, page 19

Acid leaks into the Mersey

More than 10 tonnes of hydrochloric acid poured out of the Ford plant at Halewood on Merseyside yesterday after a large tank in the paint shop failed. The dilute acid then flowed down a stream into the Mersey estuary, and firefighters wearing protective clothing pumped it into the sea to weaken the acid further. The Environment Agency, the Government's pollution watchdog, is investigating Ford to find out what caused the leak. *Nicholas Schoon*

New hope for war pensioners

Hopes of victory for thousands of war pensioners who have been denied benefits for hearing loss were raised again yesterday by the new minister of social security in the Lords, Baroness Hollis.

Baroness Hollis announced she was ordering a review of the medical evidence on hearing loss for war pensioners in the wake of a row earlier this year when the Tories introduced tighter rules. The change in the rules provoked an outcry from the Royal British Legion when it was introduced, and led to angry protests from Tory backbench MPs. *Colin Brown*

Low note at Royal Opera House

The new head of the Royal Opera House, Mary Allen, is leaving her current job as secretary general of the Arts Council immediately, following a two-day emergency meeting of the council, and anger in the arts world over the way the appointment was made.

Mrs Allen was appointed last week by ROH chairman Lord Chadlington to replace Genista McIntosh, who resigned as chief executive of the ROH after four months because of ill health. The post was not advertised by Lord Chadlington, who as Peter Gummer, head of Shandwick PR company, had worked with Mrs Allen at the Arts Council, where he was chairman of the lottery panel which awarded the Royal Opera House £78m.

Trevor Phillips, television producer and columnist for the *Independent*, has been appointed chairman of the London Arts Board and a member of the Arts Council. *Saturday Story, page 20*

Cantona's last shirt goes to auction

A shirt worn by Eric Cantona in his last soccer game is to be auctioned on live radio to raise money for an injured footballer.

Cantona scored two goals while wearing the shirt during a testimonial game for former Coventry defender David Busst, after the premiership season finished. Busst suffered serious leg injuries during a match at Old Trafford in Manchester last year, and has since undergone 15 operations.

June bodes ill for hayfever sufferers

A dull May is set to turn into sneezing June for hayfever sufferers as experts predict a "severe" grass-pollen season.

A sunny weather forecast for the bank holiday weekend is set to release clouds of pollen as temperatures rise. The Pollen Research Unit in Worcester said current low levels of pollen, which have varied between zero and 30 grains per cubic metre of air, are set to rise sharply next week to 50 or over, and are expected to peak in early June. Figures above 50 are classified as high. The problems faced by sufferers have been compounded this year by warnings that some over-the-counter remedies may cause potentially serious heart problems in a small number of cases. The drugs affected are the non-sedating anti-histamines terfenadine, loratadine and astemizole. *Jeremy Laurence*

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NEWSPAPERS SUPPORT RECYCLING
Recycled paper made up 41.2% of the raw material for UK newspapers in the first half of 1996

people



Lord Rothermere: Labour are carrying out measures the Tories should have! (Photograph: Keith Dohney)

Rothermere says Mail editor may have to change colours

Lord Rothermere, the aristocratic proprietor of the *Daily Mail*, says the newspaper is "getting out of date" and "may have to change its political colours from deepest blue to Blairite pink."

The latest recruit to Mr Blair's side sent shock waves through the *Daily Mail* editorial floors by suggesting that he believed the newspaper may have to change its political allegiance.

The day after it was disclosed, he had crossed the floor of the Lords to the independent benches in broad support of Labour. Lord Rothermere hinted in an interview on BBC radio that the writing may also be on the wall for his "brilliant" editor, Paul Dacre.

Before polling day the *Daily Mail* warned its readers that 1,000 years of history might be wiped out if Labour won the election.

Lord Rothermere said he and the newspaper's editor "don't agree on many things".

He is a great editor and therefore he is entitled to his views in the paper. I don't happen to agree with all of them."

Asked if Mr Dacre would be free to pursue his Eurosceptic line in the *Daily Mail*, Lord Rothermere said it was a "free country" and Mr Dacre was "entitled to his

views and to express them, but of course if they start to affect the circulation that will be different".

But asked whether the *Daily Mail* would have to change its views, he went on: "If they feel this is the new mood of our readers, yes they will - and I think it is personally."

"Paul has different views. Its readers don't take much notice of politics but in this case they may, and they may feel that the *Mail* is getting out of date."

Lord Rothermere wanted Mr Dacre to remain at the helm but also raised the possibility of his editor's departure. "I would be very sad to lose him. He is probably the most brilliant editor in Fleet Street."

Lord Rothermere, interviewed from a car travelling on the ring road around Paris, was also prepared to support Mr Blair over the abolition of hereditary peers in the Lords.

"That would not worry me at all. I am a democrat. I believe in democracy and the world moves forward..."

Nobody has got an hereditary right to govern. I don't believe that at all."

"[Labour] are carrying out measures which the Tories should have carried out, helping small businesses, taking more adroit attitude in Europe." *Colin Brown*

Yentob to run BBC's digital revolution

Alan Yentob clambered back to the top of television's greasy pole yesterday when he was appointed to lead a newly beefed-up directorate of television at the BBC.

Mr Yentob (right) takes over as director of television from Michael Jackson, who, in the previous round of media musical chairs, last month became chief executive of Channel 4.

Included in Mr Yentob's directorate will be the new digital television services which the broadcaster will launch next year. He will run television with his old partner from BBC1, the BBC's current director of strategy, David Docherty, who has been appointed deputy director of television.

Mr Yentob was widely rumoured to have felt sidelined in last year's reorganisation, that divided the production of programmes from commissioning and broadcasting. He was head of BBC Production, the programme-making division, but found that his power and creativity was limited to providing what BBC Broadcast wanted.

David Docherty has the distinction of heading the BBC's television output without ever having been a programme-maker. BBC insiders portray Mr Docherty as a protégé of the chief executive of the Broadcast division, Will Wyatt, and a disciple of market research and focus groups.

Mr Yentob made his name at the



BBC as the innovative producer of BBC 2's *Arena* arts programme. Yentob once famously cleared the schedule for three hours so he could air an interview with Orson Welles. His programme on the Ford Cortina started a trend for ironic interpretation of the commonplace.

He was thought to be most successful as controller of BBC2, where he could indulge his arts expertise and allowed shows like the *Late Show* to dominate.

However, he surprised observers with his abilities at mass entertainment. BBC 1 has held on to and increased its audience share over the last three years, while ITV has been losing out to cable and satellite channels.

When Michael Grade resigned from Channel 4 in January, Yentob was immediately identified as the front-runner. However, the job went to his successor at BBC2, Michael Jackson.

Paul McCann

Kingston lands plum part in 'ER'

Alex Kingston, the star of the television drama *Moll Flanders*, has clinched a role in the American hit show *ER*.

Kingston, 33, is contracted to appear in at least 22 episodes and has an "open-ended" arrangement after that, her agent said yesterday. There are no details of her role yet, but her first episodes are due to air this autumn.

"Her character hasn't even got a name yet," her agent said.

Fans will be feverishly speculating which of *ER*'s regulars could be destined to fall under Kingston's sensual spell - George Clooney's womanising Dr Doug Ross, vulnerable divorcee Dr Mark Green or perhaps the boyish Dr Center.

The hospital series, made by Warner Brothers Television, is already followed by millions across America and is also one of Channel 4's biggest successes.

It will make Kingston one of Britain's highest-profile acting exports, on a par with her estranged husband, Ralph Fiennes, the star of the Oscar-winning movie *The English Patient*.

It also means she will be swapping the couple's former flat in Pecham, south London, for a Hollywood home during the hectic shooting of the series - filming 22 hour-long episodes in a year is considered the norm in the US.

Another British thespian export, Kenneth Branagh, has also landed a key part in the US, as the lead in the next Woody Allen film.

Matthew Brace

briefing

SOCIETY

Communication breakdown in the office - and at home

Britain's bosses could do with a crash course in communication, it is claimed today. The majority give instructions that are unclear, ignore ideas from staff and fail to consult them before decisions are made, according to the National Communication Survey.

Listening to the Nation, published by The BT Forum,

Things are no better at home either. Although most people realise the importance of communicating - especially with those closest to us - we find it difficult to put this into practice.

The overwhelming majority (95 per cent) believe that many failing marriages could be saved if partners became better at talking to each other. However, more than half said they were more likely to give up on a relationship than try to communicate. Forty per cent said they did not feel comfortable talking about deep feelings or sex with their partner.

Almost half (44 per cent) said they would like to be better at telling others about things that worry them, and as many as 63 per cent would like to be better at getting their point across to other people.

TRANSPORT

Landmark on the road to nowhere

Spaghetti Junction, the country's first US-style interchange, which was once considered too complicated for British drivers, celebrates its 25th birthday today.

Opened in 1972, more than 1 billion motorists have navigated the maze of motorways and slip roads. Despite its image as a road continually under repair, its first major overhaul was needed in 1984 and then again in 1995 - when more than two miles of road had to be urgently resurfaced.

Peter Walker, then Secretary of State for the Environment, cut the tape 25 years ago to open the "Gravelly Hill Interchange" and described it as "the most exciting project in the history of the road system". It is unlikely that motorists in the Midlands agree. They have been subjected to long delays and heavy congestion in the last six years, as seven out of the nine slip roads have had to be shut down for weeks at a time.

The interchange, which was built for less than £11m in 1972 - although a gallon of petrol cost only 34.5p - covers 18 different roads supported by 559 concrete columns, 2.5 miles of slip roads and covers 30 acres.

HEALTH

Spiders need handling with care

The fashion for exotic pets can have dangerous side-effects; doctors have discovered. Owners of tarantulas can suffer severe damage to their eyes - just by handling their hairy friends.

Scottish researchers, writing in the *British Medical Journal*, reported the cases of three people who suffered eye damage from touching the creatures.

Andrew J. Blaikie, of Ninewells Hospital in Dundee, wrote: "Tarantulas are becoming increasingly popular as pets. They are widely available, easily maintained and considered harmless as many are non-venomous. Unfortunately the popular American varieties that are less venomous have evolved highly urticarial [stinging] hairs to leave on their webs and flick predators."

The report said all three patients went to their doctors complaining of itchy, gritty, red eyes.

"The hairs seemed to be migrating relentlessly through the media of the eye," causing cataracts, blurred vision and other problems, it added.

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IN TOMORROW'S INDEPENDENT

Five sections for the very best in news, features, sport, business, travel, property and money



THE BIG NIGHT
Barcelona v Real Madrid
was going to be a trial for Bobby Robson.
How would the Englishman cope?
John Carlion joined him
PLUS:

LATIN AMERICA
From smoggy Mexico City to the jungles of Peru. All you will ever need to know

I MARRIED A SEX GOD
but really it wasn't that much fun. Really

CURSE OF CAMELOT
Misogyny, sex scandals, crisis - it's all part of being a Kennedy

SLIMMING IT
Chic tourists are now heading for the lowliest parts of town

HOW THEY MET
Richard Morley, millionaire, and Jay Khadka, his adopted Nepalese son

TT ANNIVERSARY
The races are 90 years old. John Surtees looks back

IT IS, ARE YOU?

The hills are alive – with the sound of Hindi



Passage to Caledonia: Tony Hussain enjoying the beauties of Scotland, his adopted homeland, before filming begins on a new Bollywood movie

Photograph: Drew Farrell

David Lister
Arts News Editor

Tony Hussain serves food in his Indian restaurant in Dundee every evening. In the mornings he runs a company making Nan breads for supermarkets. And in the afternoons he is making multi-million pound movies.

The 30-year-old restaurateur is spearheading an extraordinary invasion from Bollywood – the Bombay-based Indian movie industry – eager to make films against the backdrop of lochs and hills.

It started last year when a famous Indian director, Dev Anand, was on holiday and came into Mr Hussain's restaurant. Anand, 72, had been making films for 50 years, and Mr

Hussain who was born in Scotland and adores the country, offered to give him a tour of the Highlands to persuade him to make film there.

After the tour, Mr Anand made a Hindi film last year in Scotland called *My Sister Is*, and even cast Hussain, who had never acted, in a small part as a villainous night club owner. Within weeks, other Bombay directors were ringing him up, asking him to arrange locations for them.

Hussain set up his own production company, and working with Scottish Screen and the British Film Commission, has arranged locations in Inverness, Dundee and all over the

Highlands. Shooting starts this weekend on a new £5m Hindi film, *Desire*, in which Hussain will again have a part as a villain, and which will star top Bollywood performers Madhuri Dixit (said by Mr Hussain to be the Deni Moore of India) and Ashi Kumar (the Tom Cruise). The film also stars Amresh Puri who played the villain in an *Indiana Jones* film. Alex Salmond, the leader of the Scottish National Party, even raised the film in the Commons this week to help get some of the 80-strong crew and cast work permits.

Mr Hussain said yesterday: "This film will be subtitled in 27 different

languages, and could make up to £100m. I've arranged the speedboats for stunts on Loch Lomond and helicopters for other scenes. If you can market a movie in India as made in Scotland, it's an automatic blockbuster. So many people have relations in Britain and it is cheapism for them to see the locations. But until I started speaking to them, the film directors in Bombay didn't really seem to know that Scotland existed. Now they do, and you do get the occasional elderly couple visiting Blair Castle in Perthshire rather taken aback to see 50 Asians in costume running about."

Mr Hussain says he will not be giving up his restaurant or nan bread-making business. "The acting is a hobby. I don't get paid for it. In our culture you don't take money off your friends, though, yes, I will be taking a share from the profits of the film we are working on now. But I am still running my other businesses. I do the movie making in my spare time because I want to promote Scotland."

The current film concerns two men, one born in Britain, one in India, who love the same girl. The crew and cast have been booked into a hotel in Angus by Mr Hussain. Their food will be prepared in a mobile kitchen by a chef who happens to be

Mr Hussain's brother. Meanwhile the man, who is rapidly turning into Scotland's biggest movie impresario, while professing to do it only in his spare time, is negotiating to make three other movies in the Highlands.

It is a development being warmly welcomed by the British Film Commission, though privately they voice the occasional problem with a culture clash.

"There has been a little awkwardness," said one official. "When the crews come in to a hotel they tend to bring their own cooks to make Indian food and expect to take over the kitchens. This has not gone down well with one or two Scottish hotels, where the chefs have been rather affronted."

Killer menace of the mobile phone

Michael Streeter

Road safety campaigners yesterday issued a health warning against one of the biggest growth areas in modern motoring with a stark reminder: mobile phones can kill.

After a week in which two tragic cases re-opened the debate over whether drivers should be banned from using the phones while on the move, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents called for the practice to be given the same social stigma as drunk driving.

Yesterday businessman Peter Mill, who was using his phone seconds before he killed another driver in a crash, was jailed for six months, having earlier been convicted of causing death by dangerous driving.

On Tuesday a coroner warned of the dangers after an inquest into the death of newspaper journalist Kate Alderson, 28, who had a phone to her ear when her car ploughed into the path of another vehicle.

The Government also announced this week an "urgent" review of how to tackle the growing problem of accidents caused by the habit.

Lady Hayman, the transport minister, said the problem involved both hand-held and hands-free phones, but pointed out in a written Parliamentary answer that there were already laws in place to deal with the matter.

Mr Mill, 34, had been listening to his message service just before he crossed to the wrong side

Reckless to use it at the wheel

Sue Youngman uses a mobile phone all the time in her work as a public relations executive in London, including in her car to and from meetings.

"For me a mobile phone is not a luxury, it's a fundamental part of my working life. My clients may need to get in touch with me urgently. I leave the phone on, but when I get a call I pull over to the curb to answer it."

She agrees many drivers are reckless when using the phones at the wheel and argues that it's different to talking to a fellow passenger. "It still comes as a shock when the phone rings if you are going around a corner or changing gear. If it's not hands-free you have to take one hand off the wheel."

An essential tool of business

Former traffic policeman Mark Cox drives all around the country in his role as franchise support manager for Abbey Investigations, a nationwide private investigations agency, where a mobile phone is an essential tool of business.

"With the amount of travel I do around the country, I see them all the time, and some are weaving all over the road. It's only a matter of time before legislation is brought in."

With his advanced driving training, Mr Cox feels he can drive safely with his hands-free mobile, though he tries to pull over and encourages franchisees to do the same.

"It's about making people aware of what they're doing."

bend was a factor that contributed to your not having proper control of your vehicle as you took the bend, but it can be no more than suspicion."

However, Lynn Murray, who was married to Geoffrey Murray, said: "I would hope that the media coverage of this case would help to make people more aware of the dangers of using a handheld phone while driving."

"I would ask you to all think

before you make that call – pull over and stop first."

Earlier this month, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents called for a complete ban on using any car phone while in motion. Yesterday, Dave Rogers, ROSPA's Road Safety Adviser, said it would be consulting police chiefs and the Government, adding: "This case has powerfully demonstrated the danger of using mobile phones while driving."

A recent survey of 6,000 motorists in Canada suggested that drivers on a mobile phone were four times more likely to be involved in an accident.

Although there are no specific laws, the police do have the power to prosecute for dangerous driving, careless driving, or failure to have "proper control" of a vehicle. This last offence has been used to cover a variety of unusual acts, including motorists shaving, reading and eating toast, as well as using mobile phones.

Some believe the law is inadequate. Last month Mrs Lynda Hudd began civil proceedings against a man using a phone when his car collided with and killed her 11-year-old daughter Rebekka. The driver, David Powell, was fined £250 for careless driving.

The RAC supports the call for greater awareness, but says the emphasis should be on improving the behaviour of drivers rather than banning the use of phones.

Leading article, page 19

Mystery of girl stabbed by intruder

Jason Bennett
Crime Correspondent

A 12-year-old refugee girl who was strangled to death at her home by an intruder was described by her headmistress yesterday as an "exceptional pupil" and a great loss.

Police are hunting the killer of Katerina Koneva, who moved to Britain two years ago from the former Yugoslav state of Macedonia, after her father found her dead.

Tragically Koneva returned home on Wednesday afternoon to find a man in his first floor flat in Hammersmith, west London. A scuffle followed and the intruder

escaped through a window, but the father chased him into the street, apparently unaware that his daughter was dying.

Mr Koneva continued to chase the man until he hijacked a Fiat Uno, forcing the female driver out of the car. The man abandoned the car nearby and escaped on foot.

It was not until the father returned home that he discovered his daughter.

A man, who lived downstairs from the Konevas, said yesterday: "I heard the father shouting ... 'please come and help me someone' ... We went to help him ... and then we saw Katerina on the floor. Her face was

a strange bluish-purple colour. We didn't know if she was still alive, but we thought she was because she was still breathing."

"Then an ambulance came and they tried to give her the kiss of life. But a policeman said later that she was dead."

Mr Koneva came to this country about four years ago. His wife, daughter, and six-year-old son joined him two years later. The dead girl was a pupil in the first year at Holland Park School in Kensington, west London, where headteacher Mary Marsh yesterday wrote to all parents saying: "It is with profound sadness that I write to tell you of the tragic

death of Katerina Koneva."

"It appears that Katerina was attacked at home soon after she returned from school. You will share our shock and deep distress about this. Katerina was an exceptional student ... She is a great loss to us."

The motive for the attack remains unclear. Police have yet to say whether there was any indication of sexual assault, or whether the flat was burgled.

The suspect is of Greek or Arabic appearance and in his middle to late forties. He was of stocky build, 5ft 6in tall, with receding hair, short at the sides.

Neighbours have laid flowers outside the dead girl's house.



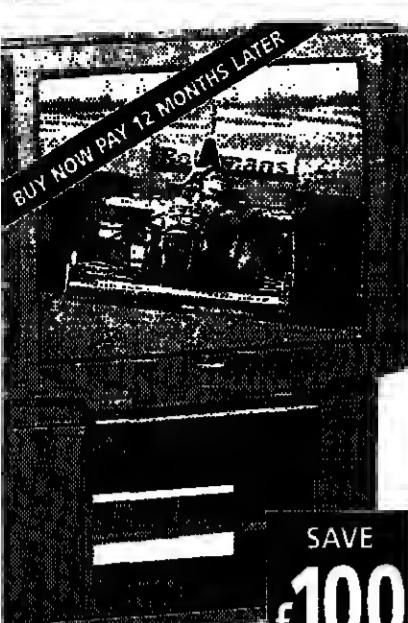
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Aids woman accused of sex obsession

Ian Burnell
Larnaca

Janette Pink, the English woman who is accusing her former Cypriot lover of deliberately giving her Aids, yesterday underwent the harrowing ordeal of being questioned in intimate detail about her sex life before a court.

Mrs Pink, who has been told by doctors that she may only have a year to live, denied that she regarded sex as "more important than food" in her relationship with a fisherman, Pavlos Georgiou, who sat before her in the dock at Larnaca District Court.

Under intense questioning from Tassos Economou, for the defence, Mrs Pink, 45, remained resolute and determined as she told the court the couple had enjoyed "uninhibited physical relationships after meeting four years ago in a bar in Cyprus".

She admitted that three months into their relationship, friends had filled her bed with condoms and pot-pourri. But she came home with Mr Georgiou, cleared away the condoms and had unprotected sex. "We never used a condom," she said. "It never occurred to me. These were not my condoms. They were put there as a joke from my friends and cousins."

Only a month earlier she had taken an Aids test after being told her lover might have the virus. The test proved negative.

Asked what her feelings were for Mr Georgiou at this time, she said: "I was very fond of him. You could say I loved him."

Occasionally shooting pained glances to her parents, Vic and Sheila Ruston, who were sitting near the front of the court, Mrs Pink said that sex had not been important to her before she went to live on the island following the break-up of her 20-year marriage to a City accountant.



Janette Pink: 'I didn't want a physical relationship'

wanted to remain friends. I didn't want to enter into a physical relationship. I'm not in the habit of having casual relationships with people. I'd been in a long-term marriage," she said. "I didn't feel right to enter into a physical relationship because he was married, but eventually my feelings broke down and the physical relationship happened."

Mr Economou asked her: "Was Pavlos Georgiou a good lover, very good, average or excellent?" Shaking her head in disbelief at the question, Mrs Pink replied: "Good." The accused smiled briefly in the dock.

"My husband in the last few years of my marriage, was not very well and I was not active sexually," she said. "It didn't have very much importance to me. I had been married a long time, I'd had my children."

The court heard that the couple had dated for four months before they began their 18-month physical relationship.

Mrs Pink said: "Pavlos never forced any attentions on me. It was always a mutual thing."

She said she was reluctant to become a mistress to a man who was married with children. "I

Mr Georgiou, 39, is accused under an obscure Cypriot law drawn up to stop the spread of cholera and typhoid. He could face up to two years in jail.

As he arrived in court wearing sunglasses and a short-sleeved shirt he expressed his contempt for his former lover.

"She's out of my mind. I thought nothing when I saw her yesterday," he said. "I had my head down so I did not look at her because to me she's not longer there. She does not exist."

He kept his eyes away from Mrs Pink as she told the court that she had been on a succession of holidays to Cyprus since 1989. On some occasions she had come with her husband and two children and on others she had travelled alone.

Mr Economou put it to her that during three trips to the island in a six-month period in 1991 and 1992 she had been having an affair with a man named Damianos. Mrs Pink said it was a lie. "I never had a relationship with him. We were friends," she said.

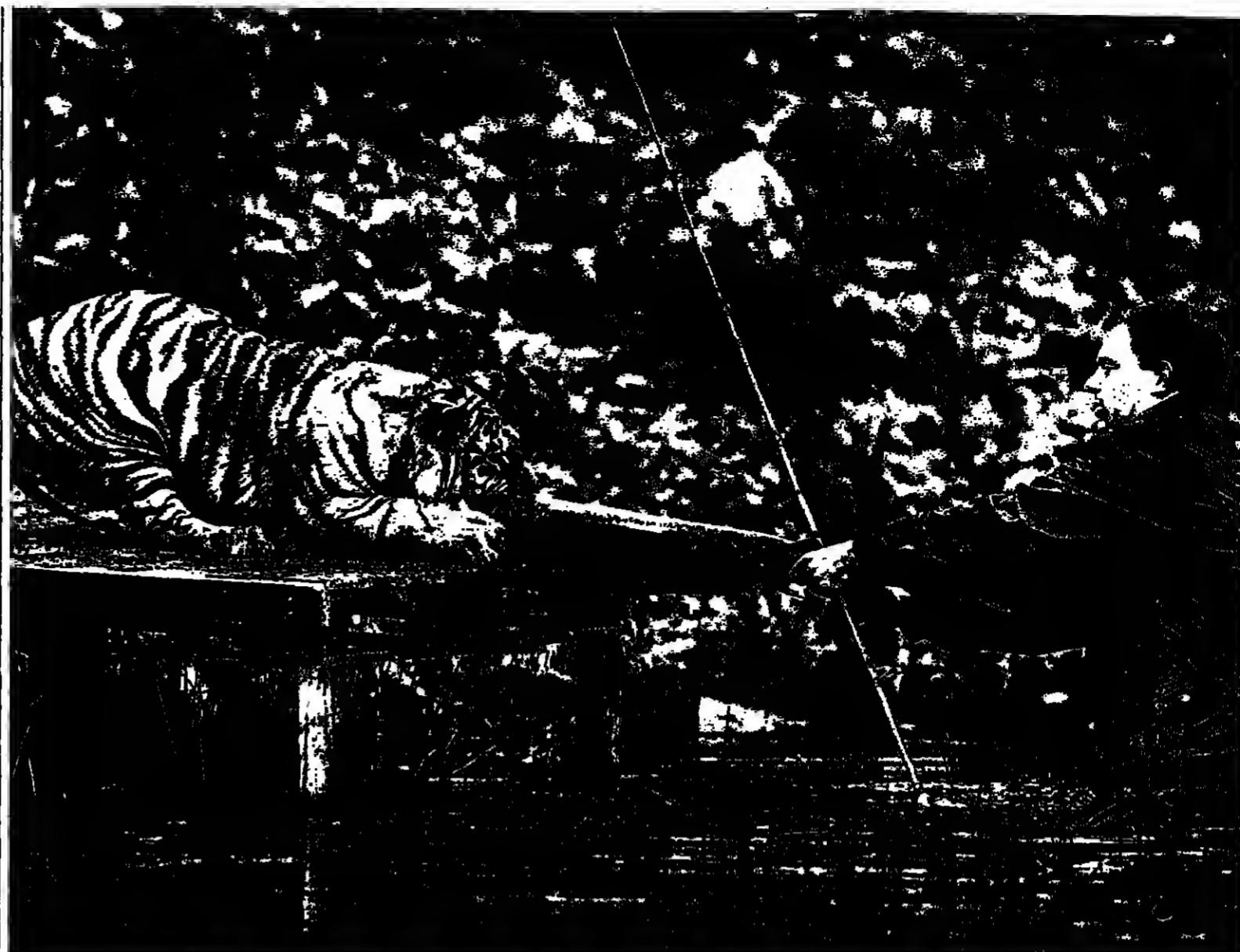
Mr Economou suggested that Mrs Pink was a woman who liked to have fun and enjoyed going to bars in the resort of Agia Napa, near to where she lived. "I'm informed that you also used to sing very nicely," he said. She replied: "I've got a terrible voice."

Mrs Pink, who now lives with her parents in Basildon, Essex, said she had first heard of Aids eight years ago but had not taken a special interest in the virus and its effects.

"I have not watched any specific programmes about HIV. If there was an item in the news I would have watched it, and if there was an article in the newspaper I might have read it. But it didn't have any specific interest to me," she said.

"Like many people, I believed really it was only the gay community or drug users who really had a problem with Aids. I was very naive."

In what appears to be a bizarre co-incidence the killers



Tug of war: Indigo, a Bengal tiger, with keeper Stephen Noyes Smith at the opening of Glasgow Zoo's trout pool yesterday. Photograph: Jeff Mitchell/Reuters

Curry war may have led to killing

Jason Benetto
Crime Correspondent

Detectives believe that a fast-food delivery man who was stabbed to death outside the home of the Solicitor-General may have been killed as part of a "curry war" between rival restaurants.

Abdul Samad, 26, died from multiple stab wounds, after being jostled to a street in north London on Wednesday night by a bogus order for a curry. Shortly after Mr Samad arrived with the food he was set upon by two or three masked men and attacked with a knife, cleaver and beater with a blunt object.

There is evidence to support the suggestion that some kind of feud was involved. The bogus food order to the Curry In A Hurry takeaway in St Paul's Road, Islington, was

made from a public telephone box close to the home of Lord Falconer in Islington. Mr Samad, from Bethnal Green, east London, who took the delivery by car, parked close to the Solicitor-General's home.

As he got out of his car he was chased by the men who attacked him with a knife, cleaver and beater with a blunt object. He was taken to hospital but died about three hours later.

Nothing was taken from Mr Samad and several valuable items were discovered on his body. The assailants were described as Asians in their 20s. A weapon has been recovered and two people were arrested in connection with the murder

but both have been bailed.

Although Mr Samad is not the owner of Curry In A Hurry, police are examining suggestions that his Bangladeshi family owns part of the take away. There are no previous reports of attacks against staff of the food outlet.

Detective Superintendent Colin Hardingham, who is heading the murder hunt, said: "Part of the inquiry will be to look if there have been any similar incidents in the area. At the moment we know of one or two, but others may not have been reported to the police."

He added: "We are examining a number of possible motives at the moment. It could have been a robbery that went

horribly wrong, or it may be something personal or something to do with the business."

On the question of why the killers chose Lord Falconer's home address Det Supt Hardingham said: "We have spoken to the Solicitor-General and he did not order the curry."

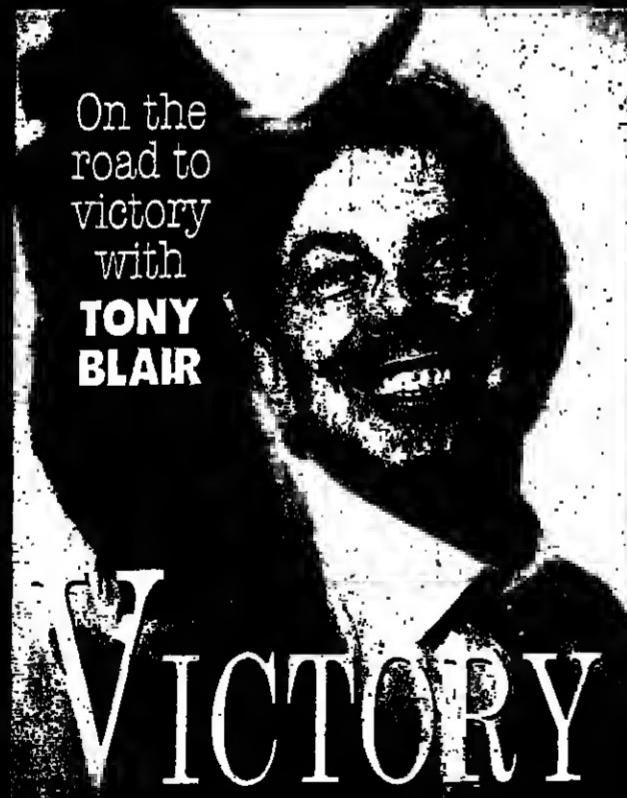
"We are confident it has nothing to do with his family. It's a bizarre coincidence. This attack was clearly planned."

Lord Falconer and his family were unaware of the incident until they were woken by police.

Mr Blair appointed Lord Falconer, a school friend, days after the election. The £78,000-a-year post of Solicitor-General involves overseeing the Crown Prosecution Service.

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Foster father had known sex conviction

Roger Dobson

A care worker jailed yesterday for six and a half years after admitting 10 charges of indecent assaults on boys in his care, had been convicted of a child sex offence 25 years earlier.

Roger Saint looked after children, both in a residential home and as a foster father in his own home, for six local authorities despite a conviction for the indecent assault on a 12-year-old boy.

He was also appointed to the Clwyd Fostering and Adoption Panel, which helped to vet would-be carers. Police failed to find his earlier conviction when asked to carry out a search because his date of birth was given incorrectly.

But even when the conviction came to light, at least four councils continued to send boys to him. Chester Crown Court was told yesterday. One council believed that his indecency conviction was not significant.

The North Wales Tribunal investigating abuse of children in care across North Wales, will now investigate the case.

Mr Justice Laws told Saint: "This is a very serious case indeed. It is wholly obvious that you embarked on a deliberate course of masturbating boys in

our care over a period of 13 years."

The court was told that Saint either masturbated the boys or told them to masturbate him. In evidence to the police, boys told how their lives had been changed by what had happened. One said: "I will never forget him. He was supposed to look after me. I just hope no-one else suffers like that."

And another said: "I didn't like what he was doing, but I was a child then and I thought he was just being kind."

Saint was convicted of indecent abuse in June 1972. He had previously worked in children's homes in a number of areas including Hampshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire and Wiltshire.

Only six months after that conviction, which should have prevented him from working with children again, he started work at a children's home in Manchester and was then offered in charge of a residential school in Merseyside.

In December 1978, he was approved as an adopted parent by Clwyd social services. Clwyd said: "The view of Tower Hamlets that it was an isolated incident and children placed with him had been doing well. North Tyneside were aware and their judgment was that [that] conviction was not significant."

A police spokesman said:

"When Clwyd made the inquiry we were supplied with an incorrect date of birth. The vetting procedure was constructed on the basis that the information was correct. Twenty years later there are now no records of the actual check and we are therefore unable to identify where the failing occurred."

In March 1985, Saint became self employed as a full-time foster carer working from home and two years later was appointed a member of the fostering and adoption panel.

In 1988, Saint's previous conviction came to light when Devon Social Services put in a request for a new check after Saint had approached them about two of their children.

Six social service departments placed children with Saint - North Tyneside, North Yorkshire, Tower Hamlets, Greenwich and Clwyd. In total, 19 children were cared for by Saint.

By this time at least four of his patients were aware of his conviction. Michael Farmer QC said: "The view of Tower Hamlets that it was an isolated incident and children placed with him had been doing well. North Tyneside were aware and their judgment was that [that] conviction was not significant."

An account of the world's first patient to be diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease has been discovered in a file that had been lost for 90 years.

The patient, a 51-year-old woman from Frankfurt known

as Auguste D, was diagnosed by Alois Alzheimer with a form of dementia that subsequently became known as Alzheimer's disease.

Alzheimer described her case in a remarkable lecture delivered to a conference of psychiatrists in Tübingen, southern Germany, on 4 November 1906.

The file on her case, including case notes which movingly detail the extent of her mental decline, was described in an article published in 1909 but had not been seen since.

The discovery of the file was described as a miracle yesterday by Professor Konrad Maurer who came upon it by chance in

the archives of the Johann Wolfgang Goethe University psychiatric clinic in Frankfurt. "Holding the missing document with Dr Alzheimer's own handwriting is like holding his history in your hand," Professor Maurer said.

The blue cardboard file was well preserved and contained pictures of the patient, samples of her handwriting, a case history, brain tissue analyses and a post-mortem report.

The first sign of her illness was a powerful feeling of jealousy towards her husband. She rapidly began to lose her memory and developed delusions and hallucinations. Examination of her brain after death showed the pattern of plaques, neurofibrillary tangles and other changes that have since come to be recognised as the defining characteristics of Alzheimer's disease.

The case notes begin on 26 November 1901, recording Dr Alzheimer's interview with his patient. Her answers are given in italics.

"She sits on a bed with a helpless expression. What is your name? *Auguste*. Last name?

Auguste. What is your husband's name? *Auguste, I think*. Your husband. *Ah, my husband*. She looks as if she didn't understand the question. Are you married? *To Auguste*. Mrs D? Yes, yes, *Auguste*. How long have you been here? She seems to be trying to remember.

Three weeks. What is this? I show her a pencil. *A pen*.

"At lunch she eats cauliflower and pork. Asked what she is eating she answers spinach. When

objects are shown to her she does not remember after a short time which have been shown. In between she always speaks about twins. Asked to write *Auguste* D she writes *Mrs* and forgets the rest. It is necessary to repeat every word."

After *Auguste* D died in 1906, Alzheimer asked for her records and brain to be sent to him in Munich where he was then working. Six months later he delivered his lecture in Tübingen which was published a year later with the title 'A characteristic serious disease of the cerebral cortex', but it was not until the eighth edition of the *Handbook of Psychiatry* in 1910 that the term 'Alzheimer's disease' was used.

Professor Maurer, who describes his find in *The Lancet*, says it lays to rest a dispute among European doctors about whether *Auguste* D had Alzheimer's disease or another diagnosis such as arteriosclerosis of the brain in which the walls of the blood vessels become progressively thickened cutting off the blood supply.

Notes in the file show that *Auguste* D had the distinctive signs of a degenerative and not a vascular (blood vessel) dementia and there were no significant signs of arteriosclerosis.

A copy of the file is to go on public display at the house in the village of Marktredwitz, near Wurzburg in central Germany, where Alzheimer was born and which was converted to a museum to commemorate his work in 1995.

The first woman with Alzheimer's

Jeremy Laurence
Health Editor

An account of the world's first patient to be diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease has been discovered in a file that had been lost for 90 years.

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Cornwall on march as its economy goes west

Ian Burrell

Cornwall is on the march. Dcrying cœtuies of "oppression" by their English overlords, thousands of Cornish people will set out for London this weekend on a mass demonstration of their "difference" from the rest of Britain.

One of the poorest regions in the British Isles, the county has watched as the demise of its fishing fleet followed the collapse of its tin-mining industry, and its people have seized on the 500th anniversary of a bloody Cornish rebellion to make an expression of "national" pride.

Half a millennium ago it was the imposition of an English tax, levied to fight a war on Scotland, that led 15,000 Cornish rebels to march on London. The 1497 rebellion ended with 2,000 Cornishmen being slaughtered by Henry VII's army at Blackheath, on the south-eastern fringe of the capital.

Among the marchers this weekend will be Victor Angove, a 42-year-old robotics technician from Milwaukee, who leads a large contingent of Cornish-Americans taking part in the event. Mr Angove is a direct descendant of Michael Joseph An Gof, the leader of the 1497 rebellion. For his actions, his ancestor was drawn through the streets of London, from the Tower to Tyburn, before being hung, drawn and quartered.

Arriving in Britain, Mr Angove said: "To me it's amazing that the people of Cornwall are still celebrating this event 500 years later. I'm extremely proud to be related to a folk hero."

Over the next month, the 320-mile An Gof march will be retraced, including a re-enactment of a skirmish which took place at Guildford, Surrey.

The arrival of the marchers in London will precede a celebration of Cornish identity, with the capital hosting Cornish trade shows and cultural performances. There will be a commemorative service to the Tower of London followed by a procession to Marble Arch.

The march is a focal point for a resurgence in Cornish identity which has seen a revival in the

region's culture. Bilingual road signs have been put up, and many local cars carry a "Kernow" (Cornwall) stickers. It is a form of nationalism which has emerged in other parts of Europe in a process dubbed the "Balkanisation" of the Cooineot.

The mood has spread to Cornish youth which has adopted surfing as its national sport and adapted the yellow Cornish tartan as a fashion item.

Even the Bible is being translated into Cornish for the first time. While the Welsh and even the Manx have had their versions for many centuries, the Cornish await the completion of a project being undertaken by a team of 13 volunteers who are translating from ancient Greek.

Graham Sandercock, chairman of the Cornish Languages Board, said: "This should have been done centuries ago... The demise of Cornish is... partly attributed to the lack of a Bible."

Cornwall even has its own nationalistic party, Mebyo Kernew (Sons of Cornwall), which regards Plymouth, the nearest large city, as part of a foreign country. Mebyo Kernew (MK) fielded a record four candidates in the May election, but the party fared badly as voters preferred to back the Liberal Democrats for their strong pro-Cornish stance.

Nevertheless, Loveday Jenkin, an MK councillor, said the election had demonstrated a clear Celtic voting pattern: "Look at Cornwall, Wales and Scotland," she said. "None of those areas has a Conservative MP."

Judy Lucy, of the Cornish American Heritage Society, said Cornish consciousness in the US was "growing every day". Cornish marches are to be held in a dozen American cities. "It has been like opening up a whole new world," she said.

For proud Cornishmen like Andrew George, the newly elected Liberal Democrat MP for St Ives, and former member of MK, the march is a unique opportunity to state Cornwall's case to the world.

"It's time for Cornwall to stand up for itself," he said. "We are poor, we have high unemployment and the lowest wages in the country, and we are going to start fighting back."



Carrying a torch: Donald MacLeod's painting, Crossing the Tamar - the Cornish Rebellion, showing Cornwall's pitchfork army on its way to the English capital in 1497

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Calls to end arms exports to Indonesia

Colin Brown
Chief Political Correspondent

Export licences of arms to Indonesia should be revoked before a government review is completed, Menzies Campbell, the Liberal Democrat spokesman on foreign affairs, demanded last night.

Speaking after a report in *The Independent* highlighting the sale of armoured vehicles and water cannons in spite of the Government's ethical foreign policy, Mr Campbell called for an immediate ban on the sales.

He said there was nothing a review would tell us about Indonesia's suppression of democratic dissent and repression of East Timor that was not known already.

"There can't be a stronger case for a change in Britain's policy than the example of Indonesia. Knowing what we know, it is inconceivable that we should continue to supply arms to a regime of such brutality," Mr Campbell said.

Earlier, Robin Cook, the Foreign Secretary, said he was "surprised" that water cannons were exported from Britain and would be asking "searching questions" in the review, which he announced on Thursday.

Revoking the export licences could open the Government to compensation claims by British exporters. But the Foreign Sec-

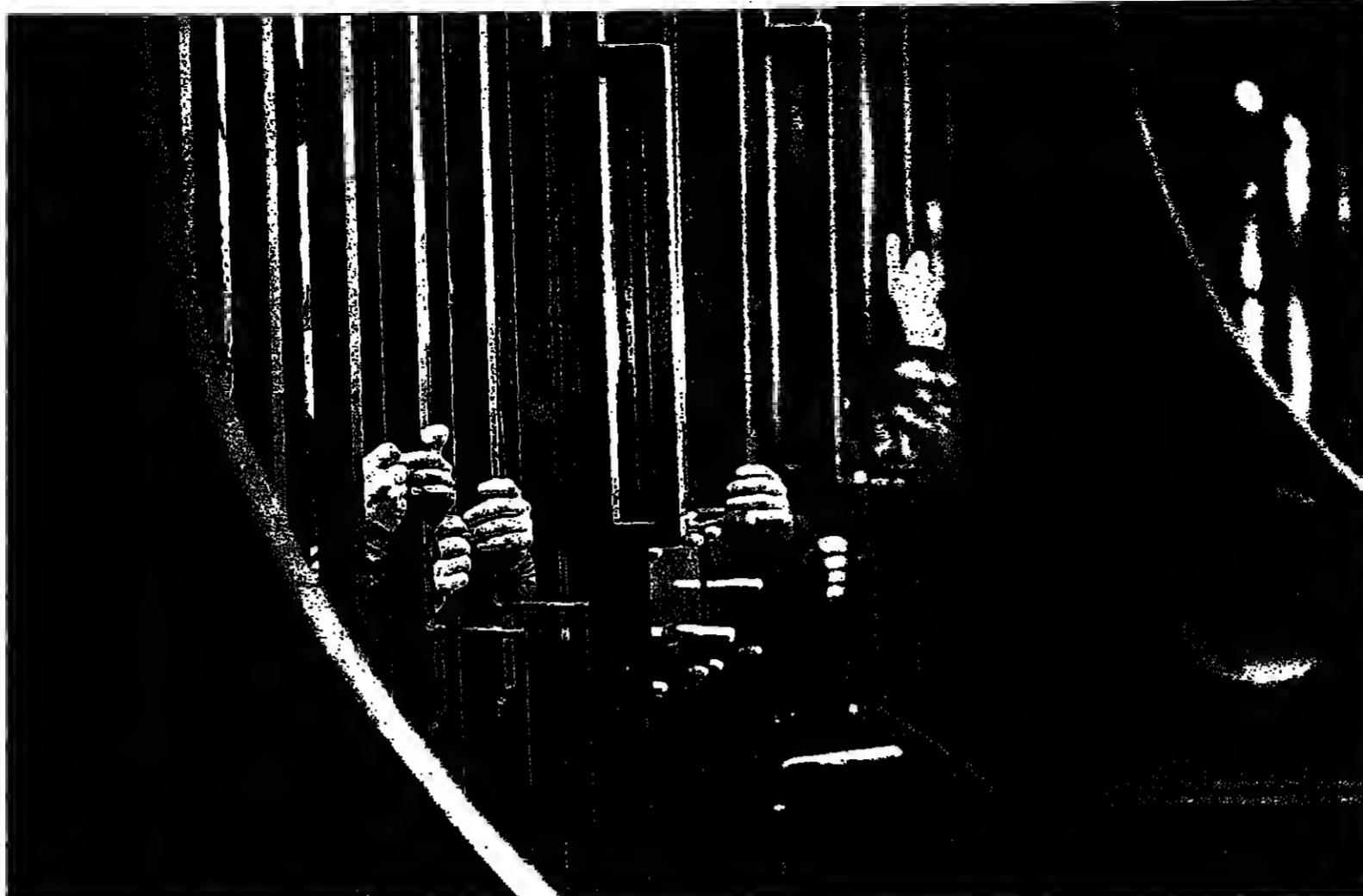
retary gave a clear signal that he could still act against the exports if they were judged to contravene the policy he had introduced for taking ethics into account in diplomacy.

"That report in *The Independent* is unfounded," said Mr Cook. "We have made no decisions to revoke or not to revoke any arms sales."

But he added: "I was personally surprised that we export water cannons we don't use in Britain. I will be asking some searching questions about that."

Downing Street refused to rule out the possibility of compensation if the Government took tough action to enforce the export ban. *The Independent* reported that export licences had been granted for seven armoured water cannons and 17 armoured vehicles. Water cannons and British-made armoured personnel carriers were used in Jakarta this week to break up a march, as tensions mounted in the run-up to Indonesia's general election.

The most difficult issue facing the Cook review will be continuing orders for the Hawk trainer jet, which campaigners allege were converted and used to carry out attacks on people of East Timor. There is an outstanding order for 16 new Hawk fighter jets, worth £300m, by British Aerospace, on which many jobs will depend.



Lock-out: Downing Street's iron gates keeping out Tony Blair's public yesterday as firmly as they did Margaret Thatcher's. Photograph: John Voss

Blair shuts gates on open government

Colin Brown

Tony Blair caught the public mood on the morning after the election by walking into Downing Street to be greeted by members of the public, friends and party workers, with their children waving flags. But since then the gates have remained shut, and it appears they will have to stay so for the foreseeable future.

Mr Blair will throw open the doors of No 10 to President Bill Clinton and Hillary Clinton for an informal visit next week, and

some of Mr Blair's supporters felt that removing the Thatcher gates from the end of Downing Street would be the perfect public symbol for the new mood of optimism brought about by the change of government.

But Mr Blair has said in a written Commons answer: "Security measures at Downing Street are kept under constant review and our advice is at present they should remain."

Crowds outside No 10 were a common sight until Margaret Thatcher was advised to install

the gates during her term of office to deter IRA bombers.

The need for the gates has been underlined on a number of occasions, but the IRA has also shown they are no barrier to attack. It launched a mortar attack on Downing Street in February 1992 and disrupted a Cabinet meeting. In October 1992, the IRA forced a taxi driver to take a bomb to the gates — the explosion shook Whitehall but did not cause any injuries.

The security forces believe

the gates are still serving their purpose. They are supplemented by a hydraulic ramp in Downing Street to stop a suicide bomber crashing through with a lorry. The famous front door to No 10 was replaced by a blast-proof version during Mr Major's tenure, as were the Georgian sash windows.

A sustained IRA ceasefire might persuade the security forces to risk taking the black iron gates off their hinges and throwing Downing Street open to the public again.

But they are expected to argue that other groups desperate for publicity could still present a threat.

■ Downing Street sources said it was likely Hillary Clinton and Cherie Blair would have lunch together, while the President and Prime Minister lunch in Downing Street next Thursday. The Clintons are dropping in on the Blairs en route for a summit in Europe to mark the 50th anniversary of the Marshall Plan. The Blairs will spend bank holiday Monday at Chequers.

Grandees faced by grassroots rebellion

Colin Brown

An angry backlash from Tory supporters was last night growing against party grandees who denied them a say in the selection of the Conservative leader.

"They are furious," said one Tory MP last night. Their anger is directed at Sir Archie Hamilton, the newly elected chairman of the 1922 Committee, who opposed any immediate change in the rules to allow the constituencies their say.

But the dismay is also directed at Robin Hodgson, chairman of the voluntary wing, the National Union, for falling into line with Sir Archie's promises of a review of the rules.

The Tory grandees, who act as the shop stewards for Tory backbenchers, are accused of being out of touch with the constituencies, and there was open revolt being threatened.

Tory MPs were warned of a "serious risk of insurrection" by the Conservative MEP Graham Mather, who said some local activists were up in arms over the ruling at the meeting of the 1922 Committee on Thursday. The executive of one local party was believed to be on the verge of resignation.

"There is a serious risk the party will have two leaders — one chosen by the parliamentary party and the other chosen by ourselves," said Mr Mather.

William Hague, the youngest leadership challenger at 36, promised in Bristol last night to revive the party.

He said it should try to double its membership within two years, and of making sure half of the new members were younger than the new leader.

Japanes
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2,000 poor pupils to lose help with fees

Judith Judd
Education Editor

Independent schools yesterday accused the Government of breaking its pledges as the education Bill to abolish the assisted places scheme was published.

They said Labour had promised before the election that pupils in private preparatory schools who were due to transfer to senior school at 13 would have their places funded until they were 13. Details of the Bill showed that most would lose all financial help at the age of 11.

The Bill removes the duty of the Secretary of State for Education to operate the scheme which helps fund places in fee-paying schools for bright pupils from poor backgrounds. The money saved will be used to reduce class sizes. It ensures that there will be no new intake of pupils with assisted places this September but that pupils with existing places will continue to be funded.

Pupils under 11 will be paid for until they reach the end of their primary education unless they live in one of the few areas which ran to 13 would continue until they were 13.

David Woodhead, director of ISIS, said: "The Government has wasted no time breaking a pre-election promise. The effect will be to disrupt the education of up to 2,000 children."

The schools said they were also asking for clarification about a clause which allows the secretary of state to make regulations about the level of fees for those pupils on existing assisted places. They are concerned that fees should continue to be updated. They are considering a legal challenge to some aspects of the Bill.

A spokesman for ISIS said: "We are not seeking to be obstructive. We recognise that the Government has a mandate to do this but we want to ensure that individual schools and children are not penalised unfairly."

A spokesman for the Department for Education said the Government's key pledge was to reduce class sizes. Under the Bill, it would be open to the secretary of state to extend the qualifying period for an assisted place for individual pupils. Each case would be treated on its merits.

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Grandees
faced by
grassroot
rebellion

Japanese offer County Hall as seat of London government

Christian Wolmar
Westminster Correspondent

The red flag, albeit a new Labour one, may well fly over County Hall, London, in what would be a symbolic final defeat for Thatcherism.

As ministers are drawing up a consultation paper on how to bring about the manifesto commitment of creating a London mayor and a new, all-London authority, the owners of County Hall have written to Tony Blair, the Prime Minister, to offer up to 200,000 square feet of offices in the building which is just on the other side from Westminster Bridge from the Houses of Parliament.

Much of Margaret Thatcher's antipathy to the Greater London Council was a result of its use of County Hall as a visible challenge to her rule, with the prominent use of political slogans and a round-up of the number of London's unemployed blazing across the Thames.

Mac Okamoto, the legal representative of Shirayama Shokusan, the company which bought the building after the abolition of the GLC in 1986, says that despite the creation of an aquarium and plans for a hotel in the complex, the building, which still has its debating chamber, would be "the best place for the

new mayor to receive a great number of visitors, including those from overseas". The space would be let at a "commercially reasonable rate".

While ministers were privately saying that they would consider the offer seriously, Mr Okamoto's generosity was not received graciously everywhere. One senior Labour source, still smarting at the sale of the building said: "This is just a sign of the company's desperation. They haven't known what to do with the building and hope that we will rescue them. In any case, they still owe £10m on the building because payment has been deferred to the year 2012. There is no reason why we should pull their chestnuts out of the fire."

The government hopes to pass legislation by February next year in time for a referendum to be held at the same time as London's council elections in May. The authority would then start operating in 2000.

However, there are differences within the Government over the size of the authority and the method of electing it. Government sources say that it may have a small number of members, perhaps one from each of the boroughs, but there is resistance to the suggestion that it should be elected by proportional representation.

£37m grant to turn clay pit to paradise

Millennium Commission funding of £37.15m was yesterday announced for Cornwall's "Garden of Eden" - a 1km-long, 60m-high greenhouse complex in a disused clay pit.

Four mini-climates and more than 10,000 plant species will flourish in what is claimed will be the world's biggest botanical gardens at Bodelva, near St Austell.

The grant was announced in Cornwall by one of the millennium commissioners, the astronomer Heather Cooper, who described the Eden project as "absolutely mind-boggling".

"I am absolutely amazed at the scale of it and I think it is marvellous that a project of this environmental scale is coming out

of an environmentally scarred landscape," she said. The four climates - rainforest, desert, Mediterranean and temperate - would be "fascinating to look at as well scientifically robust".

The £106m project, which is due to be fully operational by April 2000, hopes to attract 750,000 visitors a year and create 300 jobs.

The joint project founder, Tim Smit, said it would be a "symbol of the regeneration of Cornwall", adding: "We believe it is worth doing because it marks a fundamental shift in our culture from exploitation to conservation."

His co-founder is the architect Jonathan Bell, who master-minded the restoration of the Lost Gardens of Heligan.

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New Statesman WHAT'S GOING ON?

CONTRIBUTORS THIS WEEK: FIRTHAN O'TOOLE, MARY RIDDELL, JANE ROBINSON, DES WILSON, JACK STRAW, BLAKE MORRISON, JOHN LLOYD, SOYD TONKIN.

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Culture vulture: Fashion designer Isobel Blow, in Hay-on-Wye for the festival, attracting bemused looks yesterday

Photograph: Andrew Buurman

Bloomsbury comes to Wye for book festival

Tony Heath

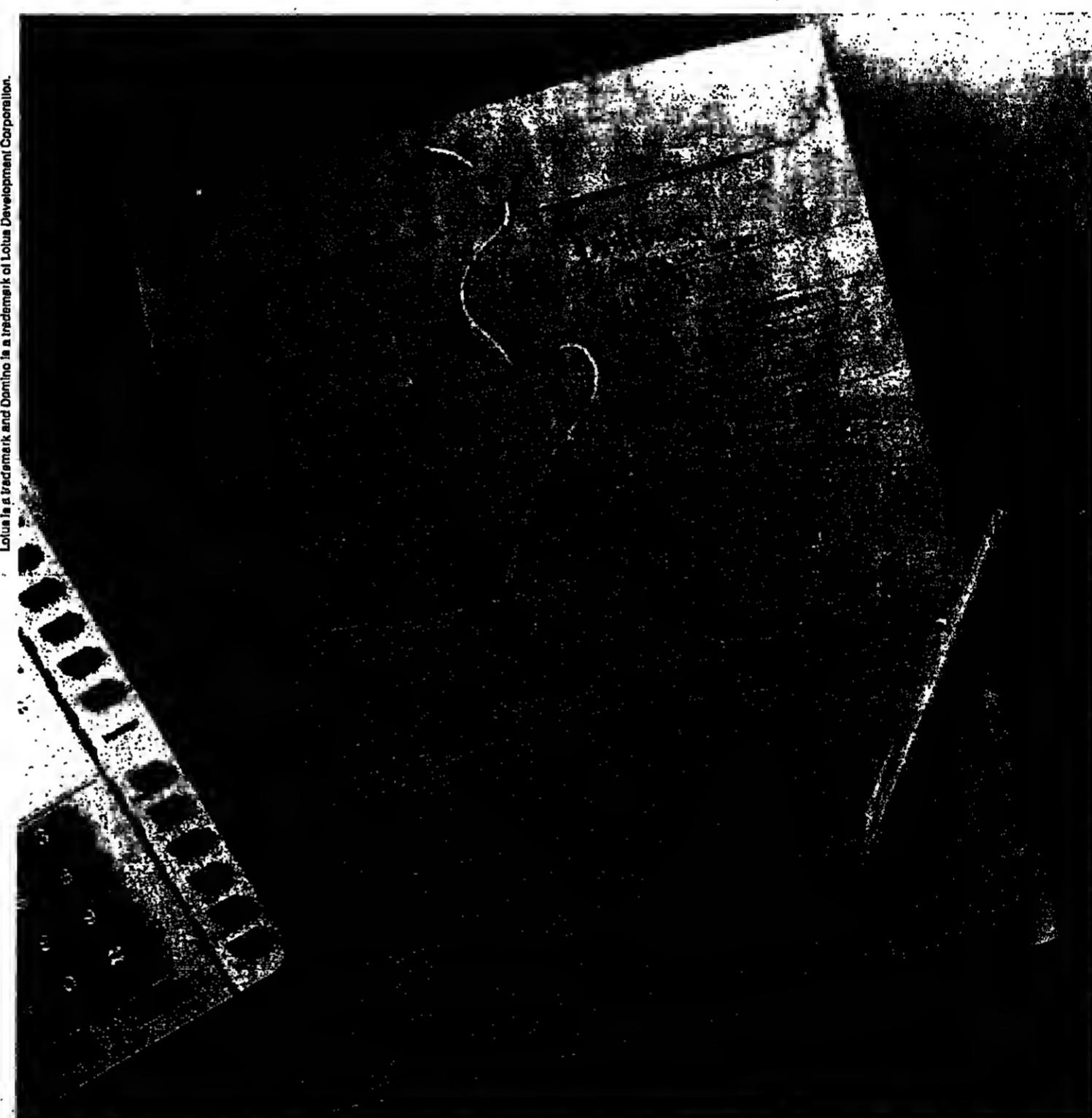
All cultural roads lead to Hay-on-Wye in the Welsh borders for the Hay Festival, a 10-day celebration of literature.

In 10 years the festival has come a long way. This year, about 30,000 people are expected to attend, pumping around £3m into the local economy.

Around 150 literary lions, including Edna O'Brien, Harold Pinter, Sue Townsend, Martin Bell, Beryl Bainbridge and Keith Waterhouse will be on hand to delight, provoke and annoy.

Bill Bryson will talk to the festival's director, Peter Florence, and Will Self will unburden himself to *The Independent's* Suzanne Moore about his new novel, *Great Ape*. Julian Bream, the Medici Quartet, Cleo Laine and John Dankworth will provide musical entertainment.

"The Hay Festival is a sort of giant garden party," said Mr Florence. It runs till next Sunday.



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A little jazz fails to stir Juppé's people

John Lichfield reports from Lyons as party workers try to add sparkle to a lacklustre contest

Balloons! A jazz band! Garish placards! Carefully choreographed displays of spontaneous enthusiasm!

Somebody had gone to a lot of trouble to give a little American pizzazz to the climactic rally of the French government's somnolent election campaign. It worked, up to a point. The 1,000 or so party workers, bussed and TGV-ed into Lyons from all over the country, gave a convincing show of passion and confidence. Members of the Lyons public were not encouraged to attend; they did not seem disappointed, or even to be aware that the made-for-TV movie set was in town.

No matter. Several senior, centre-right figures, old and new - Raymond Barre (former prime minister), François Léotard (leader of the UDF alliance of small centre-right parties), Michel Barnier (Europe minister) - gave effective stumping speeches.

Then the Prime Minister stood up. And the evening deflated, like a balloon with a slow puncture.

There is no doubt Alain Juppé's great intelligence. Those who work closely with him insist that he has personal warmth. He may yet prove to be an inspired political tactician. The decision to have the parliamentary elections nine months early was taken by his long-term boss and political

mentor, President Jacques Chirac. But the original idea was Mr Juppé's.

According to the opinion polls the move may pay off in the two rounds of voting, tomorrow and next Sunday, with a narrow victory for the present centre-right majority in the National Assembly. This would give Messrs Chirac and Juppé a further, five-year, clean sweep of the important French political institutions: presidency, parliament and government.

This would be five years in which, according to your viewpoint, they could complete their stuttering reform and reduction of the French welfare state; carry France into Economic and Monetary Union (Emu); weather the worsening budgetary and unemployment crises; or stifle the embarrassing investigations into the dubious (at best) financing of their own party, the neo-Gaullist RPR.

What Mr Juppé is *not* is a politician capable of inspiring or uniting France. His limp closing speech in Lyons was a suitable epitaph for a limp campaign. The letters RPR stand for Rassemblement pour la République, or Rally for the Republic. "Rassembleur", or to bring together, is an important political concept in France, which has long suffered from the fragmentation and weakness of its political parties. What this election has infamously failed to do is "rassembler" the



French people, either to the left or to the right.

The government may yet win its tactical bet on a snap election; the pseudological arithmetic is so complex that a win by default for the left should not

be ruled out. But in a sense, whatever the result, the election will have been a failure for all parties; at least for all parties who care about the health of French democracy.

The level of interest in the

campaign has been low. Almost two thirds of French people have insisted that nothing that was said would affect their lives. The Socialists, written off at the start, recovered, largely through the stolid performance

of their leader, Lionel Jospin, who was found personally likable if politically implausible. The far-right National Front (FN), shaken by internal divisions, may yet ratchet up the 15 per cent it scored in the presidential election two years ago. A poor turnout, and many spoilt papers, are predicted.

Why such cynicism? In part, French democracy is suffering from the same democratic ennui seen in the American and British elections: a sense that politicians can barely influence events, or even if they can, they barely respond to the prompting of voters; a sense that the real decisions are now taken by markets or lobby groups or at a non-democratic supranational level, such as the European Union. The abstraction of the issues themselves - the single currency, globalisation - tend to fill voters with a kind of pessimistic resignation.

To this global disaffection with democracy, the French have added layers of their own morosité. First, there is disgust at the series of still unfolding political-financial scandals which make the British sleaze debate

look like an argument over a taxi-fare. Secondly, there have been too many changes of French government in the past 16 years which have brought too little change, or not the changes promised, and especially no fall in taxes or unemployment (both among the highest in Europe).

At the same time, the French people themselves are, in part, terrified of change and uncertain of what kind of changes are needed.

In a sense, all the talk of a "new élán" was hypocritical hooey; this was always intended as political smash and grab raid by Juppé and Chirac. They wanted an early, quick campaign, interrupted by three long weekends, when the Socialists and the FN, and the French people, were not yet focused. They have got what they wanted, although the final opinion polls are much closer than they expected.

If they do win, it will be a morally hollow and politically unifying victory. Messrs Chirac and Juppé will have won more time but little else: no real mandate from the French people and no patience, or understanding, for the tough decisions which lie ahead.

Snakes and ladders of the turn-out game

John Lichfield

The French election will be decided by those who do not vote. This is true, if you like, of all elections; but it is especially true in the French system, a two-round hybrid of proportionalism and first-past-the-post.

The rules for the election tomorrow and tomorrow week, and the recalcitrant mood of the electorate, make the level of turn-out a crucial and unpredictable factor. Turn-out in French parliamentary elections is always lower than presidential elections and has been on a falling curve for years. Last time, in 1993, it was just below 70 per cent. This time, it is forecast that it could fall as low as 65 per cent.

Every percentage point higher or lower scrambles the already mind-bending arithmetic of the election. Why?

There are 6,360 candidates (a record) running in 577 constituencies, including those in the outposts in the Caribbean and the Pacific, Atlantic and Indian oceans which are forever France. If any candidate scores

more than 50 per cent in the first round, the election is over in that constituency. Otherwise, the first two candidates in each electoral district go automatically into the next round. They can be joined by a third candidate (and theoretically a fourth) if he or she scores more than 12.5 per cent of the voters registered in that constituency (that is, not 12.5 per cent of the votes actually cast that day).

This is why turn-out is so crucial. If participation falls to, say, 65 per cent in any constituency, the qualifying score for a third candidate to enter the decisive round on 1 June becomes a forbidding 19 per cent. The lower the turnout, the fewer third-place candidates will qualify.

This is vital largely because

the third-place candidates are often from the far-right National Front (FN). The opinion poll scores of the main left and centre-right alliances are both hovering around 40 per cent. But all polling organisations forecast that the centre-right should gain a comfortable majority in the second round.

This is because the voters for

tend to switch to the centre-right or not vote again at all. The more FN candidates who survive to fight another day, the fewer voters and constituencies will swing to the centre-right on Sunday week. At least 40, and as many as 100, constituencies will be decided in this way. In theory, the lower the turn-out, the fewer three-cornered contests in the second round, and the better the chances of centre-right parties to stay in power.

This is the theory; in reality, the variables are mind-boggling. The calculations of the polling organisations seem precise but depend on a series of uncheckable hunches and assumptions. Even if turn-out is low, the FN vote may hold up. A 16 per cent score for the FN nationwide would force 120 or 130 triangular contests. Each 1 per cent more puts around 50 extra FN candidates into the 1 June runoff. If the FN score goes as high as 17 or 18 per cent, the result of the election will depend on scores of three-way marginals which will be decided by a handful of votes each.

The election could, in other words, become a lottery.

'Badfellas' sting ends mafia jailhouse party

David Usborne

New York

Life behind bars need not be so bad, it seems, if you are a big-time Mafia captain jailed in New York and the guards are open to a little financial persuasion. Manicotti and meatballs, for dinner, sir? No problem.

These and other more egregious goings-on at a prison in Brooklyn came to the attention of police 10 months ago. In a nod to the Mafia movie, *GoodFellas*, a complex sting was put in motion dubbed Operation BadFellas.

On one occasion a guard allowed an inmate to peruse records in a prison computer to

find out the identities of police informants. Police said the prisoner had told the guard "he was looking for the name and location of the 'rat' in his case".

Now New York prosecutors have charged 20 people, including 11 jailhouse guards, with attempting to turn the prison into a virtual Mafia social club. It is the biggest single round-up of prison staff in US history.

Among those who enjoyed the cosying were senior members of New York's most infamous clans - the Lucchese, Gambino and Colombo families, including Nicholas Corozzo, believed to be the heir-apparent to the convicted Gambino Godfather, John Gotti.

Some guards were paid \$500 (£310) a week by inmates to keep the supplies flowing. One shipment, according to police, contained 20 pounds of pasta, a gallon of olive oil and a box of garlic. Other items smuggled included vodka decanted into Evian bottles and marijuana.

More seriously, guards also helped arrange meetings between Mafia inmates and associates on the outside so family business - including the plotting of fresh crimes - could be carried out as normal.

"They conducted business [at the jail] as they do at many of the social clubs in Brooklyn," said FBI Special Agent in Charge, Lewis Schiliro.

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Yeltsin appoints new defence minister

Christopher Bellamy
Defence Correspondent

President Boris Yeltsin yesterday confirmed General Igor Sergeyev, 59, as Russia's new Defence Minister, charged with reducing Russia's vast and ramshackle armed forces to a more streamlined and efficient body. But some Western analysts now doubt whether the senior Russian military has any intention of pushing ahead with those plans, or whether it can afford to implement them.

Mr Yeltsin sacked the former defence minister Igor Rodionov on Thursday in a staged dressing down shown on television, in which he said he was fed up with the lack of progress on military reform.

General Sergeyev was the commander of the Strategic Nuclear Forces - 150,000 strong, including land-based missiles and navy and air force units - and is therefore a logical choice to replace him. As Russia's conventional forces



Sergeyev: Faces difficult reform of Russia's military

have crumbled away, the Strategic Nuclear Forces, the most efficient, have remained as the backbone of Russia's defence. But it is uncertain whether General Sergeyev will be able to do any better.

Mr Yeltsin also sacked Mr Rodionov's number two, the Chief of the General Staff, General Viktor Samsonov, and replaced him with General Anatoly Kvashin.

In spite of its appalling economic ills, the Russian Defence Ministry still has armed forces of 1.7 million, and, with armed soldiers belonging to 27 other ministries, including the Interior Ministry, and the Security Ministry, a total of 3.2 million men under arms. Western experts calculate that Russia can afford half a million men under arms in total - just twice the size of the British Armed forces. The strategic nuclear forces, which have been relatively free of corruption and disintegration, are seen as a model and starting point for the rebirth of Russia's armed forces.

"Yeltsin was using Rodionov as a scapegoat", argues Professor Sasha Koenigsway of London University and the Conflict

Studies Centre at Sandhurst. "My personal view is that the senior military have no intention of downsizing the armed forces. They have been using Nato enlargement as a bogeyman."

It is also understood that the Russians have just closed the research institute which was investigating how to restructure military industry on commercial lines.

General Rodionov recently admitted that Russia still had 1.7 million in the armed forces. Previously, the Russian defence ministry had said it would reduce personnel to 1.25 million.

One third of those are officers - twice as many officers to men as in the British forces. But in some units, the balance is more like one-to-one.

When the President fired Mr Rodionov, he declared: "The soldier is losing weight while the general is getting fatter". Military prosecutors say about 20

generals and 100 colonels are being investigated for corruption. During Mr Rodionov's term as defence minister, the situation appears to have got worse, with junior officers driving taxis and young conscripts begging on the Moscow streets. The problem is that paying men off and attracting well-motivated professional soldiers and officers costs money, and there is none.

Like many Russian generals, General Sergeyev has taken an academic approach to his profession, and is regarded as an intellectual. Married with one son, he lists sport and classical literature as recreations. His career started in the navy, but in 1961 he joined the newly formed strategic missile forces, which Nikita Khrushchev had made into a separate service.

■ A photograph of General Viktor Samsonov in yesterday's paper was captioned as Igor Rodionov.

Belarus pact

Moscow (AP) — Applauding and kissing each other in the Kremlin yesterday, the presidents of Russia and Belarus signed a union charter aimed at bringing their fellow Slav republics a step closer to their former Soviet glory.

The charter, initialised in the Grand Kremlin Palace by Boris Yeltsin and Alexander Lukashenko, follows a union treaty concluded by the two neighbouring nations last month.

Mr Lukashenko makes no secret of his nostalgia for the old Soviet Union, but April's treaty and yesterday's more detailed version fall short of creating a single state, and only call for closer economic, political and military co-operation.

Gunfire ends anti-Kabila protest

William Wallace
Reuters

Kinshasa — Laurent Kabila's troops fired into the air to break up a protest against the new government yesterday as tension rose between his former rebels and the political opposition in the capital.

Veteran opposition leader, Etienne Tshisekedi, said he did not recognise the government of the Democratic Republic of Congo (until last week, Zaire) which excluded him.

"This government doesn't exist for me. I ask all the people to resist with their last energy all attempts to impose a government without popular legitimacy," Mr Tshisekedi said.

He called for the withdrawal of foreign troops who helped Mr Kabila's guerrilla alliance drive veteran dictator Mobutu Sese Seko from power in the former Zaire.

Hundreds of Tshisekedi followers chanted anti-Kabila slogans and called for the pull-out of Rwandan troops from his Alliance.

They marched from Mr Tshisekedi's house in Limete into the city centre, past the US, French and Belgian embassies, but troops firing in the air blocked them before they reached the People's Palace, the seat of parliament.

At his news conference, Mr Tshisekedi did not directly ask his fanatical supporters in the city of five million people to take to the streets. He appeared to leave the door open for

talks with Kabila, acknowledging that the guerrilla leader deserved to be president but insisted on "popular legitimacy".

Mobutu, who went into exile on Sunday, arrived in Morocco from the West African state of Togo, on Togo president Gnassingbe Eyadema's official plane.

Sources close to Eyadema said Mobutu would go on to France, where he has a Riviera villa, after the French elections, which end on 1 June.

Weakened by cancer, Mr Mobutu left Congo with his wife and children, including his son Captain Mobutu Kongolo, and an entourage of about 50 people on Eyadema's presidential Boeing. A DC-8 was expected in Lome later to collect his extensive luggage.

Giving the new government a more sympathetic reception, South African Deputy President Thabo Mbeki said he would not try to persuade Kabila to include Tshisekedi and warned against pressure for quick elections, saying there were serious obstacles to achieving a fair poll so soon after taking power.

Across the river from Kinshasa, neighbour Congo noted the change of power in former Zaire and said it was ready to support efforts of the new authorities to promote democracy. In a tacit acknowledgement of Mr Kabila's decision to rename Zaire as the Democratic Republic of Congo, its neighbour referred to itself as Congo Brazzaville - the name it used before 1971 when the two nations had the name Congo in common.

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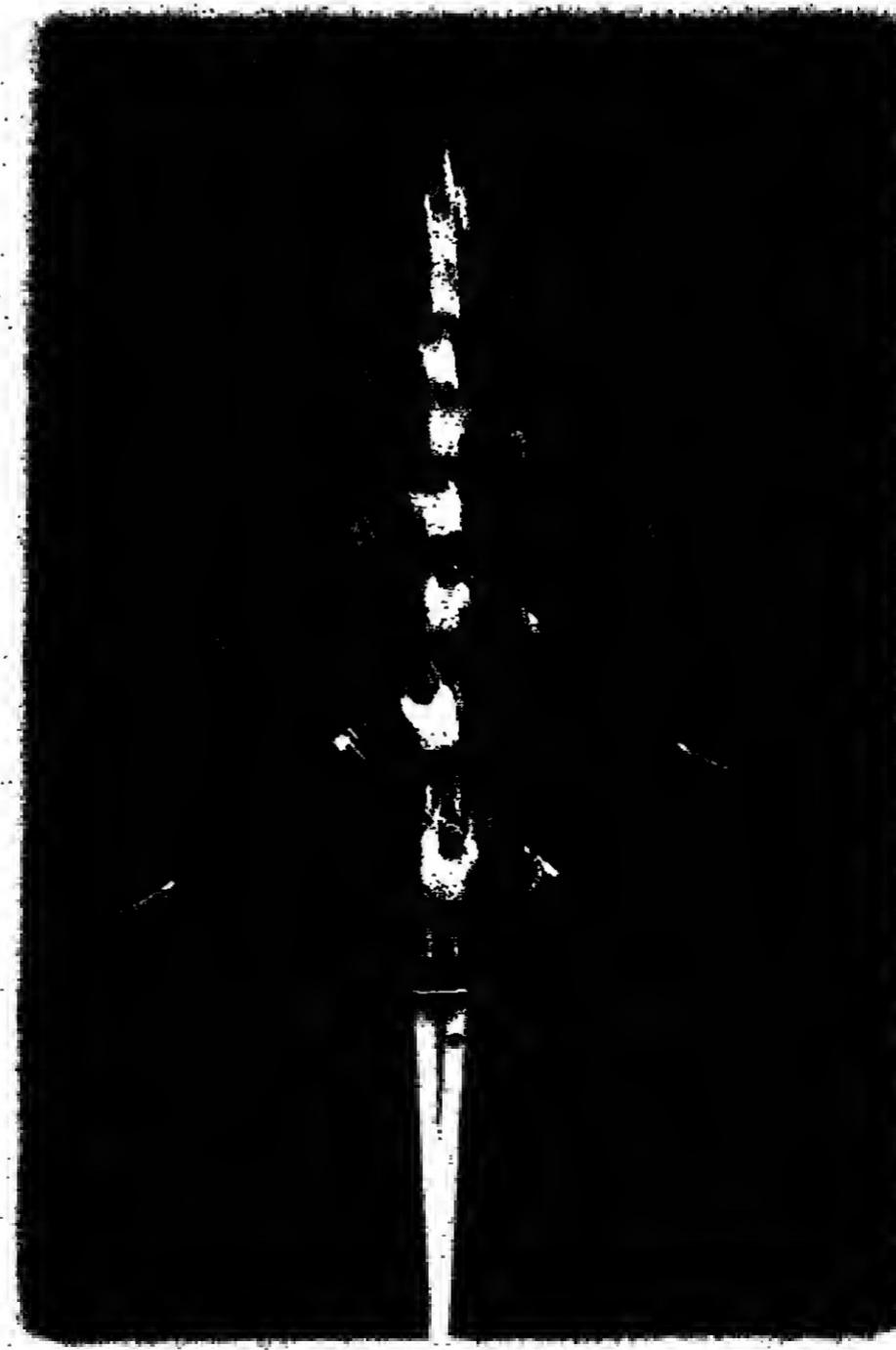
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Catholic tastes: A man in Prague riding his bicycle past the controversial poster advertising the energy drink 'Erectus'. The poster shows a Pope look-alike, and has attracted criticism from the Roman church. Photograph: Petr Josek/Reuters

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All colours make yellow in Indonesia poll

Richard Lloyd Parry
Jakarta

When a group of teenage Indonesian boys, carrying big sticks and wearing green T-shirts with yellow stars, peers into the your taxi and starts trying to climb onto its roof, several reactions spring to mind. The first is to drive off as quickly as possible – but you can't do this because the road is blocked on all sides by similarly equipped youths.

Your second thought is to find a policeman – but they are in little evidence, having been heavily stoned a while back. Instead, relax and follow the example of your taxi driver: lean forward, and make a complicated finger gesture with your fingers and thumbs. Instantly, the lads climb off the roof, the crowd parts, and everyone smiles and cheers.

Five days before polling, Indonesia's election campaign came to an official end yesterday, marked in Jakarta by a final round of stone throwing and tyre hurling on the part of demonstrators, and tear gas firing by the police. But the atmosphere in Jakarta yesterday had more in common with the build up to a tense Cup Tie between Celtic and Rangers than a general election.

On paper at least, Indonesia's election is very straightforward. There are only three parties, each one licensed and organised by the government. There is a similarly restricted choice of

candidates and, when polling takes place next Thursday, the result is in absolutely no doubt: 32 years after he came to power as young general, the Golkar party of President Suharto will win another handsome majority. But for all the restrictions facing them, Indonesians have managed to create a rich political iconography, complete with colours, symbols, songs, arcane hand gestures, and accompanying merchandise.

Yesterday's troubles focused on the greens – the adherents of the United Development Party (PPP), which draws its support from Indonesia's majority Muslim population. There were green kites in the air, green banners fluttering from the lamp posts, and green T-shirted gangs parading through the streets banging green-painted oil drums with goatskins stretched across them.

The PPP appears first on the ballot papers, so its hand symbol is the single raised thumb. Several of this week's numerous fights have occurred when thumbs have met V-signs, the symbol of the yellows – President Suharto's Golkar. For the third group, the Indonesian Democratic Party (colour: red, symbol: bull), things are even more complicated – after a split last year, the PDI now has two factions, each of which has its own sign.

Even the forces of order have their own colours – prominent



Helping hands: United Development Party supporters carry away a colleague injured during election clashes in Jakarta yesterday. Photograph: AP

significant shorts

Phone-tap shows Italy taking sides in Albania

In their no doubt well-intentioned efforts to pull Albania back from the brink of anarchy, Italy has found itself embarrassed by revelations of a conversation its ambassador in Tirana, Paolo Foresti, is alleged to have had with one of President Sali Berisha's right-hand men.

In the conversation, a wiretap transcript of which was published by an Albanian newspaper and since broadcast on Italian television, Mr Foresti is heard urging the Democratic Party to sabotage an electoral accord brokered by the former Austrian Chancellor, Franz Vranitzky, and allow Italy to take over the mediation role instead.

The tape shows Mr Foresti clearly supporting the Mr Berisha's Democratic Party, despite Italy's policy of scrupulous impartiality in Albanian politics, and boasting that as far as the opposition is concerned, "we will crush them all".

Andrew Gumbel
Letters, page 19

Bosnian Serb jailed for deaths

A 34-year-old Bosnian Serb was sentenced by a German court to five years in jail for taking part in a massacre of Muslims during the war in Bosnia. Novislav Djajic was found guilty on 14 counts of acting as accomplice to murder and attempted murder. It was the first war crimes trial in Germany since the Nuremberg tribunal on Nazi war crimes more than 50 years ago.

Judge Ermin Briessmann recalled how Djajic, along with other Bosnian Serb troops, had lined up 15 Muslim men on a bridge over the river Drina near Foca in eastern Bosnia in April 1992 and shot 14 of them in revenge after their colleagues were killed by a mine. Reuters – Munich

Boeing urges checks on 747s

As part of the investigation into the crash of TWA Flight 800, Boeing is urging airlines to inspect centre fuel tanks on all 747 jumbo jets in service. The Boeing 747 jetliner exploded off Long Island, New York last July, killing all 230 people aboard. Investigators have not determined what caused the explosion, but theories include static electricity, faulty wiring or a spark in the centre tank's fuel pump.

AP – Seattle

Sexual harassment charges

The importer and promoter in the United States of the German liqueur Jägermeister is being sued for allegedly sexually harassing workers, including more than 100 promotional models known as "Jägerettes".

The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission filed the lawsuit on their behalf in federal court against the Sidney Frank Importing Company and Alstate Promotions Co, national importers of the licorice-flavoured drink.

The women were made to wear revealing costumes and go to bars around the US unsupervised, the lawsuit alleged. In one case, they were the guests of honour for a "lingerie and strip show". The suit seeks back pay, as well as compensatory and punitive damages.

AP – New York

Referendum chaos in Slovakia

Chaos overshadowed the start of voting yesterday in two referendums which Western diplomats said would test whether post-communist Slovakia was ready to join the West.

Slovaks were to vote on whether they want their country to join Nato, and whether the president should be directly elected by citizens, instead of by parliament. But the situation was thrown into confusion by a row over ballots tied to a long-running feud between the president and the prime minister. It led to some polling stations lacking any ballots at all, while others had voting slips without the presidential question.

Reuters – Bratislava

And now for the porn

Japanese police arrested a computer engineer suspected of replacing public weather charts on the Internet with pornographic pictures. Kotchi Kubojima is accused of taking over seven web pages of the television network Asahi Broadcasting Company and replacing five of the seven weather charts on the pages with pornographic pictures.

Reuters – Tokyo

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Peking gives Hong Kong leeway on running elections

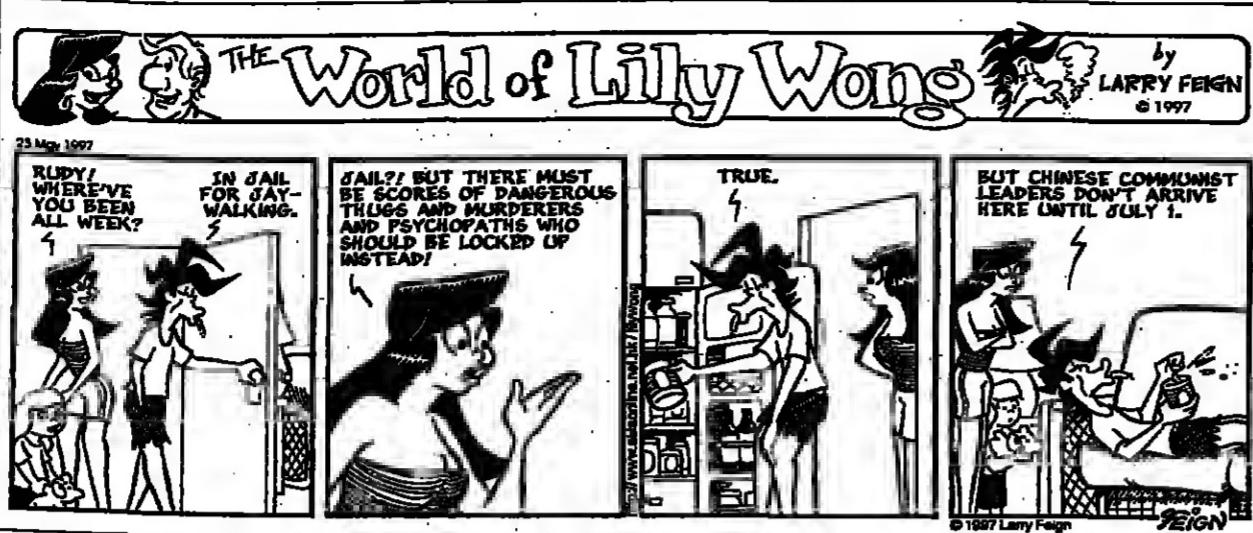
John Leicester
Associated Press

Peking — Hong Kong won a boost yesterday in its efforts to secure the autonomy promised to it by Peking, when a Chinese-run committee gave the territory leeway in organising its own elections.

Tung Chee-hwa, Hong Kong's leader-in-waiting, who had publicly called for more say over future electoral arrangements, said the Preparatory Committee "gave Hong Kong a lot of flexibility, a lot of space". Its decision, taken during a two-day meeting in Peking that ended yesterday, "demonstrates that we Hong Kong people genuinely are our own masters. We can make the final decision on what direction we take," said Mr Tung, who will lead Hong Kong after its return to Chinese rule on 1 July.

Peking has promised the British colony a "high degree of autonomy" after it becomes a Special Administrative Region of China, with its capitalist lifestyle and many of its freedoms kept intact.

But China also says that af-



ter 1 July, Hong Kong's legislature must be disbanded, to be replaced by a provisional body, because it was elected under rules it did not agree to.

The provisional body, criti-

cised because it was not popularly elected, will function until fresh legislative elections are held under new rules.

Mr Tung said he wanted elec-

tions held "as soon as practicable" in the second quarter of 1998. The Preparatory Committee drew up methods for organising the 1998 elections, but left final decisions on which of the methods to use to Mr Tung's government-in-waiting.

Mr Tung can employ either

proportional representation or multi-seat, single-voting in 20 constituencies. Another 30 seats will be chosen by professional groups. The remaining 10 seats in the 60-member legislature will be chosen by committee.

Hong Kong's pro-democracy parties, which have outshone their pro-China rivals in previous

elections, fear they may get fewer seats under the new system.

Pan Wei, an associate professor of international studies at Peking University, said he expects no single party will be able to dominate the polls in post-1997 Hong Kong.

"The Chinese are good at electoral engineering," he said.



Standard bearer: Peking presents Hong Kong's leader-in-waiting Tung Chee-hwa (second left) with its post-colonial flag yesterday, which has been fired into space

Photograph: Reuters

Australia accused of genocide against aborigines

Robert Milliken
Sydney

A political furore has broken out in Australia over a report that accuses the country of practising genocide and crimes against humanity with past government policies that removed thousands of Aboriginal children from their families.

The report was written by Sir Ronald Wilson, one of Australia's most respected former judges, who has called on the government to apologise publicly for one of the grimmest chapters in Australian history. Between 1910 and 1970, up to 100,000 Aboriginal children were taken from their parents and put in white foster homes. Many never saw their parents again.

Sir Ronald wrote his report after conducting an inquiry as president of Australia's Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission, the so-called "Stolen Generation" inquiry. Hundreds of Aboriginal adults, many in tears, told him their heart-rending stories of being taken by police and officials from their outback communities; of their mothers wailing and of their years of emotional—and sometimes physical and sexual—abuse at the hands of white officials and foster parents who were supposed to deliver them a better future.

The policies were conducted on the basis of a belief in white superiority and that the Aboriginal race would eventually die out. In reality, less than 30 years after the policies were discontinued, Aboriginal identity, cultural revival and political activism have never been stronger.

In his report, Sir Ronald accused Australia of breaching international law. "The United Nations Charter of 1945, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights of 1948 and the International Convention on the Elimination of all Forms of Racial Discrimination of 1965 all imposed obligations on Australia relating to the elimination of racial discrimination," it says.

"The Australian practice of indigenous child removal involved both systematic racial discrimination and genocide as defined by international law. Yet it continued to be practised as official policy long after being clearly prohibited by treaties to which Australia had voluntarily subscribed."

The report said Australian policy involved genocide because it aimed to assimilate black children into the non-indigenous community so that their unique cultural values and identities would disappear and be replaced by Western cultural models.

Even before Sir Ronald's report has been publicly released, however, a political storm has erupted around it. The federal coalition government, headed by John Howard, has been accused of trying to discredit Sir Ronald and the report. Earlier this week, an unnamed gov-

ernment "source" was quoted as saying the report lacked credibility and that Sir Ronald was biased. This referred to a recent television appearance by Sir Ronald in which he himself apologised to aborigines. He acknowledged his unwitting involvement in the removal of children as a former moderator of the Presbyterian Church, which ran institutions where "stolen generation" were sent.

After press attacks on the government's handling of the 700-page report, the government has undertaken to table it in parliament next week. It is likely to cause a sensation when its contents are revealed. The report was commissioned by the former Labor government of Paul Keating.

Mr Howard, leader of the conservative Liberal Party, is less sympathetic than his predecessor to aboriginal causes. He has said that he wants Australians to feel "comfortable and relaxed" about their past, and declared after his election last year: "I sympathise fundamentally with Australians who are insulted when they are told we



John Howard: Accused of trying to discredit Sir Ronald

have a racist, bigoted past." The "stolen generation" report is likely to make clear that those were hollow words.

Already, Mr Howard has come under pressure from the church, human rights groups and international figures to fulfil the report's calls for a public apology and compensation to victims.

Alex Boraine, deputy chairman of South Africa's Truth and Reconciliation Commission, said in Sydney: "I don't want to tell the Australian government or society what to do. All I'm saying is that in South Africa, where deep hurt has been inflicted, it has a healing property to say 'sorry' and to deal with it." He urged Mr Howard to follow the example of President Clinton, who publicly apologised to blacks used in official United States experiments on untreated syphilis.

Lois O'Donoghue, one of Australia's leading Aboriginal spokeswomen, who was herself taken from her family when she was two, said: "The government should do something to assist those people who've not been able to find their families, who are completely lost and can't move forward."

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obituaries / gazette

Professor Kenneth Allen

Kenneth Allen will be best remembered for his outstanding contributions to nuclear structure physics and for his advocacy of the use of electrostatic nuclear accelerators in other areas of science. Accelerators – otherwise known as "atom smashers" – are machines used for studying nuclear reactions by creating beams of high-energy particles.

Under Allen's direction, as Professor of Nuclear Structure from 1963 to 1991, Oxford University developed a very strong team of electrostatic accelerator designers and builders. As well as their use for nuclear research, Allen saw that these machines could have applications in other areas, and he pioneered the development of accelerator mass spectrometry.

In this technique atomic nuclei are extracted from a specimen and accelerated to high energy. The different elements of the specimen are then identified by the amount of their deflection in a magnetic field.

Using in-house accelerators initial work was done on Carbon 14 dating by this technique, and the success of these experiments led directly to the establishment in Oxford of the Research Laboratory for Archaeology and the History of Art, which later played a prominent part in the dating of the Turin Shroud.

Such carbon dating is now also established in Peking using one of the original accelerators

Allen installed in Oxford. Allen himself later used similar techniques to search for evidence of nucleon decay by measuring the amount of Xenon 129 gas particles in old rocks. The Xenon 129 would be the stable nucleus eventually resulting from the decay of either a proton or neutron in the rock material.

Allen was born in London in 1923, and educated at Ilford County High School, from where he obtained a Draper's Scholarship to Queen Mary College, London. After graduating with a first class BSc in Physics in 1943 he undertook wartime service with the Ministry of Supply. As the Second World War drew to a close he was able to take up a research studentship at St Catherine's College, Cambridge, studying nuclear physics.

In 1947 he obtained his PhD and moved to Canada, where he spent four years studying uranium fission and the fusion of light nuclei in the Physics Division of Atomic Energy of Canada, Chalk River, at that time headed by Sir John Cockcroft. This was the beginning of Allen's efforts at Aldermaston.

From the support of the Chief Superintendent, Sir William Penny, he built the Van de Graaff type of accelerator for the study of nuclear physics and produced some of the first negative ion beams. From such beams higher-energy neutral atoms could be obtained, which are important in fusion re-

search and led to Allen's participation in the initial programme at Culham, for three years from 1960.

In 1963 he was appointed to the newly created chair of Nuclear Structure Physics in Oxford University and became a Fellow of Balliol College. At that time the Department of Nuclear Physics, which also carried out research in particle physics, was in full expansion under the leadership of Professor Denyer Wilkinson. Considerable resources were put at Allen's disposal and he was able to build up one of the strongest Nuclear Physics research teams in the country. The new building in Keble Road was to house two of the then state-of-the-art Van de Graaff accelerators and provided a wide variety of secondary beams for use by physicists from Oxford and also from several other universities both in the UK and abroad.

It was during this period that Allen carried out the work for which he is well known. His particular interest was in the measurement of the lifetimes of nuclear states undergoing gamma-decay. This is essential input to theories of nuclear structure, but, because of the extremely short lifetimes, less than one million millionth of a second (a picosecond), severe experimental difficulties were posed. The experimental solutions used by Allen and his collaborators are of remarkable



Allen: experimental solutions of remarkable elegance

elegance. They depended on the observation of the Doppler shifts of gamma rays emitted from nuclei decaying in flight. The relative amount of the Doppler shift depends upon the relation between the lifetime of the state and the flight time before it is brought to rest, either in the target itself, or in an external absorber. Another tech-

nique developed in Oxford was the gas target, using very low-temperature pumps, with which he was able to study states in fluorine produced by alpha-particles captured in nitrogen.

The beam design work carried out in Allen's group also led to the development of the proton Microprobe Technique. Beams of a few micrometers

across are absorbed in the sample and the resulting characteristic X-rays enable the composition of the material to be determined. Allen encouraged the initial work on this technique, which led to the establishment in the Nuclear Physics building of a dedicated unit which now provides researchers in physics, metallurgy, biology, medicine, archaeology and the arts with very finely detailed chemical analyses of their material.

When Wilkinson left Oxford in 1976, Allen became Head of the Department of Nuclear Physics, a position he occupied from 1976 to 1979 and again from 1982 to 1985. Although his administrative duties left less time for his research, he continued to take a detailed interest in the progress of the Nuclear Structure Group, of which he was a strong supporter. Allen retired as Professor in 1991, but continued to live locally and was a frequent visitor to the laboratory.

Besides his university duties, Ken Allen was also very active in Balliol College. Unusually for a Professorial Fellow, he took on the duty of Estates Bursar from 1980 to 1983 and again in 1991. He brought to this task his characteristic enthusiasm and disdain for bureaucracy and his periods of office were most successful.

During his career Allen was a prominent figure in Nuclear Structure Physics, both in the UK and internationally. He took a full role in the development of Nuclear Structure research policy in Britain and served from 1970 to 1973 on the Nuclear Physics Board of the Science and Engineering Research Council.

He will be especially remembered by his generations of graduate students. His enthusiasm for the field was contagious and he was a careful and considerate supervisor. His students, many of them now prominent figures in the world of physics, remember their time in Oxford with pleasure, and gratitude.

Although Allen clearly found

the greatest satisfaction in nuclear physics in all its diversity,

he was also a lover of music and a keen chess player.

Roger Cashmore
and Gerald Myatt

Kenneth William Allen, nuclear physicist; born London 17 November 1923; member Physics Division, Atomic Energy of Canada, Chalk River 1947-51; Leverhulme Research Fellow and Lecturer, Liverpool University 1951-54; Deputy Chief Scientist, UKAEA 1954-63; Professor of Nuclear Structure, Oxford University 1963-91 (Emeritus); Head of Department of Nuclear Physics 1976-79, 1982-85; Fellow, Balliol College, Oxford 1963-92 (Emeritus); Estates Bursar 1980-83; 1991-93; married 1947 Josephine Borsham (two sons); died Oxford 2 May 1997.

R. J. R. Trefusis



Trefusis: unobtrusive diplomacy

R. J. R. Trefusis was the hero of an extraordinary episode during the campaign of 1944 to liberate Europe from the Nazis, an incident which earned a place in the annals and in legend, when he personally recaptured the surrender of a group of German officers and men encircled in the Hôtel de Ville in Brussels and saved part of the city centre from almost certain destruction by the retreating enemy. At that time he was a major in the Scots Guards. The incident was recalled on Belgian television at the time of the Duke of York's official visit to mark the 50th anniversary of the liberation.

Born in 1914 in the house of his grandfather, the Bishop of Crediton, Robert John Rodolphe Trefusis was the son of Major George Trefusis, a member of an old West Country family, and his Australian wife, Elsie. Educated at Brighton College, "Jack" trained as a civil engineer at the Great Western Railway works at Swindon, and retained a lifelong interest in and knowledge of the railways.

Then, as a good linguist, he went to Germany to represent a British firm supplying *inter alia*, the firm of Krupp. These were the years of Germany's undercover re-armament and, because of his contacts and excellent command of the language, Jack Trefusis was able to pick up indications as to what was going on, which eventually reached British intelligence.

On the outbreak of war, he volunteered for service and was commissioned into the Scots Guards, taking part in the D-day landings of June 1944. Before D-Day his knowledge of the railways of northern France had served him well as a member of the committee planning Operation Overlord. The following September, when the British army had reached Belgium, he was one of two officers sent to assist forward units in dealing with Germans who surrendered, but with the warning that some SS units were deceptively turning again to attack.

Major Trefusis was given a soft-skinned vehicle and two guardsmen to move behind the leading tanks of 32 Brigade making for Brussels, his principal objective being to find the exiled Burgomaster of the city who had been incarcerated over some 30 miles away, so that he could be restored to his civic office. Trefusis contacted members of the Belgian resistance, who agreed to bring the Burgomaster, Mons van der

Meulebroek, into Brussels; they also provided Trefusis with guides for his own party.

From a spot behind the enemy lines, they conducted Trefusis into Brussels by an unobtrusive route and smuggled him into a police station from which he was able to get, via a back window, into the Hôtel de Ville, where, true to their word, they had van der Meulebroek awaiting him. The square outside was still packed with German troops and in the library of the Hôtel de Ville were well over 50 of them, including officers, preparing to set fire to the attack.

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Meulebroek, into Brussels; they also provided Trefusis with guides for his own party.

Embassy in Copenhagen that he met Shirley Scott Barton who also worked there. He left the service in 1954 and returned to England; they were married the following year. Trefusis returned to his own profession as a consultant in the field of hydraulics, and served for many years as a director-general of the Hydraulic Association, where his tact, kindness and administrative expertise were universally admired.

In February 1953, he joined the London branch of the Icc, the association of ex-servicemen founded by the Rev Tubby Clayton after the First World War. He was chairman of the Talbot House Association for 29 years and was instrumental in creating strong links with Belgian ex-servicemen (he kept up for many years his friendship with Mons van der Meulebroek and others he had known in 1944). He was especially concerned to "pass on the torch" to younger people and his work was honoured by King Baudouin in November 1987 with the Order of the Crown of Bel-

gium. He was a trustee of St George's Memorial Church at Ypres.

A devout member of the Church of England, Trefusis was for many years a church warden of St James's, Piccadilly (where a kinsman had earlier been rector), and served as a Gentleman Usher at Westminster Abbey. In 1973 he became chairman of the Prayer Book Society, founded to defend and preserve traditional liturgy against would-be modernisers, and during his 16 years as chairman built it up into an organisation with a branch in every diocese, forcing the establishment to take its views seriously.

At the time he took over, it still appeared that the Book of Common Prayer was under threat of being superseded completely by new modern-language services. When the Alternative Service Book was published in 1980, there was strong pressure on all churches to switch over to it. Trefusis realised that the strength of the movement lay in its grass roots

– in the local branches – and sought particularly to promote them, deploying his gentle, unobtrusive diplomacy and tact in drawing together people with widely disparate views on churchmanship and church policies.

He retired as chairman in 1989 but continued active as president of his local Exeter branch of the society and even during his final illness in April was hardly dissuaded from carrying out an engagement to address the branch's conference at Dartington Hall. Until overtaken by terminal illness he also worked regularly as a volunteer guide to show visitors around Exeter Cathedral.

It was a joy to him when his only son, Charles, was ordained into the Church as a priest in 1990.

Margot Thompson

Robert John Rodolphe Trefusis, soldier and civil engineer; born Exeter 14 October 1914; married 1955 Shirley Scott Barton (one son, one daughter); died Exeter 13 May 1997.

Telman Ter-Petrosian

Telman Ter-Petrosian, the brother of the Armenian president Levon Ter-Petrosian, was powerful not just because of his family connection. A leading industrialist, he reputedly controlled a third of Armenia's economy, the other part being divided between the defence minister Vazgen Sargsian and the former interior minister Vano Siradegian.

Ter-Petrosian was born in Aleppo in 1937, the eldest of three sons of Hakop Ter-Petrosian, a founder and mem-

ber of the Politburo of the Syrian Communist Party. Hakop was one of about 100,000 Armenians in the Middle East who followed Stalin's post-war "reparations" drive, aimed at making Soviet Armenia the national homeland. Hakop brought his family to the Soviet Union in 1946 and, unlike many of the other Middle Eastern Armenians who took up Stalin's offer, did not seem to regret his decision.

While his younger brother Levon followed an academic career as a philologist and even

briefly came up against the KGB as a student in the 1960s, Telman Ter-Petrosian was a loyal servant of the Soviet system, joining the Communist Party and climbing the ranks of industry. After school in the Armenian capital, Yerevan, he studied mechanical engineering at a technical school and at Yerevan Polytechnic Institute, before beginning work in 1958 as an engineer. In the 1970s and 1980s he worked for a number of enterprises, including Hrazdanash, a huge machine-build-

ing plant largely supplying the defence industry, and the Sevenian factory. By 1990 he had risen to head Hrazdanash.

As Armenia regained its independence with the collapse of the Soviet Union in the early 1990s and as his younger brother Levon became prominent, first as chairman of parliament and later as Armenia's first directly elected president, Telman initially stuck to business. As the Communist economic system was broken up, Hrazdanash was turned into

a joint-stock company making Russian weapons under licence. Telman Ter-Petrosian's first direct venture into politics was the formation of the Union of Armenian Industrialists and Entrepreneurs, a lobbying group for businessmen in which he continued to play a leading role. It was not until July 1995 that he stood for parliament, and was elected for the town of Hrazdan not far from Yerevan. However, he remained outside the Armenian National Movement, the party of the president

that also dominates parliament. He was elected on a non-party ticket and once a deputy he became involved in setting up the reform bloc of MPs. He was a member of the parliamentary committee on defence, national security and internal affairs.

Behind the scenes, though, he was influential not just in Armenia's economic life but in other areas of policy. He developed trade with Armenia's southern neighbour Iran and was a strong advocate of closer business ties with Turkey, a

controversial subject while memories of the Ottoman massacres of Armenians in the early years of the century remained strong. He forged close ties in Turkey's business community and had visited the country not long before his death.

Felix Corley

Telman Ter-Petrosian, industrialist and politician; born Aleppo, Syria 11 August 1937; MP for Hrazdan, Armenia 1995-97; married; died Yerevan, Armenia 20 May 1997.

Now Augustine should be patron saint

faith & reason

In the early afternoon of tomorrow, 50 pilgrims from Rome ought to be wading out of the sea on to an east Kent beach, to be greeted by a waiting band of the faithful, including the Archbishop of Canterbury. Ought to be, but won't be. Instead they will clamber down out of their coach, having disembarked earlier at Folkestone. There are limits to historical re-enactment.

Still, their arrival marks the beginning of a fortnight-long jamboree to commemorate two important Christian events in this country's history: the arrival of St Augustine and the death of St Columba, which both happened 1400 years ago.

Columba is one of the senior Celtic saints, having travelled from Ireland to the west coast of Scotland to found an abbey on the island of Iona. We are currently in the middle of another Celtic revival, and Columba banks in fashionable warmth. If only the bishops were more switched on, we might all be worshipping in Irish theme churches by now – all harps and green paint and uncials, and renamed St Mungo's or St Ninian's.

Augustine's revival is more significant. The degree of interest, both official and popular, being shown in the supposed father of English Christianity suggests that something lasting is taking place. Where it might lead, nobody knows. But try saying this out loud a few times: "Cry 'God' for Harry, England and Saint Augustine!"

The scion will not please Linda Snell, currently putting the Ambridge thespians through their paces. But it is not too far-fetched to imagine St George stepping down after his long period in office to join John Major on the terrace at Lord's.

Augustine for patron saint. The idea has much to recommend it. First of all, Au-

gustine's proved to be just as subject to fashion as those Celtic pubs.

Augustine was Pope Gregory's boy. England's conversion had been Gregory's vision, and Augustine's commission was to make it happen. As long as the English were proud of their links with Rome, Gregory and Augustine stayed popular. But the 16th-century split with Rome changed things. Reformation historians sought to establish the existence of a pre-Augustinian church in England, and thus started the first Celtic revival. The 19th century produced more champions for Augustine, and they challenged the myth of the Celtic Church with one of their own: Augustine's wading out of the sea to bring the heathen English into the way of truth. But even these champions were unable quite to disguise the presence of several Christians in the party that met Augustine at Thanet, among them Ethelred's queen, Bertha, and a bishop called Luidhard. Not exactly heathen, then...

If all this suggests that Augustine was less heroic than has been claimed, it should not be allowed to obscure his achievements. He wisely adapted Gregory's unrealistic vision to the conditions he found; there is evidence that he helped tone down some of the zeal (about sexual impurity, for instance) that was disturbing the native Church; he did convert a lot of people; and he tied the newly organised Christians to the Church in Rome.

Pragmatic, moderate, hard-working, obedient: these are not perhaps the attributes of the usual patron saint. But they are of the first Anglican.

* 'Faith & Reason' is edited by Paul Valley

ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

The Queen attends a dinner today at Stirling Castle to mark the 50th Anniversary of her appointment as Colonel-in-Chief of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders.

Changing of the Guard

TODAY: The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guards, TOMORROW: The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guards, Horse Guards, Whitehall, London SW1, 11.30am. Full Guard, by the Welsh Guards.

BIRTHS

Sir James Anderton, former Chief Constable of Greater Manchester, 65; Sir Stanley Baxter, comedian, 58; Sir Michael Mann, former Dean of Windsor, 73; Mr Dilwyn Miles, the Herald Bard, 81; Lord Plummer of St Marylebone, president, Portman Building Society, 70; Prof Sir Paul Brantley, oral

ONE CANADA SQUARE CANARY WHARF LONDON E14 5DL TELEPHONE 0171-293 2000/0171-345 2000 FAX 0171-293 2435/0171-345 2435

A word in your ear about mobile phones

It's bad to talk. While driving a car, at any rate. Yesterday, Peter Mill was jailed for causing death by dangerous driving. He had been listening to the message service on his mobile phone when his Rover came to a stand, went over to the wrong side of the road and smashed into a van driven by Geoffrey Murray, who later died of his injuries.

Ten years after the mobile phone started to be widely used in Britain, perhaps it is time it came of age. It has become an accepted part of our social furniture, absorbed into the fabric of daily life with surprising ease and speed. But many of the rules governing its use are still being made up as we go along, and we ought to consider them before they are set in stone.

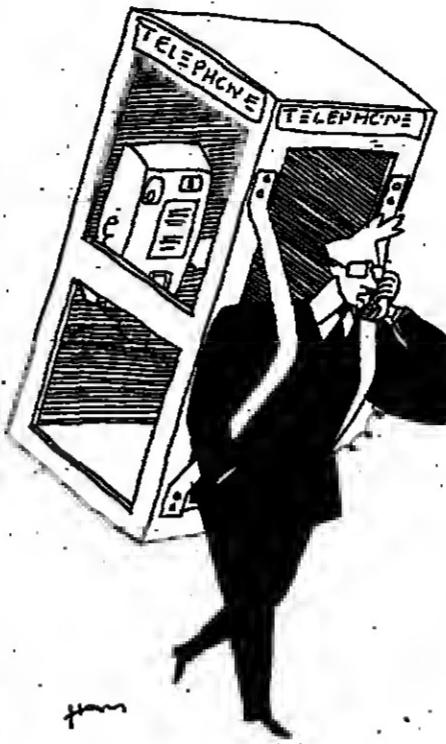
First, though, let us deal specifically with mobile phones in cars. This is an emotive subject, but the Government was quite right to announce on Monday that it would not bring in a new offence of using a phone while driving. New Labour's enthusiasm for banning things is not yet universal. The very fact that Mr Mill was brought to justice demonstrates that the existing law on dangerous driving is stringent enough. However, it ought to be more widely understood that it is already illegal to use a hand-held telephone while driving.

The grey area here concerns hands-free

phones – either those microphones on the sun visor or the new headsets. A recent study in Canada suggested that drivers are four times more likely to have an accident when they are using a phone. But it also suggested that the risk was no different for hands-free phones, because concentration is still impaired. This prompted the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents to call for a complete ban on car phones, but the finding defies common sense because it implies that talking to someone requires a degree of concentration so intense to make safe driving impossible. If that were true, then surely passengers should be banned, too? What is clearly dangerous is driving with one hand or holding the phone with the shoulder, and the police ought to adopt a policy of zero tolerance of these reckless practices.

However, lax enforcement reflects ambivalent attitudes towards motor cars rather than towards mobile phones. The phones have merely insinuated themselves into an existing ambiguity about the acceptable risk from our favourite killing machines.

Portable telephones are now everywhere, shedding shafts of unexpected light on all kinds of different aspects of our lives. When they first hit the streets in a big way, they were the objects of envy and ridicule. "Poser phones" the size of bricks were used by yuppies in the mid-Eighties Lawson boom as a



form of conspicuous consumption. We journalists started to use them in the 1987 election, and much fun was had at the expense of Neil Kinnock and Roy Hattersley by comparing what they said on National Insurance contributions in different parts of the country at the same time. That campaign was run by a new party official called Peter Mandelson, who, 10 years later, got his revenge, running a machine of ferocious technological professionalism. The entire Labour operation this time was tightly interconnected by mobile phone, pager and satellite link.

When the disciplined ranks of Blair's Model Army marched into Whitehall on 2 May,

much fun was had in turn at the expense of fuddy-duddy civil servants who did not know how to work the gadgetry.

Envy and ridicule started to give way to irritation and acceptance when the mobile phone entered family life. In much of London, at least, when older children come out of school these days, half of them are on the phone as they come through the gates. This makes sense from a parent's point of view: if they have a phone, there is no excuse for not knowing where they are. It is partly about security. Whereas in America older women might carry a Beretta in their handbag, here they carry a tiny flip-open for safety. One reason why an absolute ban on mobile phones in cars

would be wrong is that lone female drivers often feel they need them in case of a breakdown.

But it is partly also about the quality of relationships.

In the face of widespread alarm about the breakdown of families, it should be remembered that the rising volume of phone use does compensate to some extent for physical separation. Indeed, many parents and off-spring find they get on much better talking on the phone rather than face to face.

We cannot turn the clock back on the social changes that have fragmented (and liberated) families and communities, but we can use technology to try to knit together freer forms of association.

Let us, then, stop carping about those numbing banal snatches of overheard conversations ("We're just leaving the station, so I'll be there in about 10 minutes"). Let us learn to tolerate the fact that they do not always work very well. Let us leave aside Luddite scare stories about highly speculative and unproven links between mobile phone radio waves and cancer. Mobile phones have come of age with this Government. They are such an established feature that they are going to tax the wavebands they use. We are now governed by a prime minister who has spent much of his adult life with one ear glued to one. We might as well get used to them.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

No smoke without taxes – the case against prohibition

Sir: Ought a civilised society really to desire that its leaders prescribe certain private activities of its citizens? There is nothing "dishonest" (leading article, 20 May) about a government banning the promotion in public of activities likely to cause harm to individuals whilst also recognising the right of individuals to do unto themselves as they please.

It is to be hoped that our descendants will not be "completely bemused that a government in the 1990s" strove to balance its own responsibility to inform the public with each individual's rights, which a forward-looking society must never neglect.

DAMIAN STAFFORD
London E16

Sir: Dr Davison (letters, 22 May) suggests that tobacco should

ultimately be banned altogether. He needs only to recall the extreme effects of alcohol prohibition in the US, to say nothing of the unimaginably enormous global loss of tax revenues.

There are 1.1 billion smokers around the world, which represents one third of the earth's adult population. The notion that all those people shall be required to forgo what they regard as a simple and freely chosen pleasure is simply ludicrous.

CLIVE TURNER
Tobacco Manufacturers' Association
London SW1

Sir: Your leading article (20 May) suggests that the NHS should consider discriminating against smokers on the grounds that their illness is self-induced. Such a

punitive system in health care would require very elaborate judgements to decide exactly how much an individual is responsible for his or her illness.

First, individual responsibility for health has a social context insofar as some people find it difficult to make healthy choices in situations of deprivation. Second, where do you draw the line? There are many other situations where people knowingly take health risks: dangerous sports, drug abuse, unsafe sex and alcoholism are examples.

LYNN FIELD
Droitwich, Worcestershire

Sir: The estimated revenue from tobacco sales in the current financial year is £9.5bn. For the same period, the Health Education Authority estimates the cost of treating

"smoking-related illnesses" at £345m. A recent article in your newspaper stated that the budget for research into all forms of cancer was £15m a year.

Smokers are subsidising non-smokers to the tune of rather over £9bn a year. One wonders just how many times over we are expected to pay for medical treatment.

DAVID JANDERSON
Wakefield, West Yorkshire

Sir: I agree with your correspondents that Frank Dobson's proposals do not go far enough. A first step towards the total ban on tobacco sales suggested by Dr Davison is to ban smoking in public places. There is a precedent in California and this should be put in place speedily.

R.G. FRANKL
London N6

McAliskey: a special prisoner

Sir: I read with dismay your report about my partner, Roisin McAliskey. ("Her supporters say her prison conditions are appalling: the truth is a very different story", 15 May).

You appear to have swallowed a piece of misinformation supplied by the Prison Service: Certainly, Roisin is being treated as a special case, because she is a special case.

Roisin is the only woman in Holloway Prison who has not been charged with any offence; she is Holloway's only Category A prisoner; she is the only woman ever to be held in Belmarsh high security prison (and kept in solitary confinement while there); she is the only woman in Holloway prison to be accompanied 24 hours a day by two prison officers, even during family visits (because she is deemed a "security risk"). Most "special" of all, though, is the fact that she is Irish.

Your article suggests that the Prison Service fears that problems during the birth of our baby could create a "propaganda coup for Sinn Fein". I find this personally offensive. I was asked in confidence by the governor of Holloway Prison to treat any arrangements surrounding the birth with discretion – the intention being to avoid a media "circus". I wholeheartedly accepted this and I assumed this discretion would work both ways. I appear to have been mistaken.

If Roisin is receiving more attention than other women in Holloway, that is because she has been treated so intolerably until now. This has led to extensive publicity. Today [22 May] is the expected birth date of our baby and should be a joyous occasion. However any joy has been marred both by media insensitivity and fears over the Prison Service's attitude surrounding the birth. Throughout this past week Roisin and I have been engaged in a constant struggle to provide Roisin with the necessary items for the birth and the baby. Last Friday I left these in Holloway, but Roisin cannot have access to any of them until she arrives at hospital – for "security" reasons.

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TONY VAUX

Regional manager, East Europe
Oxfam
Oxford
London E5



Photograph: George Karachalios/Reuters

Crime and chaos are undermining Albanian society

Sir: Andrew Gumbel's reporting from Albania yet again highlights the seriousness of the situation facing the country ("Albania heads back to chaos", 21 May).

I have just returned from a visit to Oxford's projects in Albania, where "relative calm" may prevail, but at what cost and for how long? Parts of the country are now under the control of organised criminals with

close links to the international mafia. The chaotic and lawless situation has facilitated the rapid expansion of drug production and trafficking, the gains of which can be traded easily for guns. State benefits have been frozen for months and children sell bullets at the roadside.

In the north, families have set up night vigils to protect their lives and in one rural area criminals have

taken refuge, making it impossible for Oxfam to operate.

This is not a time for the international peace force to withdraw but for its mandate to be better defined so that it is of real use to this fragile country.

TONY VAUX

Regional manager, East Europe

Oxfam

Oxford

London E5

How Labour should build the green city of the future

Sir: The maiden speech by Lord Rogers ("Labour peer Roger sets out his vision for an urban revolution", 21 May) was well timed to ride the crest of the wave of Labour's reforming initial surge. He focused on the social, health and amenity benefits of urban regeneration, especially in London.

The programme he advocates also has an environmental dimension. The pollution generated by road vehicles is not only a health hazard; it is also the fastest growing source of atmospheric carbon. In the short term, there would be an enormous amenity benefit in liberating Trafalgar and Parliament Squares from traffic. A longer term strategy must involve road pricing starting in central London, together with a regulation-driven programme to reduce both sulphur and carbon emissions from vehicles. The new government must support the European Parliament's proposals to reduce sulphur emissions to 50 parts per million by volume.

A radical upgrading of the Underground network should be a first priority. Previous efforts to exploit the Thames as an artery for public transport failed because they were half-hearted and did not succeed in changing the public's mind about communication. A regular service of high speed, well-appointed river buses would relieve the pressure on land systems.

Lord Rogers' proposal for an ambitious tree-planting programme in central London would have much more than aesthetic value. Broad-leaved trees provide solar shading which will become increasingly valuable as summers get hotter and the risks from ultraviolet radiation increase in line with ozone depletion. They provide shading for buildings in summer but allow maximum light penetration in winter. They moderate the micro-climate in summer, add to the sum total of carbon-fixing greenery and sustain the hydrological cycle and ground water levels.

High-rise buildings may make powerful symbolic statements but they are energy black holes. Heavy concentrations of people make severe demands on transport systems both within and beyond the buildings in question. Above about 12 floors it is virtually impossible to avoid air-conditioning. The New Parliamentary Building by Michael Hopkins and Partners, now under construction, could be the prototype for a new generation of medium-rise naturally vegetated and daylit buildings which can perform efficiently, even within a heavily polluted environment.

All this amounts to the fact that visual quality and environmental responsibility go hand in hand. Where a strategy offers such multiple benefits no time should be lost in its implementation.

Professor PETER F SMITH

Chairman

Royal Institute of British Architects

Environment and Planning Committee

London W1

Taking advice on the windfall levy

Sir: You refer ("National Power joins tax revolt", 22 May) to BAA's "threatening legal action" on the windfall tax. We have not said that. Like any major company that may be impacted by a substantial tax measure, we owe it to our shareholders to take legal advice with respect to its application to us. But that is a million miles from threatening legal action. If the advice suggested that inappropriate measures were being taken with respect to BAA, that advice would be discussed with government.

DES WILSON

Director, Corporate and Public Affairs

BAA plc

London SW1

Not forgotten

Sir: I congratulate the headline writer who came up with "Drugs are the last straw for Paillie" (21 May). It reminds me of the French headline on the retirement of their tennis star Guy Forget: "N'oubli pas Forget".

ANDREW ROSE

Hillfield

North Yorkshire

QUOTE UNQUOTE

When you are called a character actress, it's because you're too ugly to be called a leading lady – Kathy Burke, winner of the Best Actress award at the Cannes film festival

I'm not a saint. I never claimed to be a saint. My suits are not white, they're off white – Marlin Bell, war reporter turned MP

I have tried to grow a British garden in Los Angeles and brought over 106 varieties of rose. But the gophers ate them all! – Linda Evangelista, supermodel, at the Chelsea Flower Show

Big Ben is a very old gentleman and needs tender care, perhaps a full-scale medical rather than the equivalent of sticking plaster – Harry Greenway, former Conservative MP and a friend of Big Ben

I have been living a schizoid existence, pretending to be a wild man when I am really Mr Mortgage – Rik Mayall, comedian

Like used car salesmen, they are madly putting the speedo to convince us that they are nearly new models. It won't wash – Teresa Gorman, on the rivals for the Conservative leadership

In rushing into these things, this government is showing all the signs of inexperienced men and women being intoxicated with their new power: they are 18-year-olds in the saloon bar, trying every bottle on the shelf – Kenneth Clarke, former Chancellor, on Labour's City reforms

Colin Hughes,
Deputy Editor

Let's see in colour, and celebrate

Young people have a positive attitude to ethnic identity. The melting pot was a silly idea, says Trevor Phillips, though he fears minorities may eventually marry themselves into oblivion

Le's face it: race does matter. And, thank God (ethnic groups are just variations based on His original design, after all), racial differences persist. Our problem is how to deal with them. For a start, we can bury that old melting-pot myth. In the early 1970s, if you wanted to see a black man squirm all you had to do was to play the hit song by Blue Mink. Remember those lyrics, and weep:

*What we need is a great big melting pot,
Big enough to take the world and all
it's got.
Keep it stirring for a hundred years or
more.
Turn out coffee-coloured people by the
score.*

Not even Madeleine Bell's voice could save this from terminal silliness. The idea that we could iron out all racial differences by a concentrated programme of inter-racial sex and create a deracinated mishmash was of course most useful to young men. As a student I had male friends who clearly took this literally and devoted themselves night and day to the cause of racial harmony. Lenny Henry's legendary chat-up line – "Do you have any African in you?" If not, would you like some? – made its first appearance about this time.

But while the whole of Britain was humming along to this divel, I wondered what the person who wrote it could have been thinking about. What kind of coffee was it – black coffee, white coffee? Kenya Blend, or Colombian? And did anyone stop to imagine what it might feel like to hear that in this perfect world, your colour just would not be good enough?

However absurd, the idea has somehow taken hold that the answer to racial

difference is to eliminate it. An authoritative and thorough survey by the Policy Studies Institute, out this week, blows this liberal delusion away. If anything we are heading in the opposite direction. Though there are substantial levels of intermarriage, there is little evidence that this is reducing consciousness of ethnic difference. Getting on for half of British children of Caribbean origin come from multiracial homes. Surprisingly, the same is true for one in five South Asian children. The PSI says that younger generations have a more assertive attitude to their ethnic identity, certainly compared with their grandparents, who typically arrived with a desire to fit in, even if that meant suppressing their own traditions.

The survey carries two important consequences. The first is that the findings are a conclusive argument for ethnic monitoring. Without this painstaking research, we would not know that despite the apparent success of some young people from ethnic minorities there is still a glass ceiling that shuts us out of the top 10 per cent of jobs. After all, when was the last time a non-white person appeared in the boardroom of a major company? Probably before dawn yesterday, actually, carrying vacuum cleaners and dusters.

Without research we would not know that the simply black-white dualism that we have borrowed from the US is now actively hindering our effort to remedy disadvantage here. If we did not know that the groups proving least successful were black men and most of the Muslim communities, how would we concentrate our resources properly?

We should stop being afraid of measuring differences between ethnic groups, as long as we are prepared

to accept that there may be more differences within the groups than between them. For example, the equation between sporting success and race is one that makes most people uncomfortable. It is dangerous stuff, and contains visions of eugenics. On the other hand, it would be perverse to ignore the evidence of our eyes: people of African descent are wildly over-represented in the ranks of top track and field, soccer, basketball and American football.

It is clearly too simplistic to suggest that this is due to a genetic predisposition, and I am not arguing that we should accept stereotyping – blacks are good at running, hopeless at rocket science ... Asians – great at accounts but rubbish at acting. However, unless we can understand the evidence of our eyes and explain it, how can we ever hope to tackle people's presumptions? The true answer to prejudice is not blindingly to give up their heritage, according to the PSI; if anything they are more determined than their parents to maintain their multiracial identities.

Why should a child with a white mother have to accept the designation "black" if that denies the existence of a parent they cherish? But there are wider reasons why these children embrace their ethnicity so strongly. The report suggests that those who have a partially Afro-Caribbean heritage see their colour as a defining aspect of their personalities, while young Asians, particularly those from Muslim homes,

but can't be bosses. He, and an increasing number of black sportsmen and entertainers – Garth Crooks, Tiger Woods, Lenny Henry – are defying the stereotype which says that success in one area means that people from a given race cannot be successful elsewhere.

The other, implicit message of the PSI's work is likely to be more controversial. Our present trends, the UK's minority population will eventually marry itself out of existence. That happened once before, in Georgian London there was a black community, the size of which was, proportionately, comparable to today's. They were principally servants, soldiers and former slaves; but over time they too intermarried, and except for the few families that retain a folk-memory of a distant dark ancestor they disappeared from view. But today's multiracial children are not meekly going to give up their heritage, according to the PSI; if anything they are more determined than their parents to maintain their multiracial identities.

A few years ago, a firm with which I was involved lost out in a delicate negotiation with an American company. It would have led to a huge boost in the company's fortunes. When asked why they withdrew, the Americans said, in essence, that the Brits felt like a company 20 years out of date. "We never saw anybody on your team who was not totally white; you can't get away with it these days." That is the world today – global markets, global people. Who is more likely to prosper and to be

convincing in such a world than people who in their very person straddle continents? My own children can reasonably claim to feel comfortable in Paris, New York, London and Bombay – these, after all, are just the bones of their various grandparent's. It is the young, multiracial crowd who have the flexibility and adaptability that the 21st century will demand. For them, moving between cultures and using several languages is a way of life that they imbibed with their mothers' milk. Instead of teaching children that the whiter (or blacker) they are the better, the real advantage may be in being able to count the number of different roots your parents have bequeathed to you.

Race is no longer a simple black-and-white issue. Inequality and discrimination are still central facts of life for most non-white people. But it is not enough to say that we need to solve them and the differences will all go away. They won't, and we should not want them to. Painful as it might be for some of us, the real world will continue to put a value on our ethnic backgrounds. The upside is that being a European with a white skin may be valued at a discount; but so will be being a "pure" anything. On the other hand, to mangle Orwell, we may find that the expression "one race had, two races good, three races better" best describes what is about to happen to race. I hope so. But even if that is the case, you still won't get me to like Blue Mink.

jo brand's week

It's not often that someone you know is the victim of an extraordinary crime, by which I mean sadly, something that is not a car theft or a mugging. This week a fellow comic moved to same Manchester hotel as our tour mob after an incident at a hotel nearby, which began with a knock on the door and someone saying "room service". When he opened the door, three men in ski masks ran in, bundled him and his friend to the floor, tied them up and put black bags over their heads. The gang then took their credit cards and demanded the PIN numbers. This was all accompanied by a fair bit of violence and the gang clearing about a grand out of their accounts. I've always felt safe in hotels and this is another nail in the coffin of those cases of safety we all presume we have. I shall be doing much peering through spy holes from now on.

Congratulations to Kathy Burke who I have worked with on a number of occasions and am very fond of, for picking up an award for best actress in Cannes. What was so brilliant about seeing her on the news getting her award was the fact that although she

kid turned to Andy, the support act, and said, "I hope you don't mind my saying this, but I thought you were extremely boring". There was an embarrassed silence and then the parents started doing, "Oh isn't he awful" routine. We would have liked to have given him a slap and all agreed that had we behaved like this in the presence of our parents, our feet wouldn't have touched the ground. I must be getting old. Kids today, eh?

We hit Wolverhampton on Thursday night and as I have been doing every night, I scanned a copy of *The Rough Guide to England* to see if there were any interesting facts about the place I could use in the show. The guide doesn't pull any punches and

many middle class women are managing to earn enough to pay nannies, cleaners etc. It also means an entirely different group of women is having to be those things and not, I assume, getting very good wages. It would be terrible if the advancement of one group of women was at the expense of a large group of others.

The fashion industry has been criticised this week by Bill Clinton because of its promotion of "heroin chic". This is evident in poses of models in which they look vacuous and of course very thin, so appearing to be addicted to the demon drug. (I have always found most models to look fairly vacuous anyway, so I think it's quite hard to tell the difference). The sad fact is that many models probably are addicted to heroin, which is apparently the drug of choice of the famous empty heads. One can understand why someone living on a council estate in Glasgow might want to be out of touch with the harsh reality of their life, but as most young girls in this country aspire to the life of the supermodel, it's perhaps a lesson that it's not all it's cracked up to be.

The nature of a society can be gleaned, to some extent, by examining what the members of that society spend their money on. It is somewhat alarming then to discover that domestic service is the fastest growing item of consumer spending in this country over the past decade. Although this means that



PRIESTLEY

Springtime in Paris

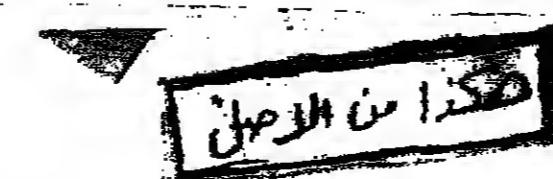
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glover's gloss

There are some Conservatives who are prepared to resist the tug of fashion

david aaronovitch

The new politics takes some adjusting to. Yesterday, the extant Lord Rothermere went and sat on the Labour benches in the House of Commons. I fear that soon we will see newspaper photographs of Hugh Grant and Liz Hurley slipping into Number 10 in the wee hours, carrying a crate of Bollinger. The world has turned upside-down.

Fortunately, there are some natural Conservatives who are prepared to resist the tug of fashion. Writing from their last bastion, the *Telegraph* titles, they have been at pains to tell their readers two reassuring truths. First, that the defeat wasn't so bad; and, second, that ere long the electorate will rue its impetuous choice and return to the Conservative fold.

Thus the editor of *The Sunday Telegraph*, writing the weekend after the general election, made the following soothing observation. Yes, he admitted, the first-past-the-post electoral system had given Labour two-and-a-half times more seats than the Conservatives. "But look at it another way," he enjoined his readers. "For every four people who voted Labour, three voted Conservative. If your favourite football team lost 11 matches 4-3 (after extra time), you would not feel that your team had been destroyed." Yes, but if (to complete Mr Lawson's analogy) it happened in every single match, and you were relegated with zero points, perhaps you might feel the heaviness of the defeat.

Later in the same week, Mr Stephen Glover wrote in *The Daily Telegraph* that the scale of the Tory defeat had been exaggerated. We "should not forget that according to some estimates about two million people who voted Tory in 1992 stayed at home. Many of them may well vote Conservative next time" (these are my italics). I was immediately reminded of Mr Tony Benn's sunny celebration of the "eight and a half million socialists" who backed Labour in the catastrophic election of 1983.

However, it has gradually dawned, even on these rather unworlly men, that 1 May 1997 may have been a bad day for the Tories. So the tack has been changing from reassurance to prophecy. Demented Israelites such as



Lord Rothermere might now be dancing round the golden idols of New Labour, but mark their words (the staff thumps, the grizzled tocks shake) - there will be a reckoning.

I have now begun to collect such articles, so that I can read them when life seems otherwise devoid of laughter or when I am unwell. My favourite so far is yesterday's article by Mr Glover comparing Tony Blair to Laurent Kabila, conqueror of Zaire. Apparently, Mr Glover read about how the residents of Kinshasa had greeted the entry of Mr Kabila, shouting "Liberator! Liberator!" He goes on: "It was impossible not to make some comparisons with what is going on in our own country."

True, the author admits the occasional inexactness of an analogy between the fall of Mobutu and the defeat of Mr Major. Even so, most of his readers may have thought that it was entirely possible to get through an entire Zairian revolution without thinking about Tony Blair.

So what were the similarities Mr Glover drew on? Well, Major's government was a feisty little sycophant, and Mobutu's regime was the most corrupt kleptocracy in the world, so there's one. Mr Kabila has moved away from Marxism to the free market, and so has T. Blair (except that he was never a Marxist). Oh, and Mr Kabila is austere and humourless, banning black leggings, while "the New Labour cohorts of Twiggs and Mandelsons and Browns" have an equal reputation for "humourlessness and discipline". Not down at the Ministry of Sound, they don't.

It is too late, of course, for Mr Glover's warnings to affect the outcome in Zaire (or indeed prevent the French Revolution, which he also deplores). Those few Congolese who were able to understand the awful truth (that this nice Kabila chap might turn out to be as bad as Mr Blair) were almost certainly shot before they could warn others. But it is not too late for us to cast aside our palm fronds and our illusions, and to realise that, in the real world, as Mr Glover concludes, "if some things really do get better, others will almost certainly get worse". How very true.

High flier who brought the USAF down to earth

by Mary Dejevsky



Kelly Flinn as the star of the air force's equal opportunities policy (above) and after being charged with adultery, lying and disobeying an order (left)

Photographs: AP

Flinn heard she was under investigation and says she made a pact with Zigo to deny the affair. But when questioned Zigo told the truth, in long and sordid detail

"I feel a great injustice has been done to Kelly Flinn. She's outstanding." These were the words of a loyal mother about her daughter, the words of a grounding about a flier, the words of one generation of women about another. And they chipped away a little bit of lustre from the sheen of the most powerful flying machine in the world, the US Air Force.

Mrs Mary Flinn was speaking less than an hour after her 26-year-old daughter, a distinguished graduate of the US Air Force academy and the first woman to qualify to fly B-52 bombers, had been granted a general discharge after being charged with adultery, lying and disobeying an order.

How, you may ask, could things have got so out of hand that a young woman who was a brilliant student, an acknowledged star of the air force policy of equal opportunities for women, a success story in a military that is painfully starting to grasp the problems of mixed-sex training and combat units - how could she have fallen so far, so fast, without a parachute appearing from somewhere?

The story is not just about her, but about the US military and the conflicts spawned by its admission of women on equal terms with men. Racial desegregation is often cited as a comparable upheaval in the US military, which none the less passed off rapidly and smoothly. Why has mixing the sexes proved so contentious?

Ms Flinn's experience offers part of the explanation. A girl whose ambition was to fly in the US Air Force, she had directed her school and college studies to that end. She headed her class in the air force academy. She suffered the slights and taunts of her male colleagues mostly in silence, having learnt the unpopularity that stemmed from one early complaint of bullying. She left a sexual assault unreported for fear that the consequences would be worse than the act. In short, she coped.

Her reward was to be accepted for training to fly the B-52, and to be admitted to the elite company of top bomber pilots. She was 24.

She knew the rules on what the military discreetly calls "fraternisation" as well as any of the men. She knew that she could not associate with men of a lower or higher rank than herself; she felt it was unprofessional to talk up with a male colleague with whom she might fly in the course of her duties. She had a short relationship with a man in another company - that is, outside her line of command - the legality of which, according to air force (but not army) rules, was contested. She then fell in love with Marc Zigo, the civilian football coach at the base. Zigo, by all accounts but his own and that

of his ex-wife, was a "rat" and a "bounder". Flinn says he lied about his marital status. Zigo (and his ex-wife) say he didn't. In any event, the affair progressed - off the premises of the base. A colleague of Flinn's who was facing disciplinary procedure at the base decided, while being questioned about his own offences, to "tell all" about Flinn.

Flinn heard that she was under investigation and says she made a pact with Zigo to deny the affair. That might have been the end of it, had Zigo not then decided to tell the truth, in long and sordid detail, when the questions were asked of him.

Her first offence was to take up with a married man (though she says she understood that he was legally separated). Her second offence was to lie about the existence of the relationship. Her third offence was to disobey an order not to see Zigo again. This, as air force officials readily acknowledge, was difficult as she was living with him. She threw him out; he attempted suicide. She let him back, they quarrelled, he beat her. Whereas in the civilian world that might have been the end of a regrettable, but doubtless educative story, at the Minot air force base in the wastes of North Dakota this was another beginning.

Although Flinn's superior officer was subsequently transferred, according to her brother, for his handling of the case, the disciplinary wheels of the air force sped into motion. They were well oiled by not a few superior officers who had always been dead set against women in the air force, let alone flying bombers, but who had never been able to make a case against Flinn herself.

They were oiled, too. It appears, by jealousy on the part of lower-ranked men and (especially) women on the base - who included Zigo's by now ex-wife, Gayla. Ms Flinn was charged - the nature of the charges, and her name, being made public before she was even informed that she was to be court-martialed. She heard from television news while on holiday. Already in a no-win situation, her reputation was immediately ruined and she was publicly humiliated.

As attempts to reach some behind-the-scenes settlement failed, Flinn set out to do what she had been trained to do in quite different circumstances: fight. According to her brother, Don, in no case did any official step forward to explain the official position. It was all done anonymously, off the record, and by officers "far-removed"

With the air force emphasising the disobedience charge,

the air force secretary, Sheila Widnall, had no choice but to reject Ms Flinn's request for an "honorable discharge". It would have been politically untenable; and could have been interpreted, as some senior officers had said, as an open invitation to rule-breaking. It would also have discredited the air force disciplinary system, and however justifiable that might have been, it would have shattered relations between the Administration and the military.

The agreed outcome has left no one entirely satisfied. Ms Flinn is said to be "emotionally and physically exhausted, but comfortable with her decision". Her family are "disillusioned with a military establishment that they, and people like them, would formerly have supported to the hilt. The air force has lost credibility, and has pointed instructions from Ms Widnall to ensure "justice and fairness" in its disciplinary system in future.

Nor is the outcome quite as clear-cut as Ms Flinn's detractors might have liked. While her air force service may be over, her career as a pilot is not necessarily blighted. That has emerged as perhaps an unspoken part of the deal. She can apply for a "waiver" that would allow her to resume flying, perhaps in the air force reserve. She can also apply, in time, when air force heads are a little less sore, to have her discharge upgraded to an "honorable" one.

This would help to restore her reputation - and, eventually, that of the air force. But the name Kelly Flinn will long evoke pained expressions in the military establishment in recognition of a sequence of misjudgments that must on no account be repeated. As Flinn's lawyer, Frank Spinner, put it: "The United States has lost a pioneer - and at what a price."

Art, science and Self abuse



Peter Popham
Do science and literature cross-fertilise?
The answer, if we are to believe Professor Wolpert, is a resounding No, no, no'

in John Major's aeroplane. "Do science and literature cross-fertilise?" was the title of the event, and Prof Wolpert's view, opening the proceedings, was no, no, no. Science is a totally peculiar business, he insisted. "It's a really peculiar mode of thought, because the world isn't built on a common-sense basis. It's a really weird place: if a view of the world sits with your commonsense expectations, it will be false."

To understand this world, and to enlarge scientific understanding requires the utmost rigour. "Science is very imaginative, but the idea that the act of creation in art and science are the same is sentimental nonsense."

Shakespeare's plays, he pointed out, did not render those of Aeschylus or Sophocles redundant. In science, on the other hand, "individuals are of no importance whatsoever. Whatever you contribute becomes assimilated."

The scientists' starkly simple task is to reveal the truth about the universe, in all its bizarre detail. And steadily this revelation is coming to pass. "With enough scientists and enough money, all will be discovered. Genius only speeds things up."

What role can literature play in this endeavour? None at all, it seems; all writers do is to snipe from the sidelines.

"The whole of English literature is filled with nasty remarks about science," Wolpert

asserted. "Mary Shelley is the evil fairy godmother of genetics. Thanks to *Frankenstein*, it is impossible to have an intelligent discussion about genetics."

The only contributions that literature can legitimately claim to have made to science are the character of Furtius Lydgate in *Middlemarch* and the scientific terms "quark" (from Finnegans Wake) and "oskar" (from The Tin Drum).

The Royal Society of Literature is not accustomed to ram-bunctious exhibitions of this sort. Wolpert sat down, and for several nanoseconds the audience gasped for breath, before breaking into tumultuous applause. But if any literary gent were to be a match for such knockabout, Self is he.

"You old sourpuss!" began, then went on to assert that "science without literature is like bacon without eggs, a sandwich without bread, sex without orgasm". Literature is full of brilliant scientific writers such as John Dalton, Charles Darwin, TH Huxley and James Lovelock.

Literature unites with scientific theory to create a strange chimera which propels scientific thought," said Self.

He developed the concept of "enlightenment scientists going out ahead, chipping away at conceptual space" - with the artists close behind, handing them tools, perhaps, or carting away the chippings.

The problem was that, with the atomic bomb, and megalomaniacal ideas such as the human genome project, "scientists have become arrogant". They think they can find for themselves. The artists have become spare scalpsels at a brain transplant.

It was like being in the public gallery for an unusually messy divorce, where both partners were convinced that they alone had been betrayed, coddled, insulted and abandoned. Self: "Scientists don't need us any more; they've grown too big for their boots." Lewis is the representative of elitism; I'm the representative of democracy," he declared. Wolpert: "Scientists have allowed the notion that science and art can cross-fertilise "because scientists want to be artists; it's all about social snobbery". Furthermore (the old complaint), scientists are "far better read" in literature than artists are in science. (Has no one tried pointing out that literary works are on the whole much more fun to read than Heisenberg's *Physical Principles of the Quantum Theory*, or worse?)

There were several pungent contributions from the floor, of which the best was certainly the assertion that "in 20 years, Shakespeare may well be recognised as one of the greatest scientists". "Enough!" shrieked Wolpert. "But you haven't let me explain why!" squeaked the Shakespearean.

But if the debate never really became the blazing bonfire that it had promised to become at the beginning, it was perhaps because while Wolpert certainly wants to give someone a kick, that someone is not Will Self. Will is too woolly. The ones Wolpert has it for are the relativists: those for whom the whole panoply of scientific knowledge, far from having objective, absolute reality, is a "cultural construct" like any other human creation, and just as fallible.

"I attack them at every possible opportunity," Wolpert told *The Daily Telegraph* last year, referring to the so-called "Edinburgh school" of sociology. "I hate them. They are the true enemies of science. These people are the kiss of death. They have a political agenda to control science themselves, to diminish it at every possible step."

These people, however, are not Will Self, who would only like to hold hands with science, walking into the garish sunset, borrowing nifty terms and cool ideas when the opportunity arises; words such as flocculent, insipid, phyletic, diplopia; ideas such as the "quantity theory of insanity" (the title of his first book).

Give over, Lewis, you old sourpuss. Will means no harm. And you'd make a lovely couple.

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business & city

Business news desk: tel 0171-293 2636 fax 0171-293 2098
BUSINESS & CITY EDITOR: JEREMY WARNER



Bowing out ... and in: Katsuhiko Kondo, the president (second from right) and the chairman, Tadashi Okuda (second from left) are flanked by their respective replacements at Dai-Ichi Bank. Photograph: AP

Banking boom boosts Halifax share handout

Tom Stevenson
Financial Editor

Millions of Halifax members are set for a much bigger windfall than they had been led to expect when the country's biggest building society floats on the stock market in a week's time. If City predictions of the price at which Halifax shares will end their first day's dealings are accurate, someone getting the minimum handout can look forward to shares worth £1,400.

According to one of the City's spread betting organisations, IG Index, Halifax shares will be worth 700p at close of play on Monday 2 June, the first day of trading. Anyone with both a savings account and a mortgage with Halifax will have shares worth at least £2,800 and possibly much more, depending on the level of funds in their account.

That prediction is well ahead of the range originally suggested by Halifax when it announced details of its flotation and told its 8 million members their shares might be worth between 395p and 450p. The increase means the minimum handout, which two-thirds of members will receive, is more than £500 higher than expected.

Halifax received the official go-ahead for the float yesterday as the Building Societies Commission confirmed the transfer of the business of the Halifax Building Society to Halifax plc. Assuming authorisation is obtained from the Bank of England, the shares will start trading in nine days' time, entering the FTSE 100 index three weeks later.

Analysts said yesterday the short delay before Halifax enters the index was one factor in the rapid increase in expectations for the price. Big institutional investors are expected to scramble for shares in early dealings in order to maintain their weighting in the bank sector.

They will get their first chance to buy shares next Friday when, as with the Alliance & Leicester, an auction will be



held of the shares that members have already indicated they wish to cash in immediately.

The technical squeeze is one of the main factors driving expectations, but part of the rise, analysts say, is attributable to the underlying strength of the whole sector. Bank shares have soared over the past 12 months in the most benign environment for financial stocks in years.

Lloyds TSB shares, which closed last night at 618p, near to an all-time high, have more than doubled in 12 months. Four years ago they were worth 12p, Barclays, 12.29 last night, were only 75p a year ago. Abbey National has enjoyed the run, and Alliance & Leicester, up 37p yesterday to 636p, is more than 100p higher than its low point a month ago.

Banks are enjoying buoyant trading conditions and analysts said yesterday they were anticipating raising their forecasts across the sector as the summer progresses. The continuing consumer boom and the recovering housing market are providing plenty of lending opportunities, improving the banks' product mix and offsetting some of the competitive pressures on margins.

All the banks are currently in the process of slashing their cost bases, thanks to a reduction in their expensive branch net-

works and a move to cheaper telephone and PC-based delivery systems as well as alternative physical methods such as supermarket banking. With the UK still well behind the US in this regard, the cost-cutting process has a way to go.

As a result of buoyant trading and cost-cutting, all the banks are faced with an embarrassment of surplus capital. Dividend growth has vastly outpaced the rest of the market and some banks, such as Barclays and NatWest, have opted to return even more to shareholders via share buybacks. That trend is also expected to continue.

The final positive for the banks has been the rise in sterling in recent months, which has hit exporting companies so hard but left the banks, which are predominantly domestic businesses, looking relatively attractive.

Whether the Halifax shares hang on to their early gains will depend partly on the number of shareholders who cannot resist the temptation to cash in their early gains. Just over a quarter of the Alliance & Leicester's shares were sold immediately, but partly because of the performance of A&L's shares more Halifax shares are expected to be tucked away as a long-term investment.

Shares windfall, Long Weekend, pages 27-30

British Airways set for £300m windfall from Galileo flotation

Michael Harrison

British Airways is set to reap a windfall of up to £300m through the flotation on the New York Stock Exchange of Galileo International, the worldwide airline computer reservations system. BA has a stake of just under 15 per cent in Galileo, half of which will be sold in the public offering later this year. When American Airlines floated a 20 per cent stake in its computer reservations system Sabre last year the business was valued at \$3.5bn (£2.15bn).

Galileo operates through a network of 36,000 travel agents in 73 countries and made operating profits last year of \$175m on revenues of \$1.2bn.

It accounts for a quarter of all airline bookings made in the US and nearly 40 per cent of airline travel in Europe.

BA and the 10 other airlines

which own Galileo have agreed not to sell any further shares for six months after the flotation, the main aim of which will be to raise funds to allow Galileo to acquire three travel businesses, the biggest of which is Apollo Travel Services. Part-

nerners made through it. Galileo's five biggest subscribers are the American Automobile Association, American Express, Business Travel International, Wagon Lits and Rosenbluth International, who between them account for 21 per cent of bookings.

According to a filing lodged this week with the US Securities and Exchange Commission, Galileo will pay \$700m for Apollo, \$224m for Irsawiss of Switzerland and \$14m for Galileo Nederland.

No details were made available of the proportion of Galileo that was to be floated, although the filing says that the offer price will be a maximum of \$40m.

The most important airline in the Galileo system is United Airlines of the US, the world's biggest carrier, which accounts for 12 per cent of all the book-

ings made through it. Galileo's five biggest subscribers are the American Automobile Association, American Express, Business Travel International, Wagon Lits and Rosenbluth International, who between them account for 21 per cent of bookings.

Apart from airline tickets, Galileo also operates a reservations system for booking hire cars and hotel rooms in conjunction with 48 car rental companies and 220 hotel chains around the world.

It is slightly smaller than Sabre, which made \$327m operating income on revenue of \$1.6bn last year. Amadeus, the other member of big three, is owned by Lufthansa, Iberia of Spain and Air France.

Galileo International was created in 1993 out of a merger of Cova, United's reservations system and the UK-based Galileo

company which was set up in 1987 by BA and four other European airlines.

It has headquarters in Rosemont, Illinois and employs 1,950. Last year a total of 300 million bookings were made through Galileo generating ticket sales worth \$3.5bn.

Ownership and control of computer reservations systems has become an increasingly important feature of airline competition in recent years. Smaller carriers complain that they are squeezed out by the likes of Sabre, Amadeus and Galileo because their flights are not featured as prominently on the computer screens in travel agencies.

Apart from BA and United, the other members of Galileo are Swissair, KLM, USAirways, Alitalia, Olympic of Greece, Canada, Portugal's TAP, Aer Lingus and Austrian Airlines.

Broker sued over Belling affair

Chris Godsmark
Business Correspondent

Greig Middleton, the stockbroking firm, is facing a £2.5m legal action over its alleged role in the Belling pension fund saga, which has left pensioners of the collapsed cooker company in severe financial hardship.

The group now in charge of the pension fund, the Law Debenture Trust Corporation, served a writ last week accusing Greig Middleton of negligence in over-valuing a Belling subsidiary which was then sold to the fund. Belling's former auditors, Hertford Philips of North London, are also being sued in the action for up to £5.5m.

The legal claim is the latest attempt by Law Debenture to retrieve more than £6m which was paid out from the fund before Belling called in the receivers. Next week is the fifth anniversary of the company's collapse. Some fund members who retired after the collapse of Belling are receiving less than half their pension entitlements.

Greig Middleton was employed by the pension fund trustees in October 1991 to value Compound Sections, a Belling subsidiary which the trustees intended to sell to the fund to raise badly needed cash for the parent company. Though around half Compound's sales were to Belling, which was then in severe financial difficulties, Greig Middleton said it was worth £5.25m.

The High Court writ alleges Greig Middleton should have revalued Compound Sections was so heavily dependent on Belling that the true valuation should have been £2.75m. The claim also says Greig Middleton made did not do enough to establish whether the cooker maker was solvent. According to the claim Belling already owed Compound £503,000 in June 1991.

After receiving the valuation the fund trustees, who included Richard Belling, the company chairman, and the finance director Michael Stewart, raised the purchase price to £5.5m.

This amounted to about a quarter of the entire pension fund assets. Compound was later sold by the fund following Belling's collapse for just £1.4m.

Peek sacks its chairman in strategy row

Clifford German

Peek, the traffic management group, yesterday sacked its chairman, Ken Maud, citing irreconcilable differences over future strategy for coping with the financial problems that led to a shock profit warning six weeks ago. He has been replaced by David Walsh one of the non-executive directors.

The company's share price

which has been in free-fall since hitting a record 130p last summer, yesterday gained 4.5p to 39.5p on the boardroom shake-up.

Allen Standley, chief executive, said differences had been developing over a long period.

They came to a head at a meeting on Thursday when the rest of the seven-man board rejected

Mr Maud's 'high-risk strategy'

for solving the group's problems.

His contract has been terminated, and Mr Maud has been

returned to his home in the US.

Mr Maud was on a two-year rolling contract and annual remuneration of £202,000. His severance package has not yet been decided, but he will be compensated, Mr Standley said. Mr Maud also owns 3.2 million Peek shares through a family trust.

His solutions for resolving

Peek's problems involved further expansion of the traffic control business into new geographic areas and acquisitions.

The board prefers to try and work their way through the financial difficulties on a "low-profile" basis.

Three-quarters of the busi-

ness consists of computerised roadside data collection and traffic management systems for motorways and one-way systems.

The group had reported a

9 per cent rise in turnover and a 56 per cent rise in profit to £6m in 1995, but the half-time results for 1996 combined a fur-

ther 11 per cent rise in turnover with a 55 per cent plunge in profits to just £3.44m. The full-year figures in March showed a 13 per cent rise in turnover and a 21 per cent drop in profits to £12.6m.

That fall was followed six weeks later by a warning of a likely loss of £1.5m in the first half of the current year.

Peek blamed a slowdown in orders as a result of the deferment of government funding for clients in several Asian countries, and loss-making contracts in the Netherlands, UK and North America.

Losses include a £1m provi-

sion to cover higher than ex-

pected costs on two Dutch

contracts, and £1.9m spent on

product development and the

integration of two acquisitions.

The warning also foreshed-

owed increased competition

from Siemens in the Dutch market.

Cost over-runs will continue until the end of the year and sec-

ond half profits are unlikely to

exceed the £2.5m recorded in

the second half of last year.

Brokers immediately slashed

their forecasts for this year

from £13m to £7m-£8m.

BCCI fraud victims to get compensation

Victims of the biggest fraud in history won a symbolic victory yesterday after a £2.9m fine against former shipping tycoon Abbas Gokal, who was sentenced to 14 years in prison earlier this month, was turned into a compensation order, writes Tom Stevenson.

"We are very pleased by the compensation order the court made this morning. However,

Abbas Gokal caused significant damage to BCCI and its creditors and we will continue to pursue his assets worldwide,"

the liquidator Christopher Morris of Deloitte & Touche said.

Keith Vaz, Labour MP for Leicestershire East and long time champion of victims of the collapse of the Bank of Credit and Commerce International, also welcomed the decision: "I am absolutely delighted that the judge has decided to reverse the decision and turn the fine into a compensation order ... I urge the liquidator to pay the money over."

If Gokal - who fled to Pakistan from his company's Swiss base when BCCI collapsed in 1991 with debts of more than \$12bn (£7.5tn) - does not pay, he faces an extra three years in prison.

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JEREMY WARNER

"Until we see the elusive prospectus it is impossible to make any kind of investment judgement on this float. But you have to wonder about a company whose rights of ownership and worth are as fluid as they appear to be."

Some thoughts on Formula One and Eddie George

Wouldn't it be nice to have some real business stories to write about for a change, rather than all those public issues that New Labour with its hectic schedule of announcements is forcing on to the business pages day in day out?

I'm being flippan, of course, but actually there's only been one business story this week entirely divorced from the goings on at numbers 10 and 11 Downing Street deserving of more than passing interest – the flotation, or perhaps non-flotation, of Bernie Ecclestone's Formula One.

On the face of it, this is a share issue to kill for – fast cars, glamour, exotic locations, a monopoly hold on the sport, the prospect of huge pay-per-view TV revenues, merchandising, famous names, powerful egos. It is hard to imagine a stock market flotation more guaranteed to capture the City's imagination, and like BSkyB before it, it should be roaring away from the starting grid with the acceleration of a Williams McLaren.

Unfortunately for Salomon, the sponsoring investment bank, this is also a flotation not without its problems. The most obvious of these is the question of who actually owns Formula One. Is it Mr Ecclestone, the merciful facilitator of this extraordinary sport, the FIA, the sport's governing body, or the teams, without which there would be no sport at all?

As far as Mr Ecclestone is concerned, there is no room for doubt; he owns it lock stock and barrel and to the extent that the teams are cut in on the float, it is his gift. Our story earlier this week that the teams were threatening to scupper the float unless given a bigger share of the action was dismissed by Mr Ecclestone as "irrelevant" and he rather less eloquently as "crap". Well maybe, but that is not what Williams and McLaren think and until they sign the Concorde agreement on how the TV rights are carved up, it is hard to see how Salomon can issue a prospectus.

In other words, it is they, not Mr Ecclestone, who hold the whip hand in all this.

Until we see that elusive prospectus it is impossible to make any kind of investment judgement on this float. But you have to wonder about a company whose rights of ownership and worth are as fluid as they appear to be. Take merchandising. To theory it's worth a packet, but it is not going to be up to much without the teams and their drivers, most of whom are taking their own independent advice on how best to exploit these rights in their own interests.

Furthermore, the prospective ban on tobacco advertising and sponsorship in Britain and elsewhere poses a very real threat to the economics of the sport. The gap in revenue for the teams is going to have to be plugged in some way or other.

All these difficulties can no doubt be overcome. Certainly that is what Mr Ecclestone will be telling the massed ranks of City media analysts and underwriters flown out to Barcelona at Formula One's expense to watch the Spanish Grand Prix this weekend. But he'll probably have to cede a rather greater share of the cake to Williams and others to get the float away. Ultimately, it may not be possible.

Back to public policy, I'm afraid. Wake up Mr Mandelson. Your troops are out of control – witness the whispering campaign to destabilise and undermine poor old Eddie George, Governor of the Bank of England. Lamentably, I have not been on the receiving end of this foolish and ill-considered attempt at spin doctory. However, this does at least allow me to speculate on the source of it all.

Just to recap, Eddie hit the roof, as he is sometimes prone to, on hearing that the new Chancellor, Gordon Brown, was stripping the Bank of England of its supervisory powers. On this occasion he was more than usually justified, for the announcement was sprung on him without warning after the Chancellor had pointedly said that reform of City regulation could wait for another time. Was this a deliberate attempt to push Eddie into resignation, so the Government could install its own man, Gavyn Davies of

Goldman Sachs, without having to wait until July next year, when Eddie's five-year term of office comes to an end?

Probably not, is the answer, for even a Government as filled with crusading zeal as this one couldn't have been so stupidly arrogant. As we have already observed in these columns, the new Government needs the resignation of the Governor of the Bank of England in its first month of office like a hole in the head. It would both undermine the credibility of the reforms and provide a focus for City opposition. So who was the Government "source" who told the *FT*, as dear as damn it, that this was the purpose, that they wanted Eddie out, and that he had "played into our hands" by cutting up rough about it all?

Gordon Brown? Surely not. And certainly not the Treasury press office, says an indignant Jill Rutter, press secretary. How about Alistair Darling, Financial Secretary, then? Just about possible, but then again why should he want to ruffle feathers when the task of selling all this to the City is his. Or Charlie Wheeler, the Chancellor's personal press secretary? Absolutely not. I'm furious with him, he says. Er, Ed Balls then, special adviser to Gordon Brown and the man credited with dreams up the supervision policy? Possible but unlikely. What about Sue Nye, wife to Gavyn Davies, who just happens to work for Mr Brown? Come,

come. But then all sorts of things go through your mind at times like these, as Eddie George might remark.

Whoever the source, whether one of these or another part of the Government entirely, it was a silly thing to have done. Far from playing into the hands of Eddie George's enemies, the affair has rather had the opposite effect, strengthening his resolve to stay and cementing his many supporters. Eddie has been despicably treated, was the general view in the City. He's a terrific fellow and should be given a second term, Mr Brown's own friend, Martin Taylor, chief executive of Barclays Bank, will be telling the Chancellor. Others are saying, you can't appoint Gavyn now. He'll be seen as your stooge. Only Eddie will do as a truly independent Governor. And so on and so forth.

Well actually they can, and probably still will appoint Mr Davies initially as Governor. Provided the other appointments to the Bank's own monetary committee, expected to be announced any day now, are sensible ones, there should still be no credibility problems with the markets, notwithstanding this week's fracas.

But whichever way you look at it, the Government came perilously close to stepping on a nasty banana skin there. Mr Mandelson will be hoping everyone has learnt from the experience.

Setback for Ecclestone as TV rights dispute drags on

Chris Godsmark
Business Correspondent

Plans to float Bernie Ecclestone's Formula One promotional business on the stock market received a further setback yesterday after it emerged that three leading teams were still locked in dispute over an agreement to share out television rights.

The news is the latest difficulty in the path of Mr Ecclestone, who wants to see his Formula One Holdings empire quoted on the stock market as early as July. Last week it emerged that top teams were unhappy with the potential 10 per cent stake in the business which would be shared among the constructors. The teams are understood to have asked Mr Ecclestone for a bigger slice of the company, which could be valued at up to £2bn.

Advisers to Formula One confirmed that three teams (teams, Williams, McLaren and Tyrrell), have not signed the Concorde Agreement on television rights, despite hints earlier this year that the dispute had been settled. Seven teams, including Ferrari and Benetton, signed the agreement in March 1996 but the other three were unhappy at the division of spoils from television coverage in the world's most watched sport.

Mr Ecclestone is understood to have held talks with the seven signatories to Concorde at Heathrow last Monday in an attempt to find a formula to bring the three dissenting constructors back on board. Negotiations then followed, with team boss Frank Williams and Ron Dennis from McLaren, though sources close to the teams said the two sides remained a considerable distance apart.

"The trouble is that the teams now have the advantage in all this. They know Bernie needs their co-operation and they are busy exploring that," said an observer.

Salomon Brothers, the US in-

vestment bank managing the float, indicated yesterday that a prospectus for the business could appear within four weeks. The sources insisted this was in line with the original internal timetable. However, during briefings a week ago analysts gained the impression that the prospectus was likely to appear much sooner.

Details of the latest discussions were revealed as Mr Ecclestone prepared to fly selected City analysts to tomorrow's Spanish Grand Prix at Barcelona to see the company in action. It manages the television coverage of Formula One and is behind much of the impressive on-board camera wizardry at the 16 yearly races which attract around 400 million viewers across the globe.

One problem still to be resolved is whether the three dissenting teams would be entitled to any back-dated cash to cover revenues lost since last year's agreement. Mr Ecclestone's advisers have insisted that the dispute was not simply a matter of money. "It's not about money. It's about sitting on the Formula One Commission and at the moment the three teams can't do that."

Reaching a deal on Concorde could be the key to unlocking a complex series of obstacles, because the teams are likely to use a similar formula to divide up any share-stake retained in the business after the flotation. The share-out of TV rights is secret, although top teams such as Ferrari receive more cash than the lesser teams. Williams, for example, accounted for an astonishing 53 per cent of race coverage last year as Damon Hill and team-mate Jacques Villeneuve fought for the world championship.

Mr Ecclestone's advisers were yesterday discounting any suggestion that the teams had a right to receive a share in the floated group, despite the as-



Who owns the sport? (Clockwise from above) Bernie Ecclestone, owner of Formula One Holdings and team bosses Frank Williams, Ken Tyrrell and Ron Dennis

sumption of analysts that the teams would emerge with 10 per cent of the company. Mr Ecclestone would receive a 30 per cent stake, plus proceeds from the 50 per cent of Formula One offered to the public, while 10 per cent would go to the FIA, the sport's governing body.

The message from the Ecclestone camp yesterday was that such suggestions were totally inaccurate. "The shares are 100 per cent owned by Bernie's wife and children. It's entirely possible that the teams will get a stake, but it's in no way a pre-requisite for a float. It's in the gift of the shareholders. It's not a matter of negotiation."

Yet there is speculation in the Formula One world of yet another source of disagreement, that they provide the future promotional value which has en-

abled Mr Ecclestone to contemplate such an ambitious valuation for the business.

The advisers may suggest the teams are merely players on a stage created and managed by Mr Ecclestone. Yet this ignores the long pedigree of the leading constructors. Without the teams, the constructors argue, Mr Ecclestone would have nothing worth promoting.

Yet the teams are still expected to support the principle of a flotation, if only to secure the long-term stability of the sport after Mr Ecclestone, who is 66, decides to retire. What has perplexed them most is why he is in such a hurry to complete the deal. As one source put it, with a salary of almost £30m in 1994, he hardly needs the money.

Bradford & Bingley buys arm of Lloyds TSB

Tom Stewenson
Financial Editor

Bradford & Bingley paid £64m yesterday for Mortgage Express, the specialist mortgage lending arm of Lloyds TSB. The deal buys a £1.5bn book of the sort of borrowers that would otherwise find it hard to secure a home loan – the self-employed, people wanting a 100 per cent mortgage and those with negative equity.

Mortgage Express, which TSB acquired in 1986, suffered badly in the early 1990s housing recession thanks to its high risk portfolio of borrowers and the uncompetitive rates it was forced to charge to compensate for its higher than average default rate.

Lloyds TSB said it was selling Mortgage Express because it was no longer a good fit with C&G, the building society it acquired three years ago, and which specialises in more mainstream mortgage lending. The sale would avoid unnecessary duplication.

A spokesman for Bradford & Bingley said the company represented one of the last opportunities to buy a ready-made niche lender to avoid the cost of setting up a new operation from scratch. It will sit alongside Bradford & Bingley's existing lending business and expand its target market to include people buying properties with a view to letting them and people on short-term contracts who are unable to provide the security of a permanent staff position.

Mortgage Express operates from offices in Barnet, north London and employs about 300 staff. It currently has around 26,000 borrowers compared to a peak of 50,000. The business will continue to trade under its own name, with its existing management. Lloyds said it made a profit on the sale of about £50m, which would be included in the bank's accounts for the half year to 30 June.

IN BRIEF

Investment in manufacturing grows

Manufacturing investment in the UK picked up sharply in the first quarter of the year, according to further details on the components of GDP. Within the overall increase of 4.3 per cent in the year to the first quarter, manufacturing investment rose 4.6 per cent, construction increased by 37.2 per cent, investment in distribution by 22 per cent and other services by 8.3 per cent. Investment by government and the privatised utilities remained weak. Some economists believe that the official figures are still under-recording manufacturing investment, which they show falling by 8 per cent in 1996, because survey evidence has pointed to a much stronger performance.

Lund taken off the air at CBS

Moral at the shaky CBS television network in New York took another blow following the announcement that Peter Lund, president of its television and cable group, had resigned because of disagreements over a corporate reshuffle. Steve Kroft, a veteran CBS ombudsman called the rupture "absolutely shocking" and noted the popularity amongst staff of Mr Lund. "For the CBS people, he was the continuity". The reshuffle was ordered by Michael Jordan, the chief executive of Westinghouse Electric, which recently bought the so-called Tiffany Network. CBS' long struggle to regain ratings and reverse a continuing slump in advertising revenue has been a drag on Westinghouse revenue and stock. Mr Lund's responsibilities for programming will be assumed by the former head of CBS' more successful radio stations, Mel Karmazin.

Phone call prices cut by Ionica

Ionica, the fast growing phone network, is to cut its call prices by up to 10 per cent to maintain its price differential of at least 15 per cent with British Telecom. The move is an attempt to match any looming tariff reductions by BT to meet the price cap set by the phone watchdog, Ofcom. Ionica, which combines radio signals with fixed phone lines, is expected to announce a stock market flotation later this year.

Resignations rock Laura Ashley

Shares in Laura Ashley the fashion group fell a further 7p to a two-year low of 95p, after the company announced the resignations of Dominic Lavelle, the finance director for the UK and Europe and the senior marketing director, Julie Ramshaw. The two departures were unrelated, the group's director of commercial and legal services, Stephen Cox, insisted. "As far as I am concerned Dominic is going back to the City as an analyst. Lavelle has been head-hunted to join a public company, and that company will make an announcement shortly confirming his appointment." The group issued a profits warning with its results last week.

Deals planned by Euromoney

Euromoney Publications, the publisher and conference organiser which is part of the Daily Mail and General Trust, is to seek further acquisitions, the company said as it unveiled record preliminary results. Euromoney said it had £24m in cash and short-term deposits, and "continued to seek acquisitions". For the six months to 31 March, the company made record profits before tax of £12m, an increase of 5 per cent. This included a gain of £1.5m on the sale of discontinued operations. "Outstanding performances in the world-wide training business, specialist magazines and Euromoney contributed to the growth, the company claimed.

Difficult trading at Nelson Hurst

Shareholders at the annual meeting of Nelson Hurst, the insurance brokers, were told that trading conditions remained difficult. David Woodward, chairman, said: "We continue to see soft premiums and unfavourable exchange rates for much of our business. Nonetheless, considerable progress is being made in extending the scope of the business both geographically and in the range of services the company offers."

Profits climb 14 per cent at Dawson

Dawson Holdings, the AIM-listed data services group, increased profits by 14 per cent to £16.15m in the six months to the end of March, although it said that the strength of sterling had reduced contributions from overseas subsidiaries by almost £1m. The chairman Peter Brown said, however: "There is every indication that the group is on course to meet our principal broker's forecast."

THE INDEPENDENT

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Storms ahead for monetary union

Magnus Grönmark

It has been a rather quiet week for monetary union watchers after the recent shocks involving Bank of England independence and German gold stocks, but it is likely to be the calm before the storm.

Next week sees Italy launch its own three-year economic plan, which will test its ability to adhere to EMU targets but more important still will be tomorrow's first round of voting in the French elections, whose outcome could set the seal on whether the whole project goes ahead on time.

Opinion polls, now banned until the final results are known, show the centre-right government with a fairly comfortable lead, albeit drastically reduced from its current 367 seat majority.

The expectation in the markets is that Alain Juppé and his Gaullist-led coalition will show a stiffer resolve in holding to the strict criteria for monetary union than their socialist opponents. Unanimity between France and Germany would vastly increase the chances for the project kicking off in 1999 as planned.

But the waves from last week's decision by Germany to revalue its gold stocks continue to lap around EMU. The move

has been widely condemned, not least from within the currency itself, as a piece of creative accounting to let Germany off the hook when it became clear that its public deficit this year will comprehensively bust the 3 per cent of gross domestic product laid down by the Maastricht Treaty.

With Chancellor Helmut Kohl now apparently backing down from using revaluation as a deficit reduction device, at least this year, the implications for EMU remain opaque.

In the midst of this uncertainty, the broad consensus among our panel appears to be edging further towards EMU arriving on time, but in what form still remains unclear. Robert Lind of ABN Amro says the revaluation "sent a clear message that the German government will do whatever it can to meet the Maastricht convergence criteria".

Like Darren Williams of Nikkei Europe, he believes the move makes it difficult for Germany to argue that apparently less economically rigorous countries like Italy should be excluded. At the same time, many of our panel point out that it is becoming increasingly likely that "peripheral" countries like Spain and Portugal will have to be included.

Analysts predicted that the appeal would lead to a further reduction.

GKN keeps up US court battle

Chris Godsmark

The long-running US court action against GKN, the car components and aerospace giant, edged closer to a conclusion yesterday after the group lodged an appeal against an order to pay damages of £240m.

GKN shares rallied strongly, closing 23p higher at £10.07, after it emerged that the court in North Carolina had turned down an attempt to extend the action, brought by franchisees of the company's US car exhaust chain, Meijoeke Discount Mufflers. The final

unit trusts

sport

Corretja heads the Spanish invasion of Paris



A change of coach has lifted Alex Corretja. Photograph: Alsport

It is possible that the British tennis establishment's reputation for looking down its nose has been misconstrued. The habit might be a consequence of years spent scanning the world rankings for British names. Ironically, Tim Henman's seedings for the French Open, which starts on Monday, may also create a false impression.

Encouraging though it is to see a British man seeded for a Grand Slam championship (it happened last in 1982, when Buster Mottram was No 14 for Paris and No 15 for Wimbledon), it must be remembered that the 22-year-old is virtually an apprentice on the comparatively slow clay courts of Europe. That was underlined by the manner of Henman's early elimination at the Italian Open and from this week's tournament in St Polten, Austria.

The French have simply adhered to the ATP Tour rankings, so Henman, in the absence of Boris Becker, Todd Martin and Thomas Enqvist (the Swede withdrew yesterday), is seeded No 14, a reward for success earlier in the year on the medium-paced concrete courts of Qatar, Sydney and Melbourne and a fast indoor carpet in Antwerp.

Any progress Henman makes at Stade Roland Garros will be a bonus. In the opening round he plays Olivier Delaître, a 30-year-old French wild card, ranked No 143. Australia's Mark Philippoussis, a winner on clay in Munich, may cast a shadow in the second round, and Henman is projected to meet Yevgeny Kafelnikov, the defending champion, in the last 16.

Similar reservations apply to the unseeded Greg Rusedski, the British No 2, whose game, based on his mighty serve, is tailored for faster surfaces. Rusedski,

The French Open, which starts on Monday, is likely to be dominated by clay court specialists. John Roberts looks at the main contenders in the men's singles

currently ranked No 41, plays Sweden's Magnus Norman in the opening round, and Pete Sampras is a possibility in the third round.

With Wimbledon a month away, it would be a relief if Henman and Rusedski leave for the laws of England in better condition, physically and mentally. Both players have lost momentum following time off recovering from injuries.

In Henman's case, although surgery has cleared his elbow of fragments of bone which had been floating in the joint for about 10 years, he has apparently experienced side-effects which may be psychosomatic.

Sampras, the world No 1, intends to make a challenge in spite of a thigh injury that threatens to undermine his prospects of completing his collection of the Grand Slam singles championships. The American will do well to survive a first round against Fabrice Santoro.

Sampras, 23, was asked recently if there was a likelihood of his becoming as obsessive about winning the French Open as Ivan Lendl became in respect to Wimbledon. "I think Lendl's personality and my personality are so different," Sampras replied. "He was almost to the point of being consumed with Wimbledon. He changed his whole year basically for that one tournament. I think that's putting too much pressure, at least for me."

"I tried playing more on clay. That didn't work. If you ask me that question when I'm 29, 30, 35, I'll have five, six or seven good chances to get lucky and win

concentrated. I used to see a lot of matches during the tournament. Now I just want to relax after each match. I eat and then go to bed. I am more professional. I go to bed just to sleep."

Corretja's defeat by an ailing Sampras in the quarter-final of last year's United States Open, after holding a match point in a fifth set tie-break, had a seminal effect on the 23-year-old Spaniard. "My recurring thought was why couldn't I play consistently for two consecutive weeks?" he recalled. "At the end of the year I changed my coach. Since then I started playing well for longer periods of time."

The change involved parting from Jose "Pepo" Clavet and returning to Javier Duarte, a mentor during his formative years. "I'm increasingly more confident, because my game is improving a lot," Corretja said. "I played several matches on hard courts, too, and I'm looking forward to seeing what happens on grass."

Asked why there are always so many Spaniards in the final stages of tournaments, he smiled. "That means that we are very good players," he said, pausing before adding, "Unfortunately, in Spain, people are only interested in top 10 players."

Outside Spain, some of the names take time to assimilate. Bruguera, having won the French Open in 1993, was tuning his game for a successful defence when Britain played a Davis Cup tie against Portugal in Oporto. One of a group of British supporters suggested to another that they travel on to watch a tournament in Estoril. "Who's playing?"

"Well, that's Baggerer's top seed."

French Open draw, Digest, page 31



Marcelo Rios: The in-form No 7 seed. Photograph: Alsport

HEXHAM

HYPERION
2.15 Acajou III 2.45 Sovereign Match 3.15 Ni-jway 3.45 Royal York 4.15 Colorful Ambition 4.50 Howayman

GOING: Good to firm.

■ Left-hand, undulating course. Run-in of 250yds.

■ Course is on minor road 2m S of Hexham. Supplied from town. Hexham station Ctn. ADMISISON: Club 50p; Parkdeck 50p (OAPs £5). CAR PARK: Free.

BLINNED FIRST TIME: None.

WINNERS IN THE LAST SEVEN DAYS: None.

LONG-DISTANCE RUNNERS: Bright Destiny (3.15) has been sent 129 miles by a Goldie from Upminster, Stratford.

2.15 FEDERATION BREWERY NOVICE HURDLE (CLASS E) £2,000 added 2m 4f 110yds

1 P15042 BOSTON MAID (D) P Wadsworth 6.11 ... M A Ringwood 8
2 52023 MILKWOOD (D) M Hartman 6.11 ... M A Ringwood 8
3 F31234 ACAJOU III (D) P Roberts 6.11 ... P Courtney
4 0-0064 SOBERN (D) J Dyer 6.11 ... J Courtney
5 00031 ALBURY (D) G Cudling 6.11 ... J Courtney
6 P14502 GARDENERS SOYR (D) Mr S. Morris 6.11 ... R Stoney
7 00020 BRIGHT DESTINY (D) Mr S. Morris 6.11 ... R Stoney
8 00045 MOONLIGHT VENTURE (D) M Vane 6.11 ... R Stoney
9 00002 TULSA (D) M Vane 6.11 ... R Stoney
10 PPD-SPLIT THE WIND (D) R Neale 6.11 ... F Leakey (S)
11 34 MR BRING (D) M Barnes 6.11 ... B Stoney

BETTING: 1-3 Boston Maid, 2-3 Milkwood, 3-4 Acajou, 4-5 Others

1-3 Declared -

2-3 Declared -

3-4 Declared -

4-5 Declared -

5-6 Declared -

7-8 Declared -

9-10 Declared -

11-12 Declared -

13-14 Declared -

15-16 Declared -

17-18 Declared -

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05-06 Declared -

07-08 Declared -

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13-14 Declared -

15-16 Declared -

17-18 Declared -

19-20 Declared -

Spirited England guard against complacency

DEREK PRINGLE

Cricket Correspondent

England will take on Australia in today's second Texaco one-day international at The Oval with their confidence galvanised by victory and their sinews hardened by a satisfying first skirmish. Indeed, so well executed and polite was their performance at Headingly on Thursday, that Mark Taylor's side must have felt they had been mugged by Oliver Twist and not Bill Sykes.

"We know we're playing a top team," said the England coach, David Lloyd, yesterday. "It's been a terrific start for us, but there is still a long way to go."

Hailing a rounded and

well-planned team performance for the reasons behind the victory, Lloyd placed special emphasis on the inclusion of what he calls "two- and three-dimensional cricketers" ones who can bat, bowl and field like demons. "It gives us aggression, flair and flexibility," he added.

One who fits that particular mould perfectly is Adam Hollioake. In only his third limited-over international, the Surrey captain not only performed all three with distinction, but had the added pressure of doing it

in front of his parents, who had flown over from Perth to watch.

Hollioake, an impressively reassuring presence on a cricket pitch, clearly intended to savour the moment as long as possible, and could not be tempted to join in the team celebrations until after the Bees' hour-long highlights had finished. Even when he did, the casual revelry that greeted him spoke volumes about this England side's attitude.

Unlike previous occasions, there was none of the hysterical

partying of a team surprised by their victory over the old enemy. Just a few beers to toast a job well done.

Mind you such is the temporary quality and fast forward blur of one-day cricket that neither victory nor defeat can be dwelt on for too long.

Australia know this better than most, for they play more one-day internationals than anyone else. For that reason their play at Headingley made hardly a single concession to the conditions. They have a fatalistic

approach towards this type of cricket for they know, that like those who wait 11 buses, it will not be long before another opportunity comes along.

They also know that The Oval, with its big boundaries and true pitch, is more likely to suit them than Headingley. They may even get away with cobbining together a fifth bowler, unless Michael Bevan is prepared to try out his injured wrist or Brendon Julian is brought in to reacquaint himself with familiar surroundings.

England will also consider making the odd change as well and if the pitch is dry, the left-arm spin of Ashley Giles could well replace the seam of either Phil DeFreitas or Dean Headley. If he can do even half the job Robert Croft managed on Thursday it will be a selection well made.

Croft is maturing and burgeoning with every outing. At Headingley he even had the confidence to change his grip on the ball when the cold took its toll. If he was compromised it

did not show as he bottled up the Australian middle order.

Whatever the changes, Lloyd is keen that his players still observe the rudiments of the game. "We're looking to pick strong characters these days," he said. "We've enough self-doubt as a country and were trying to put together a team the public can identify with."

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sport

Hoddle puts his arm around Gascoigne's shoulder

GLENN MOORE
Football Correspondent

Brazil can omit Juninho, France reject Eric Cantona and Italy leave Roberto Baggio on the periphery. England, though, have no such luxury, and at Old Trafford this afternoon Paul Gascoigne will be given his latest shot at redemption.

It will be tempting to suggest that Gascoigne's career is at a crossroads, but he has reached so many of those more appropriate analogy is a roundabout — every few months he reaches the same place. Once again he is returning from injury, once again he is attempting to forsake drinking sherry for wearing them, and once again England's hopes are thought to rest on his newly pared down frame.

Neville ready to take his chance

Glenn Moore talks to flexible Phil, England's gifted all-rounder with a bright future

"It's great being up North," Phil Neville said at England's Cheshire training camp yesterday. "We know all the places to go out."

Go out what? Drinking, partying, birding? "Shopping."

It was foolish to expect otherwise. While Gazzetta cannot be trusted to behave on his 30th birthday Phil Neville, though 10 years his junior, is more interested in behaving than raving. Even the shopping is restrained: unlike the Armani-clad Spice Boys from down the East Lancs Road, Neville and his brother, Gary, are sponsored by Berghaus, the makers of sensible clothing for walkers and campers.

"They are a credit to their family," Glenn Hoddle, the England coach, said. "They have a great attitude and it is refreshing to have them around. Phil is capable of playing in a couple of positions which is important in the modern game, and he is relatively two-footed. He has good pace and is a good technical player with a very bright future."

Hoddle then confirmed that, along with Gascoigne, Neville was the only certain starter for today's international friendly against South Africa.

While Neville appears to have been part of the England scene for ages (14 months in fact) it is only his second cap. The first, won a year ago yesterday, was in Peking and the disappointment at not playing at Wembley today is tempered by being at Old Trafford, his football home.

"I love playing at Wembley. I think it is special playing there for England and it is something I still want to do as I haven't done that yet, but it is nice to be on our own ground."

"It seems a long time since I last played for England. I've almost forgotten what it was like. What with being injured and having glandular fever, I didn't expect to get back in this season."

Neville made the Euro '96 squad but did not play, and he added: "At the time I didn't think much about it. Only afterwards I thought: 'If only I could have got 10 minutes here and 10 minutes there'

does not do that he knows he'll be hammered, but that won't happen."

This, when you think about it, is pathetic. Gascoigne, at 30, still cannot be trusted not to go out on a bender and end up on the front page of the tabloids with a rogue DJ on each arm in the week of a critical World Cup match. And this is the man England are relying upon. Hod help us.

"If it goes out for a drink I'll go with him," was Hoddle's initial response. That should not be necessary as Gascoigne will be at Bisham Abbey preparing for the trip to Poland. "We'll have a cake made for him and we'll have a drink in the hotel," added Hoddle. "In a different situation, where I am not hands-on, he would end up on the front pages. He is within our camp so he knows he has got to be sensible. If he

does not do that he knows he'll be hammered, but that won't happen."

Gascoigne was due to speak to the media yesterday but Hoddle sensibly decided his preparation would be better served by keeping a low profile. He was then cajoled into talking about Gascoigne for the next 20 minutes.

Most of this was repetitive, but he did say: "You don't want to quell his spirit but he has to be guided. In many ways he is at his peak, if he can

experience you could never see when you were younger."

"I learned by changing a lot of things when I went abroad at 29. It made me fitter than I felt at 21. I can say to players: 'It happened to me, you can do it'."

"Paul has had so much time out of the game with injuries it could put 18 months to two years on his career."

Gascoigne has been abroad and failed to learn, but Hoddle insisted: "It is a fresh start. It's not so much the next three weeks as the next 12 months which are important. He has worked extremely hard over the last two months to get fit and is delighted to be back."

"He has nothing to prove to me as a footballer. We just need to get him back to his best. He needs an

arm round the shoulder and I think the only way Paul can turn this thing around is to be guided, but we can only do 50 per cent, Paul has to do the rest himself. He has got to get back to loving the game."

Referring to Cantona's retirement, Hoddle added: "The injuries have pegged Paul down, but I don't think he has ever thought of packing it in. I think the pressure, the media pressure, on the pair of them has been tremendous, but they are very different people."

New Gascoigne, new England? We shall see. South Africa will be difficult opponents today. Tough at the back, full of trickery and movement going forward, they led Brazil 2-0 a year ago today. Over-adventurousness led to a 3-2 defeat but they have only lost one of nine subsequent

ENGLAND*	
v South Africa	
at Old Trafford tonight, kick-off 8pm	
FLOWERS	BLACKBURN
CAMPBELL	SOUTGATE
TOTTENHAM	PEARCE
MAN UTD	ASTON VILLA
MICHAEL	N. FOREST
NEVILLE	BATTY
LEE	GASCOIGNE
SHERRINGHAM	LE SAUX
TOTTENHAM	RANGERS
SHEARER	BLACKBURN
NEWCASTLE	*PROBABLE

get himself mentally and physically right and keep himself like that, the game becomes easier. It is a bit harder physically but you can compensate by looking after yourself better and you see things through your



United they fall: Paul Scholes (left) dives in to tackle Phil Neville, his Manchester United club colleague, as the England squad train for tonight's friendly international against South Africa at Old Trafford

Photograph: Clive Brunskill/Allsport

Hodgson in hasty exit from Inter

NICK HARRIS

Roy Hodgson, who will take over as manager of Blackburn Rovers this summer, yesterday confirmed his immediate resignation as coach of Internazionale.

The timing of Hodgson's decision, with two crucial games still remaining in the Serie A season, follows Inter's Uefa Cup final defeat on penalties to the German club, Schalke, on Wednesday. Fans pelted Hodgson with coins and cigarette lighters as he left the San Siro pitch.

Hodgson's resignation highlights the dissatisfaction he has felt at his uneasy relationship with fans, the media and senior figures at the club, despite the success he has had since he joined 18 months ago.

Internazionale's chairman, Massimo Moratti, who failed to persuade Hodgson to reconsider his decision, said: "I'm sorry that the fans consider Hodgson the guilty party. I think they exaggerated." He added, "I know Hodgson well, he doesn't deserve such a mortification."

Fausto Asprilla, Newcastle United's Colombian international, is in the spotlight again for misconduct but this time the alleged incident happened at a pop concert.

Asprilla, on a summer break in his home town of Tuluá, is said to have butted a policeman. Newcastle have said they will stand by their player, and refused to comment on the incident until the full circumstances are known.

Manchester United have granted Eric Cantona permission to quickly, but briefly, end his retirement for a testimonial in France this weekend. He will play in a match for the brothers Stephane and Pascal Planque, at Lille on Sunday, but the Premiership champions will veto any future requests for Cantona's services.

An Old Trafford spokesman said: "Manchester United do still hold his registration and the fact remains that Eric has announced his retirement, so we don't expect the game to be anything other than a one-off."

Jimmy Hill yesterday resigned as chairman of Fulham after 10 years service. Hill, 70, said he wanted to spend more time with his family and was happy to leave now that promotion from the Second Division and a freehold for the club's ground had been secured.

Sir Stanley Matthews, the 82-year-old former Stoke City, Blackpool and England player, was taken to hospital yesterday suffering from chest pains. His wife, Milla, said that he had been troubled by flu and bronchitis for several weeks.

Brian Robson, the Middlesbrough manager, is ready to offer Derek White, the Scottish international defender, a new three-year deal. The 26-year-old, out of contract this summer, has made more than 180 appearances for Middlesbrough.

Charlton yesterday broke

their eight-year-old club transfer record with a £700,000 deal for the Grimsby striker Clive McDonald.

Patrick Thistle have sacked their manager, Murdo MacLeod, and his assistant, Gordon Chisholm.

John Carlin speaks with Barcelona's coach, Bobby Robson, before the match against Real Madrid.

Read his account in tomorrow's Independent on Sunday.

Bafana skin awaiting the unwary

Desperately Seeking

ARE YOU pint sized with a good body and fruity? Do you have impeccable taste and a good head on your shoulders and readily available? I need you. Reply Box 1824

Talk to Clive Barker, coach of the South Africans, and ask him how he feels to be playing England and he replies: "It's a miracle." To be facing anyone after 30 years of isolation is plus but to be invited into the home of football means a lot even to a nation that has had a few years to adapt from their erstwhile position as international pariahs.

If Glenn Hoddle, the England coach, thinks he will be meeting football's Third World at Old Trafford tonight he will be in for a surprise. Short of a World Cup or European Championship match, it is hard to imagine more prickly opponents — in more ways than one, as South African officials discovered yesterday when the players threatened to boycott today's game unless their match fee was increased.

South Africa will be desperate for a win, which will put them apart from some countries who have arrived in England, picked up their financial guarantees and then conformed to the word friendly to the point where the exercise becomes futile. Given their 11-hour pay increase, the players — or "mercenaries", as their own officials referred to them yesterday — should certainly be expected to give all.

They is reflected in the players they will be bringing to Manchester. Lucas Radebe, their captain, is familiar for his work with Leeds United, as is their top scorer, Phil Masinga who now plays in Italy's Serie B with Salernitana. But there will also be Mark Fish, who interested Manchester United before he accepted a contract with Lazio.

Guy Hodgson on the combination of British directness and African daring facing England

John Moshoeu, who plays for Turkey's Kocaelispor and Siwe Motaung and David Nyathi whose club, Tenerife, were knocked out of the Uefa Cup by the eventual winners, Schalke, only in the semi-finals.

As the Radio Five Live trailer points out, South Africa "have beaten us at rugby", yes and "they are known in their native country, are quite capable of beating us at football." "I've come here to win," Barker, who has been defeated in just five of his 33 matches since he took over as South African coach in March 94, said. "It would be a shock if we lose, I respect the English game but I'm not in awe of it."

"This match is a chance to see how much we have improved since we came out of isolation. In a sense we're in the same position as Glenn Hoddle: we can't afford to lose. We're South Africans and our public will not tolerate failure — we're expected to win every game."

Trevor Phillips, the former commercial director of the Football Association who has spent the last year in South Africa overseeing the inaugural season of a fully professional premier league, said: "I can't understand why England would take this fixture. The South Africans are looking forward to it as the biggest day in their soccer history."

That might seem a slight exaggeration as Barker's team are in the middle of a World Cup qualification campaign, but white South Africans have tended to ignore the national team, preferring to focus on England's Premiership. A win at Old Trafford will amply fill the credibility gap. "Would it be shown live in South Africa?", Mark Gleeson, the squad's PR man, was asked. "There would be riots if it wasn't," he replied.

Barker added: "Football has become the front runner now, and coverage is catching up fast. It's by far the biggest spectator sport. They had a survey in which 87 per cent of South Africans said they identified with football which was far ahead of what rugby and cricket commanded."

Football's importance has hardly been undermined by recent results that included draws

against Germany and Argentina and a 3-2 defeat by Brazil. At first the South Africans were gauche, overwhelmed by meeting players they had admired on television. Familiarity has bred content.

"We thought in South Africa that the world was waiting for us to arrive," Barker said. "But it had moved on. We were playing catch-up and it reflected in our results. Our footballers were overawed but it's not so much a problem now because people like Radebe are meeting Alan Shearer and David Beckham on a regular basis."

Radebe will man mark Shearer tonight and his knowledge helped Barker's preparations. "He's a very important player for us," the coach said. "Lucas had a bad knee injury last year and I was tempted to leave him out of the African Nations' Cup squad, but he begged me to keep a place for him. What swung it was when he rang me up and said 'if I play against Ghana I want to mark Tony Yeboah'. He did."

Yeboah barely got a kick.

Radebe acknowledges his debt to English football just as South Africa as a whole have developed so quickly thanks partly to the groundwork of British coaches in the Fifties and Sixties.

"We have a special culture," Barker said. "Part British, part African. We can play fast and direct, but we've also managed to keep the flair of the townships."

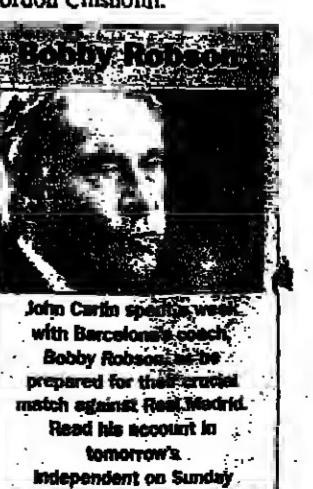
"If you had asked me five years ago if we'd be playing Germany, Argentina and Brazil I'd have thought it was impossible. If you look back to the Seventies we had no facilities, no grounds and few coaches."

Nearly 30 years on, the South African domestic league is in rude health and tonight will be a barometer for the national team's prospects. A potential Bafana skin awaits England.



Mark Fish in relaxed mood at training this week

Photograph: Neal Simpson/Empics



John Carlin speaks with Barcelona's coach, Bobby Robson, before the match against Real Madrid. Read his account in tomorrow's Independent on Sunday.

FOUNDRY FLAVOUR WORTH FINDING



الجمعة 15

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Molby turns ugly ducklings into Swans

Phil Shaw meets the Dane whose first full season as Swansea player-manager may end in promotion at Wembley today

The door of the manager's office at Swansea City has been disfigured so that it resembles Jack Nicholson's head in *The Shining*. The damage was done out by an underpaid centre-back or an irate supporter, but by a man steeped in the subtle art of unlocking the world's most secure defences.

Jar Molby, a shining presence with Ajax and Liverpool for half his life, has made few obvious mistakes in his first full campaign as Swansea's player-manager. A place in today's Third Division play-off final against Northampton before a 50,000 crowd at Wembley is testimony to that. Locking his keys inside the room just happens to be one of them.

Despite being built for battering down doors, the 33-year-old Dane's playmaking has tended to be characterised by precision rather than power. This season Molby has also belied the perception of him - which he shared before following the John Toshack trail from Anfield to the Vetch Field - as uniformly management material.

After all, he was famously detained at Her Majesty's Pleasure for a driving offence (Swansea's ground stands next to a prison, an irony which he says with a grin is "a taboo subject" with his players). Reputedly fond of a pint or two at his local on the Wirral, he often had the girth to prove it.

It was in his 11th season on Merseyside, working out a one-year co-trust, that Molby became resigned to the fact that he was not part of Roy Evans' plans. In spite of a bright spell on loan to Barnsley, moves to Birmingham and Coventry fell through before Swansea came calling in February last year.

"I'd never been interested in being a manager," Molby admitted, his distinctive Danish-Scouse accent showing on Welsh inflections. "I'd always been very easy-going and lived life to the full. But before I left Liverpool I was on loan at Norwich. The manager there, Ray Megson, said I should

start my own business as a player-coach." Swansea were in a sorry state when they landed Molby on a free transfer. Mired in the Second Division relegation zone, they had just appointed the youth coach of Cradley Town, one Kevin Cullis, to the hot seat, only to withdraw the offer almost immediately.

"They were having a horrendous season and there were 15 games left," Molby recalled. "We won three and drew two of my first five and I naturally thought: 'This is easy'. We then went six without a win. I realised I had to take things step by step, not cheat by taking the easy way."

Soon after Swansea took the drop, I met Molby at Euro '96. The club had no money and nothing had gone right, he said, but he was loving it. "Little's changed," he chuckled when reminded. "Although we've made good use of the loan system, we've only brought in one new player and let three go."

So how have the ugly ducklings of last spring become proud Swans again? "Because we didn't have the funds to bring in new blood, we took a better look at what we had here already. We've given them a run in the team and stuck with them even when we've been beaten."

After winning the first game we lost six in a row. With a third of the season gone, we were second bottom of the whole League. Then we went on a tremendous run of 13 wins and two draws in 17 games.

"We try to pass and move, the Anfield way, but you can overdo it at this level. I believe in that famous Alan Hansen quote about hoofing the ball into Row Z if needs be."

On the opening day, Molby was sent off and missed a penalty but has since made over 30 appearances. The legendary bulk has not been an issue. "People have been going on about my weight for years," he said, looking as trim as in recent memory, "but I don't need to run like a young kid. That's not how I play my football."

"We try to treat people as grown-ups and give them responsibility. I have to laugh sometimes when I catch myself saying things to the lads that managers told me - 'Do this, don't do that' - which I never imagined I could say."

Of his four managers at Anfield, Kenny Dalglish is the one whose values he finds himself

imparting. "Kenny had so many quality players to deal with, yet managed to keep them all involved and happy, even when they were out of the side. I try to do the same."

In Molby, Swansea also acquired a figurehead familiar with the "European" methods on demand in Britain. It is more than his adolescent allegiance to Arsenal (he used to travel by ferry to watch them) that makes him so impressed by Arsène Wenger. In Highbury's division of labour - the Frenchman coaching, an executive handling transfers and contracts - he sees "the way forward".

In one sense, however, Swansea are forever looking backwards. The club shop sells

a video, *Those Were the Days*, which chronicles their extraordinary charge from the Fourth Division to the old First under Toshack. Molby acknowledges that many people expect him to recreate the era.

Twenty years ago, "Tosh" was able to bring former Anfield colleagues like Tommy Smith and Ian Callaghan. Much as Molby would love to sign, say, Ian Rush, lower-division clubs cannot match the money to which Premiership players are now accustomed.

"I'm ambitious and I'd like to think we could win successive promotions, but it doesn't follow that history will repeat itself," he said. Maybe not, but the impending sale of the club by the chairman, Doug Sharpe,

should give Molby the resources with which to test his judgement in the transfer market.

"We've got the potential to be a steady First Division club, which Wales is crying out for someone to do. Cardiff are potentially the biggest club outside the Premier League. Swansea don't have an open chequebook, but Barnsley and Bury have shown that you can succeed if you do things properly."

"Whatever happens this weekend, we're very excited about next season. We've got a good youth policy and a strong reserve side full of 18- and 19-year-olds who've held their own with Premiership second division."

Photograph: Peter Jay

Player-managers usually describe the dual role as impossible; to him it is "the best of both worlds". Similarly, players who have dabbled in the poacher's lifestyle often prove the harshest gamekeepers in management. Molby, while devoting his spare time to "rest rather than partying", does not elide himself as a disciplinarian.

"We try to treat people as

grown-ups and give them responsibility. I have to laugh sometimes when I catch myself saying things to the lads that managers told me - 'Do this, don't do that' - which I never imagined I could say."

Of his four managers at Anfield, Kenny Dalglish is the one whose values he finds himself

SCOTTISH CUP FINAL: Renaissance man rolls back the years as the Bairns plan to roll over Killie at Ibrox

Gray's days of Poland, widgets and Jimmy Hill

David Clee on the one-cap England wonder turned Falkirk defender

Limeight and Falkirk are an unlikely pairing but for Andy Gray an unexpected day in the sun at the Scottish Cup final is just what he needed.

"I feel like a young kid again," Gray, the former Crystal Palace and Tottenham midfielder whose career bombed spectacularly, says of his renaissance on the south side of the Firth of Forth.

Gray, now 32, plays his trade as a central defender alongside the young Kevin James and the partnership has formed the bedrock for Falkirk's Cup run.

He could be forgiven a glances look at the towering Scotland Under-21 squad member as James sets out on the international high road. With England due to visit Poland next Saturday, one-cap wonder Gray will be assailed by cruel memories that took him almost five years to put into perspective.

"I just sort of wiped it wide of the post," he says, his mind drifting back to the moment in a European Championship qualifier against the Poles in 1991 when he blew England's best chance of the first half and blew his own chances of appearing for his country again.

Gray traces his slide in fortune to that match. Before his Poland mishap he had been in peak form, helping Palace reach

treatments on his stomach - "that was when I put the weight on" - and on the Palace manager, Steve Coppell, but primarily on Marco Gabbiadini who had replaced his close friend Ian Wright at Selhurst Park.

"I hated him," Gray says. "We sell him for £2.5m to Arsenal and we buy this overweight guy from Sunderland."

Gabbiadini had a bad time at Palace. The fans dubbed him "Gabbia-douky", he failed to score regularly and, worst of all, he spent most of his free time with his wigs.

"That's all I used to hear when we were getting changed," Gray says. "He used to talk about wigs, he'd be talking in cans, and I just had the hump with it. I thought: 'I've slopped my guts out for this club and we pay this money for this guy and he's talking about some wigs in a can'."

It was not long before Gray escaped the obese wigs expert and decamped for Terry Venables' Spurs in a £1m deal. That was particularly sweet, for Venables had been covering for Taylor. "I love Graham Taylor to death. Things just didn't go right for him."

Gray's fortunes plummeted after Poland. "I just tried too hard," he says. "I was trying to prove a point to myself."

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He took out some of his frustration

Ibrox will be swathed in oastalgia as well as shades of blue and white this afternoon as Falkirk meet Kilmarnock in the Tennent's Scottish Cup final.

The blue will not belong to Rangers, nor will there be even a hint of Celtic green in a final free of the Old Firm. The Scottish Cup perhaps lacks the glamour of its English equivalent, but the full house posters are evidence of the pulling power of the showpiece at towns which have been strangers to success.

Youngsters will paint their faces and don the hats that have become de rigueur for such occasions while grandfathers who are old enough to remember will recall, perhaps in black and white, memories of the last time Falkirk and Kilmarnock

were involved at this stage.

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were involved at this stage.

"I feel like Bobby is going through the motions," he says, "but now I've started to enjoy my football more than for years."

That enjoyment, however, could be to the end of his Falkirk stay. "I don't want to be playing in front of 2,500 people a week and I know I can't do that anywhere other than the Scottish First Division," says Gray, hoping that one day in the sun turns into an Indian summer.

Falkirk's last final appearance was in 1960, while three years earlier a 10-year-old Alex Totten was at Hampden to watch his heroes, Falkirk, beat Killie.

Forty years on, the cycle will be completed as Totten leads Falkirk to the pitch as their manager. Already Berwick Rangers and Raith Rovers have

been beaten as they were in 1957, and once again Kilmarnock are the opponents in the final. The circumstances have given the Falkirk supporters a feeling of invincibility and a confidence in victory.

Such notions are anathema to Totten who is aware that history will only be repeated if we win the game and deserve to do so," he said. "The players know they have to be very special because victory will depend on playing well and being the best team on the day."

Youngsters will complain if this match equals the last final to be played without either Rangers or Celtic. In 1991, Motherwell beat Dundee United 4-3 in a modern classic. Both managers this year embrace an attacking philosophy, and both are good friends. Totten was, after all, the Kilmarnock manager as recently as Christmass, with his former player Bobby Williamson taking over when he was sacked.

"I called Bobby to wish him all the best when Kilmarnock reached the final and received a call from him when we beat Celtic. But I still have a lot of respect for everyone at Kilmarnock. And I still have a lot of respect for everyone at Kilmarnock and don't see this as a personal grudge match," Totten said.

Within weeks of his leaving Liverpool, they reached the FA Cup final. Molby was reportedly asked how it felt to be missing out on the Wembley showpiece he had graced as a winner in 1986 and '92. "I was saying that all good things come to an end. Yet here I am, going back with Swansea."

After seeing off one ex-Evertonian manager and rival of derbies past, Kevin Ratcliffe, in the semi-final against Chester, he now faces another in Ian Atkins. Northampton are a more direct side than Swansea, but the splintered mess which greets visitors to Molby's office is a reminder that force is not necessarily the way to open the door to the Second Division.

ten said. "I feel it could be a very good game for the spectators."

Will it be a final appearance for Andy Gray the defender who has played in an FA Cup final for Crystal Palace. He has indicated that he leave the Scottish First Division club.

Victory for the Bairns would make them the first team from outside the top league to lift the trophy since East Fife beat Kilmarnock in 1938, another historical note which will be less welcome than the Kilmarnock camp.

Williamson, who signed a three-year contract as manager earlier this week, refuses to accept that this could be an easy game against lesser opposition.

"There's no way we'll underestimate Falkirk. They are here on merit having beaten some quality teams and deserve to be part of the day. We won't be complacent because we don't see ourselves as favourites anyway."

Todays' final will once again remind others that life beyond the big two clubs in Scotland. For the winners there's the prospect of European football, while the losers will have the genuine consolation of being there on the day.

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Wood the warrior

Chris Hewett talks to the Lions hooker in the front-row hot seat, page 28

sport

England expects
Glenn Moore on yet another chance
for Paul Gascoigne, page 30

PGA CHAMPIONSHIP: German stays within one stroke of first-round leaders in attempt to equal Faldo's record

Langer keeps to the straight and narrow

Golf

ANDY FARRELL
reports from Wentworth

According to Nick Faldo, the famed West Course here is playing the "longest, narrowest and greediest it has been for a long time". Where once the sheer length of 6,957 yards was enough to intimidate the best players of yesteryear, now the lushness and extent of the rough has once again produced a fitting stage for the Volvo PGA Championship, the European Tour's flagship event.

Such conditions promote the cause of the better ball-strikers, so it was no surprise to find Bernhard Langer among those one behind the joint leaders from Ireland on six under: Darren Clarke and Eamonn Darcy. Additionally, poor shots are punished and three pulled drives, including one into the trees at the 15th, were costly for Faldo.

Only birds at the last two holes got the Englishman, on his first appearance in Europe this year, to a two-under 70. Jose Maria Olazabal was on level par and his countryman, Seve Ballesteros, returned a 76. In contrast, Langer could have had birdies at each of the first seven holes.

That he finished that stretch only two under, and then took three puts on the eighth was because "I found it very difficult to read the greens early on," he said. The German is in search of his third successive victory, which would tie him with Faldo on four PGA titles. His 18-under-par record aggregate should be safe, however.

Ian Woosnam joined Langer on 67 with his second eagle of the day at the last where he holed from 54 feet. His playing partner, Colin Montgomerie, went to the range after his 69 to correct a push in his driving. Montgomerie, who typically suggested that he would like to see the fairways even narrower, found a bunker at the 13th, rough at the 15th, and trees at the 16th.

Clarke and Darcy could not make a more contrasting pair. Clarke, 28, embodies the modern power game and has been working hard to allow some consistency to the talent that promised more than his two wins in six years on tour.

Darcy is the possessor of one of the game's most idiosyncratic swings, once described as "like a man snatching a five pound note from a grate with a pair of tongs". The style may or may not have been the root cause of the back problems the 44-year-old former Ryder Cup player has suffered in the last three years.

After the Dubai Classic, seven years ago, he had to take a break due to internal bleeding caused by the strength of the anti-inflammatory tablets he was taking. He arrived here having missed his last five cuts, but first-round rejuvenations by veteran Irvinson is becoming a theme. Christy O'Connor Jnr was on the leaderboard at The Oxfordshire two weeks ago, where he revealed his tennis elbow had been so bad he had been unable to pick up a cup of coffee.

Darcy had no such worries. "I don't drink coffee," he said. "It did get to the point where I had difficulty picking up a pint of Guinness." So it was serious. "Three years ago, I thought I was gone. Then I met this chap in Ireland, Frank Dowling, and he saved me from having a disc-fusion operation." A rub-down in the physio's van with Tiger Balm and switching to the same putter as Tiger Woods—"If I can hole half the putting he makes, I'll be happy"—proved the cure for his golf.

After birdies at four of the first six holes, Darcy only needed a fraction more luck at the 10th to have lowered his score by one. A par-three of 186 yards, Darcy's four-iron tee shot finished one inch short of the cup. "All it needed was one more roll," Darcy sighed. Although he did not manage the feat, there were two holes in one recorded by Jeff Hawkes with a seven-iron at the second hole, and by Greg Turner with a six-iron at the fifth.

WALSH, PAUL (USA) 70 (100);

BERNARD LANGER (GER) 70;

DARREN CLARKE (GBR) 70;

SEVE BALLESTEROS (ESP) 76;

IAN WOOSNAM (GBR) 67;

COLIN MONTGOMERIE (GBR) 69;

CHRISTY O'CONNOR JR (IRL) 70;

JOSE MARIA OLAZABAL (ESP) 76;

ROBERT TAYLOR (GBR) 72;

PAUL LAWRENCE (GBR) 72;

MARK MCGRATH (AUS) 72;

DAVID HOGGAN (GBR) 72;

ADRIENNE COOPER (GBR) 72;

ROBIN RICHARDSON (GBR) 72;

IAN MUNZ (NZL) 72;

MARK WATSON (GBR) 72;

MARK JONES (GBR) 72;

IAN GOLDBECK (GBR) 72;

d expects
other chance
page 30

S Africa
team in
boycott
threat
Football



IMAGE OF Children run free on a beach in Natal on the north-west Brazilian coast, their kites flying in the breeze. The picture was taken as part of an advertising campaign for the mobile phone company Orange.
THE WEEK Photograph by Ashton Kleiditsch, using a Mamiya Pro II R267 with a 65mm lens at 125th of a second at f.8. 'In a lot of my work I shoot toward the sun,' said Ashton. 'I like the shapes and shadows on the sand'



the long weekend

THE INDEPENDENT • SATURDAY 24 MAY 1997

eather
prediction

The rise of Machado de Assis to world eminence was even more of a miracle than it normally is for those few writers who attain it. He was of mixed race, epileptic, an orphan, half-educated, unhealthy and myopic, and he never once left his native Rio de Janeiro, yet he taught himself English and French, inveigled himself into Brazil's literary milieu, wrote a vast amount in almost every literary vein, and became (by unanimous vote) the president of the Brazilian Academy of Letters, a post he held from 1897 until 1908. All this while holding down a regular job as a civil servant. He was one of the very few writers who not only received a state funeral, but deserved it.

Modern readers receive a surprise upon delving into Machado's work. "Oh, it's Brazilian," they think whilst hefting the volume in their hand. "It's bound to be exotic, full of strange animals and customs and beautiful prostitutes, and magic, and gods with African names, and revolutions, and violence..." They think wrongly, however, for Brazil's literature has always been wider and more varied than we foreigners have realised, and, furthermore, Machado was writing at a time when Brazil's literary consciousness was still almost completely European. He inhabits the same territory as Manzoni of Italy (1785-1873) and Eça de Queirós of Portugal (1843-1900). His influences were first French and then English, but naturally and inevitably he also kept abreast of Portuguese letters, once famously accusing Eça de Queirós of having plagiarised *Madame Bovary* in *Cousin Basílio*.

Despite this, Machado's voice is more similar to Eça than to any other of his great contemporaries. There is the same irony, the same mockery, the same limp style, the same urbanity and lightness of tone, and the same preoccupation with protagonists who have plenty of time and money, but who make nothing of their lives. Eça de Queirós has been neglected in the English-speaking world, but he is at least comparable with Flaubert, Dickens, Zola and Balzac.

Machado, on the other hand, is not only comparable to Eça, but also seems to have been born 100 years before his time, which is perhaps why he appeals to modern writers as diverse as Salman Rushdie, Paul Bailey and William Cooper.

The latter also, incidentally, writes like Machado, in snail-size chapters that tempt you to read just one more before you feed the cat, or get out of the bath, or turn off the light. Cooper

WORDS OF THE WEEK

'I have already compared my style to the progress of a drunk.' But what an entertaining drunk!

This summer sees an unprecedented influx of Brazilian artists and writers. The Long Weekend salutes their arrival with Louis de Bernières' introduction to a new publication of *Epitaph of a Small Winner* by Machado de Assis, above

also compares for wit and deftness of touch.

Machado would have laughed at me for what I am about to say (and please, dear reader, do not be put off) – but he is really a post-modernist writer. Of course, we all know that there is nothing remotely new about post-modernism – Homer begins the *Odyssey* half-way through, after all, and *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* is composed of letters – but there is more of it about these days. Alongside Machado's very 19th-century habit of confiding directly in his readers, we find a text that has been deliberately and playfully fragmented. We are offered delightfully whimsical and irrelevant passages of light philosophising, we find chapters that are only one sentence long, chapters which are quite strangely inconsequential, chapters about why Machado has not written a chapter, chapters consisting of dots and punctuation marks. We are referred to other chapters, as if Machado is spoofing a legal document or an academic tract, and he reflects often upon the text itself, so that, as he says, "I have already compared my style to the progress

of a drunk." But what an entertaining drunk! This is the kind of drunk who has had three glasses of excellent red wine, has loosened his belt by one notch, and has just hit his stride. "I like jolly chapters," says one of his characters. "They are my weakness." Fortunately for us, each and every chapter of Machado, however dismal, is a jolly one. Every sentence, in fact, is a jolly one, and a fair proportion of them might be collected in a small volume entitled *The Wit And Wisdom Of Machado de Assis*. Here is a selection:

"The best way to appreciate a whip is to be holding it in one's hand."

"Philosophy is one thing, and actual dying is another."

"A ridiculous old age is the last and perhaps the saddest surprise of human nature."

"God alone knows the power of an adjective, especially in new, tropical countries."

"I know you have a certain philosophy – but let's talk about dinner."

And, of course, "To the victor the potatoes".

Quite apart from the sheer pleasure that we derive from several passages, of great poetic force, this "jolliness" is the reason why we do not go nut and hang ourselves after reading Machado. That he is a pessimist is something that has been so frequently reiterated that no hardy dares to contro-



vert it, and it is true that he presents us with the arbitrariness of fate and the inevitability of death. He tells us that our romantic loves are venial and ephemeral, and that our inveterate apathy always triumphs over our deepest passions and noblest aspirations. He tells us that a freed slave goes out and buys a slave of his own. He demonstrates the irresistible tug of our basest desires, and the emptiness of our high philosophies.

Dom Casmurro is perhaps an exception, but for the most part his books don't leave us with a bitter aftertaste. We have, it turns out, hugely enjoyed the experience of reading him, because Machado is unlike the greater majority of pessimists and satirists, in that he is not for one second a misanthropist. On the contrary, he likes us quite a lot, and there is an sourness, hostility or contempt in his manner as, with a kind of detached amusement and with one eyebrow raised, he sketches out our foibles, failings and delusions. This is not pessimism; it is a profound and affectionate celebration of the triviality andanity of our human race.

Machado is still laughing at us from 6ft down, and cordially invites us to join him, both in his laughter and in his grave. Enjoy his books, and if you go to Rio, place a potato on his tomb.

The Epitaph of a Small Winner is the first in a quasi-trilogy which continues with *Quincas Borba, Philosopher or Dog?* and ends with *Dom Casmurro*. The "epitaph" is narrated by its dead protagonist, Braz Cubas, and is written with "the pen of mirth and the ink of melancholy". Braz relates the story of an adulterous love affair that finally fizzles out, and, indeed, the entire story of his life, which also fizzles out.

In the meantime Braz has suffered some reverses, betrayed lovers and friends, lost a fiancée in a plague, become a disciple of the mad philosopher Quincas Borba, whose "humanism" is clearly a spoof of the optimistic philosophies then fashionable, and has become a deputy in parliament for only one term of office. He has wasted his life entirely, but, after all, what else can one do with it, and what else might it be for? In death he is consoled by the one small thing that there was on the plus side.

Introduction by Louis de Bernières to 'Epitaph of a Small Winner' by Machado de Assis (Bloomsbury, £6.99). To buy the book, call Excel Cash Sales (01634 297123), p&p free on UK mainland.

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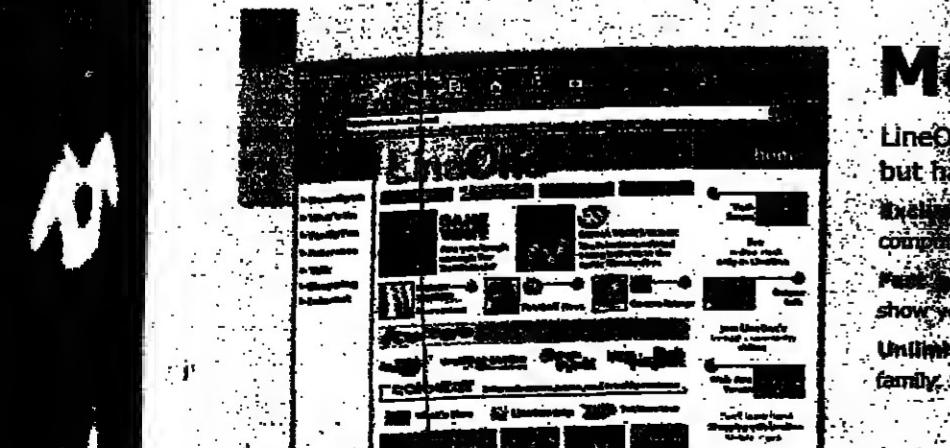


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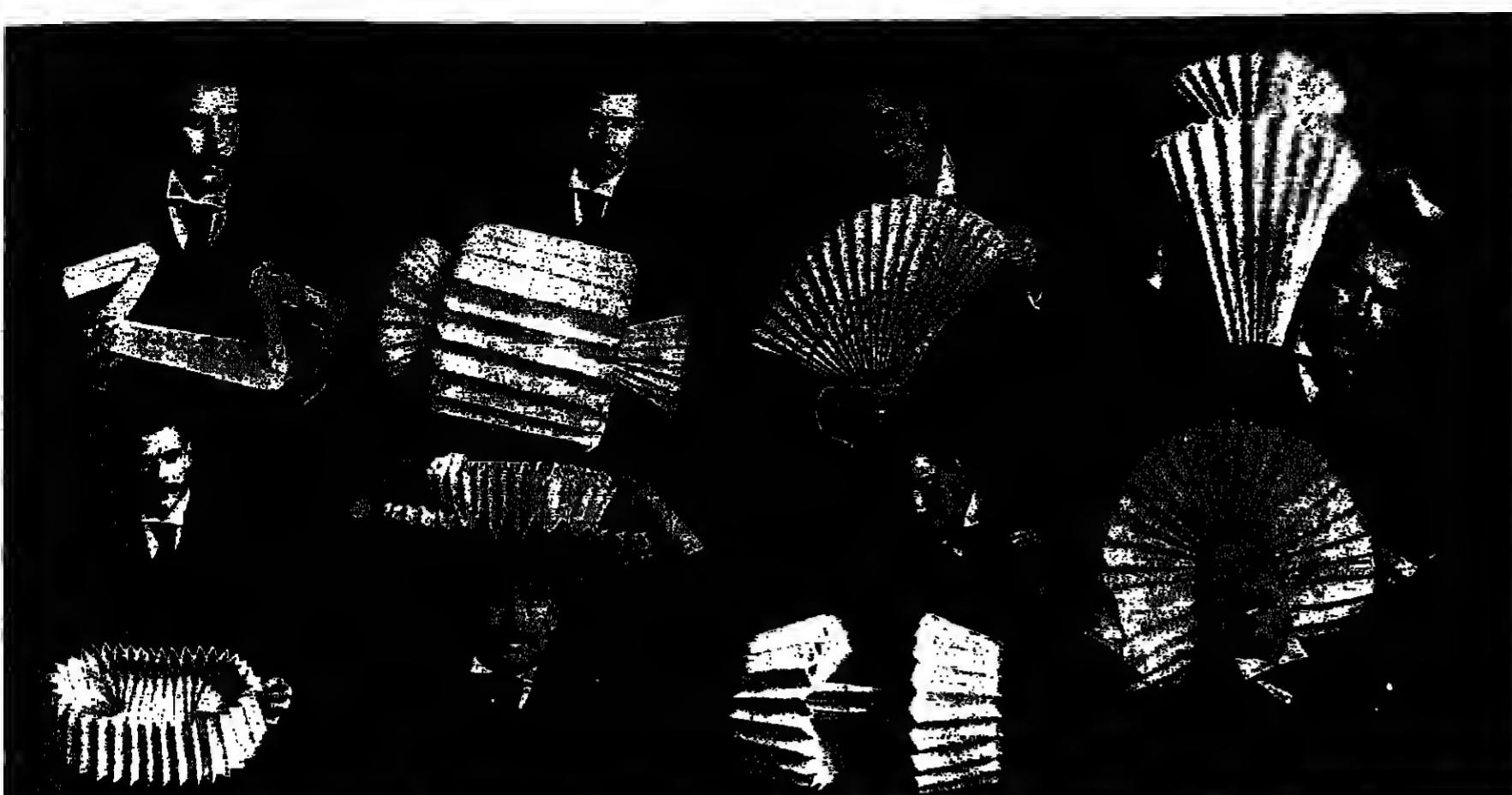
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Mr David Devant demonstrates. Upper row: the basic fold, big bon-bon, fan, Eastern water-pot. Lower row: foot-bath, beefeater's hat, dumb-bell, Dutch girl's bonnet

Perhaps no more entertaining form of indoor pastime has ever been devised than the rapid folding of a sheet of pleated paper into various shapes. That, at any rate, was the expressed opinion of a writer in *The Strand* magazine in 1896 as he praised the performance of Mr David Devant, "the well-known prestidigitator and popular entertainer" who "electrified the audience" at the Egyptian Hall with his dexterous displays of paper-folding. From one folded piece of paper, he constructed 40 different designs in five minutes; "his record is 10 in 30 seconds".

A hundred years earlier, the same pastime was known as "troublé-wit", though until you have acquired the necessary dexterity, it seems to be more trouble than wit. You start with a single sheet of paper. The magazine advises beginning with a sheet of newspaper, then working up to a great square of stout cartridge. For some of the objects illustrated, you will need something the size of a double page of this newspaper.

The first folds are double pleats of the sides to a point close to the centre. Start by folding one edge at about a third of the way along the top, then folding back on itself to meet its new edge. Then do the

Papyrological prestidigitation

William Hartston rediscovers the art of lightning paper-folding, as performed by Mr David Devant to appreciative audiences in the Victorian music hall

same with the other side. This should leave two vertical pleats, with a small gap between them.

Now you can get on with the pleating, working your way down the sheet in concertina fashion, with the folds about half-an-inch apart. The proper folding of the paper in the first instance is an absolute condition *sine qua non*. You end up with what looks like a Venetian blind, but has two concealed folds on each side.

"Never, by any chance, let the audience see the back of the

paper," we are advised. "The fact is that spectators are led to believe that it is a plain sheet of pleated paper, which it is not." All the tricks come from easing out one, two, three or all of the hidden folds. The first picture above shows the basic arrangement, with all four folds eased out and ready for the pleats to be fanned out in various ways.

While there are no definite rules governing the manipulator's dress, the unwritten law of professional demeunour compels him to

wear at least a worried look. He should bound hither and thither, wave the paper up and down, round and round, and generally convey the impression that the whole business is a severe strain upon him. The right aspect to assume is one of "flirtatious archness".

Apart from the objects illustrated above, Mr Devant's repertoire included a rosette, a table-mat, a settee, a flower-boulder, a lampshade, a saucepan, a cosy corner, a garden seat and a sentry-

box. The dumb-bell, incidentally, "by a little judicious manipulation on the part of the operator", can be made to do duty as the paddle-wheel of a Thames steamer. It is very important, however, not to show the audience the oriental water jar until some time after the lamp-shade has been presented for their approbation. Because it's the same thing upside down.

And do not forget, when trying on the Dutch girl's bonnet, to heighten the effect by executing a "well-simulated simper". Expression, we are told, is everything, but we are warned to beware of overstepping the mark: "Take heed, we say, lest in straining after adventurous effect you excite perversely the risibility of your audience."

If you want to do some 20th-century paper-folding, on the other hand, contact the British Origami Society, 2A The Chestnuts, Countesthorpe, Leicester LE8 5TL. Membership costs £17 a year (£12.50 for students).

They can also sell you a copy of *COET 91* – the proceedings of the first international Convention on Origami in Education and Therapy, "perhaps the most important origami book in the last 10 years" – and without any adventurous straining.

Games people play

Pandora Melly meets a man who fibs about his aunts

Peter Elcock, 65, architect, painter and friend of the famous

The best games are those that are appreciated only by oneself. Take the 1907 photograph of the pyramids up there. To most observers, those people with the camels are a number of my aunts of particular hideousness. The fact of the matter is, I have no idea who they are. The next picture is of an attractive boy called Abdullah, with whom I had an affair many years ago; he's in fact a newspaper cutting. You see, some of the things are real – like the photograph of my godson – and some are not.

My godson's parents had a drawer in which there was money, and I was allowed to help myself to pay for his treats. By the time he was three, he'd been to the Caprice, the Ritz, Mirabelle – the works. This required considerable sums, so I visited this drawer quite often, noticing that the money was constantly refreshed.

I found a lot of Swiss notes in there one day, and at the exchange booth at Victoria Station, instead of the usual £10 or £20, I was given £270. So I went away, and what I bought with it was an extremely expensive frying-pan. I've still got it. Guilt made me do it. I had to hide the money somewhere. Have you any idea what it's like trying to hide money in central London? I didn't want the embarrassment of being found out in the house of the person I stole it from.

They never noticed that it was missing, and I don't think I ever told them. That is a sort of game, and if one learns something from it – which I did – it is never to steal a penny from anyone again. And I'd thank you not to repeat it too closely, or I'll be arrested and sent to prison.

Swiss currency may be changed into sterling at any good bank. The current rate is approximately 2.33 Swiss francs to the pound. A small commission may be charged. A 'Le Pentols' frying pan may be purchased at David Mellor Kitchen Equipment, 4 Sloane Square, London SW1. Price £63.80 (£26 extra if you want the lid as well).

Don't junk it... use it

Creative ideas that need a lot of bottle



An early attempt at blood transfusion, framed in a plastic bottle

A few months ago, I mentioned in this space a method of making an elegant frame out of a beer can. Several disappointed readers have asked whether there is anything similar that might be used by non-beer-drinkers. So here is how to make a teetotalitarian picture frame out of a soft drinks bottle.

It's very simple. For a postcard-sized picture, you'll need a two-litre bottle. All you need do is cut a slice from the middle of the bottle to the required depth (having taken care to drink the contents of the bottle first), then, using either a cold iron or brute force, squash it flat.

The picture may then be cut to a tight fit, and slid into the frame. By ensuring that the frame is not totally flat, you will enable it not only to stand up on its own, but to create a pleasant, bowed effect on the picture itself.

If you started with an opaque plastic milk bottle, you may find it suitable for framing pictures of any hideous aunts you may have, or you may prefer to use it to make a useful plug remover.

Just slice a section from the middle of the bottle, and cut holes for the plug's prongs. Insert the plug from the inside, then pull it in. You now have a handle to pull it out by.



Bawn O'Beirne-Ranelagh

The games page is edited by William Hartston

Limbering up for Wimbledon

Maureen Hiron offers us the first sight of a new dice game, with all the thrills of tennis and no skill required. All you need is two – or ideally three – dice. Here's how to play (© Maureen Hiron):

To decide who serves in the first game, one die is rolled to serve. A "1" indicates an ace – point won outright; "2" or "3" is a good serve; "4" or "5" is a fault; "6" is a let – roll again.

Scoring proceeds exactly as in tennis: 15–30–40 game, with deuce reached at 40–40, after which a two-point lead is needed to win that score. If a lower total is rolled, the point is lost.

The rally proceeds with the players rolling the two dice alternately until one or the other loses the point by failing to equal the previous roll.

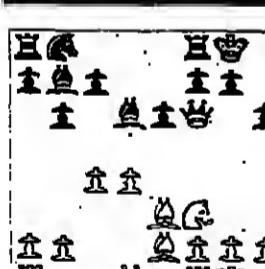
Board games in Brighton

The UK Board and Card Games Championship reaches its climax this weekend at the Old Ship Hotel in Brighton, where some 200 enthusiasts from around the country have, since yesterday evening, been playing all manner of games.

The event reaches its climax tomorrow with the competition for the Intergame UK Cup, in which teams of four will be competing at a special selection of games with exotic names: Detroit/Cleveland Grand Prix, RoboRally, SISIzMi and Turf Horse Racing. The winners will represent England in the European Championships.

Play continues all day today, tomorrow and Monday. Spectators are welcome, and may even find themselves encouraged to join in.

Chess William Hartston



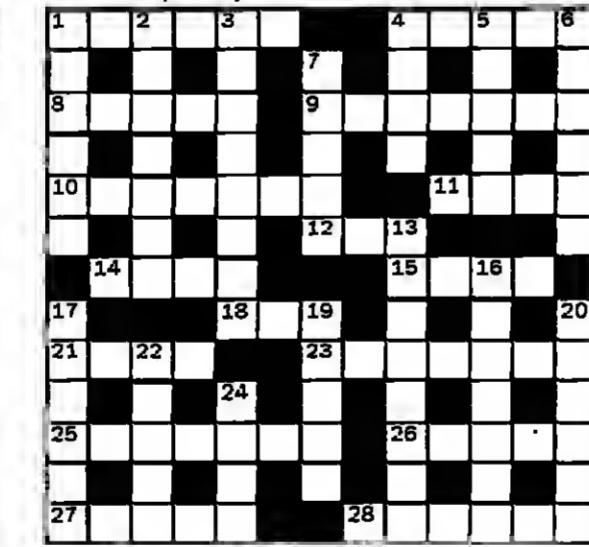
In the introduction to his book *Sturding Casting* (Batsford, £15.99), the Dutch master Robert Timmer deplores the fashion for ever more works on opening theory and writes: "I myself prefer bizarre books, in which one specific move – or particular theme – is investigated in depth."

Timmer's move is casting and his researches have succeeded in producing a bizarre and entertaining work. Its 275 instances of casting include examples of games where a player castled when he should not have, did not castle when he should have, castled so late in the game that his opponent had clearly forgotten it was still legal, castled to deliver mate, castled to instant defeat and even castled illegally.

The first diagram was the scene of a fine piece of illegality by a reigning world champion. In a simultaneous display in Salamanca, Spain, in 1944, an inebriated Alexander Alekhine, playing White, moved his rook to c1, then

Concise crossword

No.3307 Saturday 24 May



ACROSS

- English astronomer (6)
- Data (5)
- Speedy (5)
- Set free (7)
- Hairstyle (7)
- Assistance (4)
- Animal (3)
- Eye impertinently (4)
- Dash (4)
- Uncooked (3)
- Mountain goat (4)
- Naval officer (7)
- Come into (7)
- Board (5)
- Waist measurement (5)
- Evergreen shrub (6)

DOWN

- Roman poet (6)
- Bird (7)
- Imperial (8)
- Drossier (4)
- Long for (5)
- Drowsy (6)
- Make (5)
- Branch of mathematics (8)
- Tumbler (7)
- Mordant (6)
- Dance (5)
- Sheep's wool (6)
- Upper air (5)
- Cunning (4)

Solution to yesterday's Concise Crossword:

ACROSS: 1 Pecan, 4 Knees (Pekines), 10 Invail, 11 Drill, 12 Lilac, 13 Churn, 15 Farm, 17 Enrich, 18 Pancake, 20 Culiss, 27 Fungi, 29 Thera, 30 Embrace, 31 Vulture, 32 Gravel, 33 Ease, 34 Parity, 35 Nod, 36 Enigmas, 37 Rifle, 38 Flair, 39 Plank, 40 Amara, 41 Acute, 42 Acidity, 43 Refugee, 44 Acute, 45 Aspen, 46 Tigh, 47 Awash, 48 Nons.

Bridge Alan Hiron

Game all; dealer South

North	♦S 7 2
♦S 5 3 2	
♦K Q 8 7	
♦A 6 4	
West	♦J 9 6 3
East	♦Q 10 4
♦None	♦O 8 6
♦9 5 4 3	♦A J 10 6
♦K Q 10 9 7	♦8 5 2
South	♦A K 5
	♦A K J 10 9 7 4
	♦2
	♦J 3

"That was an extraordinary finesse!" complained East at the end of this deal. "I must learn to hold my cards up," he added, with what passes for humour at my local club.

Can you spot why the trump finesse in 4² was not at all bizarre? This is the full story: South opened 2² and North raised to 3². South cue-bid 3², North co-operated with 4² and, with commendable restraint, South put on the brakes.

If West held all three missing trumps there was nothing to be done, but if East held them the finesse was necessary. And if the trumps were 2-1 all the time and West was able to win with, say, a singleton queen? No matter, for now a diamond trick could be established for a spade discard and provide the vital entry.

with 4² and North passed.

It was just as well that they had stopped in game, for the opening lead was ♦K, attacking dummy's side entry before a diamond trick could be established. Declaler held off in the hope that West would switch, but East's ♦2 suggested a three-card holding and West sensibly continued with ♦Q.

Inspiration! After winning the second club, South led ♦2 from dummy and finessed the nine! (You can see why East felt aggrieved when his partner showed out.) The point, of course, was that, in danger of losing a trick in all four suits, declarer was taking a tiny precaution.

If West held all three missing trumps there was nothing to be done, but if East held them the finesse was necessary. And if the trumps were 2-1 all the time and West was able to win with, say, a singleton queen? No matter, for now a diamond trick could be established for a spade discard and provide the vital entry.

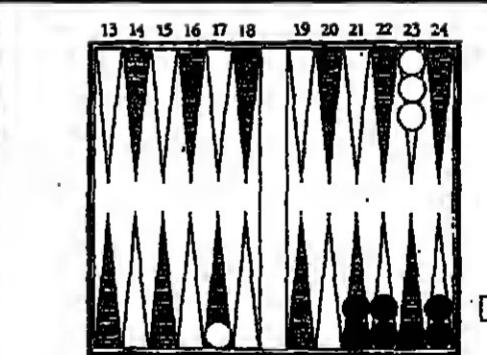
Send answers to: Perplexity, *The Independent*, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL to arrive by 4 June.

10 May answers:

Netherlands (slender than) Rotterdam (trot armed) Maastricht (harm static)

Winner: Sally Bonnett (Roach, Cardiff)

Backgammon Chris Bray



Black has hit a man late in the bear-off. He has managed to take off eight of his own men before White re-enters, reaching the position above. Should Black double? If he does, should White drop or take?

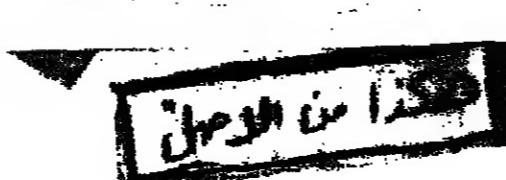
How should you evaluate positions like this? You could try using the Thorpe count, which I described a few weeks ago (the article contained an error in that when calculating the leader's Thorpe count the final step is to add 10 per cent to his total if his count is greater than 30, not less, as originally printed). The Thorpe counts here are Black 30 and White 30 indicating double/take, but Thorpe does not cope well with men in the outfield.

It is clear that Black will take three or four rolls to bear off his remaining men. What about White? First he has to get his straggler into his home board. The average dice roll contains 8.17 pips so for practical purposes we can use eight. This means it will take White two rolls to reach his home board and then another two to bear off. On average, then, it looks as if it will take White four rolls to bear off his men.

Given that four rolls versus four rolls is normally a take, does that mean that White can take a double in this position?

Sadly for White, the answer is no. When he rolls a big double on his first roll he will quite often win, but too frequently he will take three rolls to reach his home board, or reach it in two and then only take one man off with his next. Meanwhile Black has the opportunity to roll doubles, and while most doubles are good for Black, the small doubles are not very effective for White. Black will win this position 80 per cent of the time, meaning that it is clearly a double and a drop.

For the weather, traffic reports, the sky at night, and Damien Hirst's cartoon sage of artistic angst ... TURN TO PAGE 31



The torch bearer

Talking to Tony Bennett is like tuning in to some gossipy database or website of 20th century showbiz. The data you pick up isn't necessarily very riveting, instructive or insightful, but the quality of the personnel in these little stories is what counts. Every few minutes he hits you with another volley of *sacra conversazione*.

"Frank Sinatra told me once that the funniest thing he ever saw in his life was Jimmy Durante in a show called *Jumbo* in a small theatre on Broadway, with a real elephant and the Keystone Cops... "Recently Bob Hope, he's 93 now, said to me..." Laurence Olivier used to say that Mickey Rooney was the best actor around. So did Marlon Brando... "I had never met Gloria Swanson, but she called me from out of nowhere when I was on the Johnny Carson show, and said 'You're in top shape, don't ever change...' "I only met Frank Loesser once. I spent a great day with him. I think *Guys and Dolls* is going to be one of the authentic classic operas in the States..." "George Burns once explained it to me this way..." "Judy Garland, I just could not persuade her she could sing. Rex Harrison..."

A running theme in this flow of vaudeville *obiter dicta* is the fun side of people whom time has consigned to Showbiz Hell. It is disconcerting to hear Bennett talk, for instance, about Judy Garland: "Everyone condemned her towards the end of her life, but I never met anyone who was more humorous, more soulful and more wonderful than Judy at the end. She was having so much fun. She'd meet someone and she'd have that glint in her eye and she'd say, 'I played that guy just like in the movies...'" Speaking of his new CD, *Tony Bennett on Holiday*, a 21-song tribute to Billie Holiday, the blues singer who took to heroin and died at 44, her heart seriously broken, Bennett performs a similar act of reclamation: "There were many years when she was very healthy, she wasn't on drugs, she sang very optimistically and hopefully, she sang happy songs. And I chose mostly those for the new record. But when I hear Billie on the radio, it's out her old records they're playing, but her later records, where she's really tragic. Same with Piaf. They don't play any of her early work..."

The concept that there might once have been an innocent Edith Piaf, a happy Holiday or an emotionally secure Garland seems so alien as to suggest that Tony Bennett lives in a universe that's parallel to ours but forged-up by stardust and bluebirds. And there's a temptation to write off such reminiscences as part of his *eccentric-listenin'*, everyone-havin'-a-good-time *schtick*. But you have to give him the benefit of the doubt because he has known everyone on the popular music scene, from Jolson and Crosby to Sonny and Cher, every musician from Louis Armstrong to Miles Davis. His present-day address-book must be an awesome sight, given the 70-year-old's collaborations with Elvis Costello, kd lang, Sting, Madonna and a number of decidedly non-*eccentric-listenin'* American bands such as the Red Hot Chilli Peppers. Even the people who write off his resurrection as some kind of postmodernist *jape* can't argue with the fact that he's had five Grammy awards in the past four years, and his tribute albums (*Steppin' Out* for Fred Astaire, *Perfectly Frank* for Sinatra, now Billie Holiday) sell as well as he ever did in the pre-Beatles heyday of tuxedoed schmaltz. Even if, like me, you always regarded with deep suspicion people who "phrased"

rather than sang, and who snapped their fingers to display their familiarity with tempo, you have to tip your hat to a career that's lasted five decades.

In the flesh, Bennett is shorter than you'd expect, broader of face, more handsome (he has an absolutely killer grin) and considerably more intelligent and thoughtful than you'd bargained for. His conversation, name-drops apart, is peppered with Big Ideas lightly worn. He was just back from looking at the new flowers-in-vases paintings by David Hockney. Bennett is a friend of Hockney's, and a painter in his own right, and was fulsome in his praise of the flaxen Yorkshireman. "I think he's one of the great painters. I love his spirit. He's just got the whole essence of what an artist is about. He knows the whole history of art so well. He's learned about lighting – how the colours change and nuance at different times of the day. It's in those flower paintings, the beautiful understanding of colours and combinations. I don't know how anybody could dislike it. But the critics do, as they have done through the whole history of art."

Pew. What was the best technical advice Hockney had given him? "Oh – that Eastern perspective is better than Western. Western perspective always looks towards infinity, towards a God that's unattainable. It's all based on religion and war. Eastern perspective is about the fidelity of seeing, straight ahead and peripherally at the same time. It's more natural. It's saying that God is here, and here and here..."

The meeting of Westminster councillors that banned the film *Crash* at Cambridge, where it was on the mandatory reading list for the modern English novel, and how he felt "the very meaning of 'love' was under assault in the world of car-TV-telephone-fax", began to feel he might be playing to the wrong audience – an audience that probably wouldn't give a licence to the modern English novel if it had the choice.

The clash, cultural and sartorial, between the antiques dealer and the movie producer was a worthy plot, but every good movie needs a subplot and a scene stealer. It came, starlet-like, in the shape of the committee's youngest member, Labour councillor Kate Wilkins, throwback to the much missed militant feminist days of the early

Eighties. Voting against the ban, she explained that she did so only because she thought the film too tedious to deserve all the publicity and was fed up that "as usual in an art film, it has women taking their clothes off".

This is an interesting thesis,



David Lister
arts notebook



PHOTO: DAVID ROSS

John Walsh meets Tony Bennett

meets

John Walsh

meets

Tony

Bennett

John Walsh

meets

arts & books

Lovers' Guide 1790

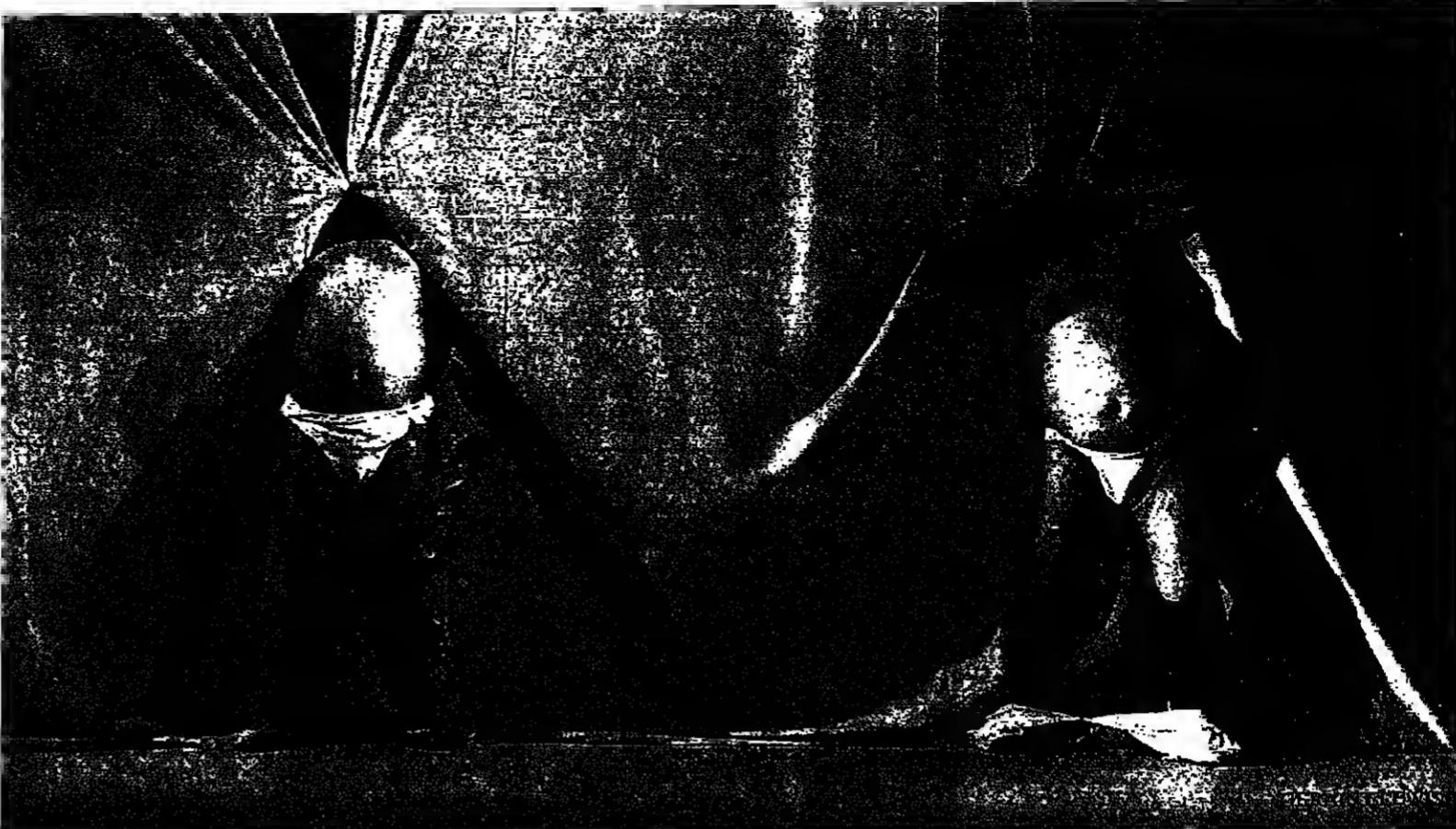
OPERA
Mozart's *Così fan tutte*
Opera North at the Grand Theatre, Leeds

The Bay of Naples is nowhere to be seen. The garden contains neither trees nor flowers. Powdered wigs and crinolines are out. Tim Albery's *Così* is for our time and of our time. The simple and abstract sets, by Matthew Howland and Robin Rawstorne, reflect the character of the piece as it is presented by Nicholas Till and the other contributors to the well-planned programme book. For what we are witnessing is a suspect scientific experiment, conducted in limbo. Where and when it is happening are irrelevant, and in any case unclear. It might just as well take place in a theatre and, at the opening of Act 2, we are reminded that it is, as Despina presents her instructions to the sisters in the form of a music-hall act in front of red plush curtains.

The intention is that the two sisters from Ferrara are to have their fidelity tested. But their male lovers cannot stand outside the experiment. They must act out their parts and, in the end, perhaps only Don Alfonso is left untouched by this day of deep moral and emotional disturbance. It is a fine touch when, at the end, Despina, seeing the chaos she has helped him to create, slaps his face.

There are no weak links in the sextet of characters, each of whom is vital to sustaining both narrative and atmosphere. Jonathan Best is an admirable Don Alfonso, authoritative rather than benign, free of bonhomie and leering. Linda Kitchen is a wise and witty Despina, very much her own woman. Her doctor is a button-wiggling blonde out of *M*A*S*H*, her lawyer

Anthony Arblaster



Not a pretty sight

With his dark, intensely imaginative stagings of 'Three Sisters' and 'Titus Andronicus', Romanian director Silviu Purcarete continues to amaze Paul Taylor

Who is Silviu? What is he, that Europe's swains command him? The answer to those questions is a good deal clearer now than it was when Romanian director Silviu Purcarete first hit Britain at the Edinburgh Festival in 1991 with a high-energy, blackly pantomimic intercutting of *Ubu Rex* with scenes from *Macbeth*. Two plays about bloody tyrants, wildly different in style, were shown to be absurd photographic negatives of each other and the fact that the production opened just as we were getting news of the August coup against Gorbachev gave a horrid frisson of topicality to the show's final image. Upright in their satin-lined coffins, the Ceausescu-like Ubis fit the audience with a fataous, knowing smile, as if to say "Don't worry, we'll be back."

Since then, Britain has had several opportunities to get better acquainted with Purcarete's directorial imagination. Distinguished by their peculiarly hypnotic fusion of sound and spectacle, his productions tend to have the seamless intensity and archetypal quality of a dream, with images of poetic beauty and surreal harmlessness passing in a weird, lateral drift across the scene. Brought to the last LIFT, his unforgettable *Phaedra* staged that tragedy as an unending mythic conflict between the principles of militant chivalry and dangerous, but life-affirming love. An out-of-time atmosphere also suffused his music-haunted 1995 *Tempest*, his only work with English actors to date. Meanwhile, the pictorial plasticity and epic scale of his vision could be seen last November when the vast Birmingham Arena was filled with a whirling, puncillously drilled 100-strong chorus for *Les Danaides*, Purcarete's reconstruction of Aeschylus's *Danaid* trilogy.

Now the National Theatre of Craiova has brought his staging of *Titus Andronicus* for a tour of Britain, while over in Limoges, where last year the 47-year-old Purcarete became artistic director of the Centre Dramatique National, his new production of Chekhov's *Three Sisters* has just opened. When I met the gentle grizzly bear of a man at his new home-base, this conjunction of ventures moved him to some wry observations on the way French theatrical culture is at the opposite extreme from the Romanian. In Limoges, eight weeks of rehearsal on *Three Sisters* is followed by just 13 performances. In Romania, *Titus* has been in Craiova's repertoire since 1992, the actors only replaced as they die, and Purcarete was facing the prospect of coming over to England with just three hours available before the first night for tweaking a production he hadn't seen in two years.

You can't tell there have been any such restrictions as you are swept up into this overwhelming vision of a barbarically decadent Rome. The play's spaces are defined by vast sheet-like curtains that flush with blood-red light; hospital trolleys propel characters over the stage. The feel is of some violent mental ward crossed with Shakespeare's image of a "wilderness of tigers" whose hungry growls reverberate on the dense sound-track. Microphones and mobile monitors showing the jabbering heads of competing demagogues link the scene to the insane tyrannies of our own day.

The production compellingly grasps the essential point that this play is not, as it was once thought, the theatrical equivalent of a stroll through an abattoir but a powerful study of what the experience of atrocity does to people. It's the tragedy of a veteran warrior who

only learns to feel the primacy of family ties over blind obedience to the state when the state's callous ingratitude has already begun to turn his wits. Confronted with his raped and mutilated daughter, Stefan Iordache's searingly punchdrunk, brutalised Titus starts in rock the bed on which she cowers and to sing to her as though she were a baby in a pram. The pathetic desperation of the gesture escalates as he hangs in bed in a mad frenzy of grief-stricken impotence and farcically doesn't even notice she's been thrown off it.

That deliberate, risky and curiously modernist borderline in the play between horror and bad-taste laughter is trodden here with finesse in a production that presents the queen's wicked sons as a pair of grinning, creepily pre-moral sumo wrestlers and that stages the climactic cannibalistic banquet in the incongruously civilised strains of a Mozart piano concerto.

Purcarete's bold, imaginatively unified production of *Three Sisters* also ends with a big shock as through a curtain we are shown the spectacle of Natasha, the upstairs sister-in-law who gradually evicts our sensitive trio, in labour with yet another child. "She's giving birth to the Soviet army," explains this East European director. Underlining Natasha as the harbinger of a new order is typical of a staging which, in seizing on the symbolic status of things and in throwing up images from the inner reveries of the sisters, is out to expand the drama's non-naturalistic elements. Fascinating to see how this goes down in England, where the preference is for subtext rather than symbols.

'*Titus Andronicus*' ends tonight at the Lyric, Hammersmith (0181-741 2311) then tours

Left in the dark

SONG RECITALS
Susan Graham Wigmore Hall, London
Paul Agnew Purcell Room, SBC, London

The American Susan Graham is familiar to opera audiences here as a creamy-voiced mezzo, and she's currently making her first international recital tour. Her programme at the Wigmore Hall on Tuesday included songs and arias in German, Italian, French and English, by Mozart, Mahler, Strauss, Reynaldo Hahn, Poulenc and several Americans - quite a range. Graham looked dignified, rather like a glossy advertisement in *The New Yorker*, sheathed in a very expensive-looking gown of stiff silk. Her voice is steady and strong, and she was impressively agile in 'Al desin, di chi t'adoro', a later addition to Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*. But she was also rather cool, and all the pathos of Mahler's *Wie die schönen Trompeten blasen* had to be imagined from the extraordinary scene-painting of Roger Vignoles's piano part, which he drew very sharply. Nor did anyone feel like laughing at the end of the nonsense-song *Wer hat die Liebling erdacht?*, as surely they should. Graham chose some very difficult songs by Strauss, including the cruelly high-lying *Leiser Liebster*, which was a small triumph of technique but not very comfortable listening. The much better-known *Cäcilie* wanted more punch and ardour. It was rather a relief, after the interval, to relax to the sophisticated simplicity of Hahn's songs with their gratefully shaped vocal lines: quasi-baroque in *A Chloris*, reminiscent of Faure in *Sil*

Adrian Jack

NEXT WEEK IN THE INDEPENDENT

MONDAY KATHY BURKE

talks to Deborah Ross
"It was all to do with him and nothing to do with me," says Kathy, by way of explaining why she didn't let Gary Oldman take her virginity when he was a teenager. Last week she won the best actress award in Cannes in the film he directed. Some consummation you might say.

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* THE INDEPENDENT IT IS...ARE YOU?

David Benedict
WEEK IN REVIEW



GERALD LEWIS



CLIVE BARDA

THE PLAY Prayers of Sherkin

The English premiere of Sebastian Barry's play about allegiances and faith set among the last family of a visionary Protestant sect off the West Coast of Ireland in the 1890s. John Dove's cast includes Ron Cook, Harry Treadaway, Catherine Cusack, Julian Glover, Susan Engel and Stanley Townsend.

Paul Taylor applauded: "The primary impulse seems to be lyrical rather than dramatic ... affectionate humour, strong charm and elegiac ache." "Slow, stylised and poetic ... Although I love the ending, it is a long haul getting there," admitted the FT. "For some time I could not find my way into the substance of a play that seemed too dense with peripheral detail for a love story," worried The Times. "One looks forward to some conflict between love and religious imperatives. In fact, the conflict never really happens," frowned The Guardian. "In the Old Vic, the parochial quaintness and narrative slenderness are cruelly exposed," noted the Standard. "Gildes like a rowing-boat propelled by one light stroke of the oars," sighed the Telegraph.

Sundays and Mondays at The Old Vic, London SE1 (0171-928 7616) to 15 June.

EXCELLENT
GOOD
OK
POOR
DEADLY
KEY
our view on view

Like his later *The Steward of Christendom*, it's beautifully written (and acted) but short on drama.

THE FILM Anna Karenina

Sophie Marceau follows Greta Garbo and Vivien Leigh playing Anna, James Fox is Karenin and British Standard Crumple Sean Bean is Vronsky in the latest screen version of Tolstoy's tale of an adulterous woman who didn't mind the gap. Tchaikovsky wrote the score and Bernard Rose adapts and directs.

Ryan Gilbey was stupefied. "Should you really leave a film of Tolstoy thinking 'nice curtains'?" "It takes more than long tracking-shots through ballrooms delirious with gilt to make a movie live and breathe," scoffed The Times. "The passions vocalised by Marceau's Anna and Bean's Vronsky would fill a small broom cupboard," snorted the FT. "Truly dreadful," snarled Time Out. "Only James Fox plays a fragment of life ... Tchaikovsky and tedium. Pathétique in every sense," spelt the Standard. "The one good thing is that he didn't cast Demi Moore and give it an upbeat ending," asserted The Guardian. "Gildes like a rowing-boat propelled by one light stroke of the oars," sighed the Telegraph.

Cert 15, 106 mins, Odeon Haymarket, London SE1 (0181-315 4212) and on selected nationwide release.

Sold as "Leo Tolstoy's Anna Karenina", so as to distinguish it from, say, Enid Blyton's or Bernard Bresslaw's version.

THE OPERA Simon Boccanegra

David Pountney directs Verdi's powerful political drama of the struggle between the patricians and the plebeians for Welsh National Opera. Philip Joll sings Boccanegra, Amelia is Nuccia Focile, Paul Charles Clarke is Adorno and Alastair Miles is Fisco. Carlo Rizzi conducts and Ralph Koltai designs.

Mark Pappenheim suffered "a largely dispiriting evening ... the weakness of the staging is that within the bare simplicity of this set, the cast's vocal and dramatic shortcomings are painfully exposed." "Frustrating ... sounded like brash early Verdi and it really should not ... at its best when focused on directing singers, and at its less than good when striving for effect," felt The Times. "Superb ... it emerges as a compelling drama, utterly lucid. Underpinned by Carlo Rizzi's supercharged conducting ... the interplay of emotions becomes even more complex than the plot," yelped The Guardian. "The audience was gripped and moved by its power. Welcome back to sanity, David. The performance was musically distinguished too ... the WNO chorus was stupendous," announced the Telegraph.

28 May, New Theatre Cardiff (01222 878889) then touring.

Not a patch on the dynamic Alden / Fielding staging from the glory days of ENO over which Pountney presided.

SO W

Flemish artist Jan Fabre sticks dead beetles together and doodles with biros. Phil Johnson tries to pin him down

Going t

If Born to Run, the BBC Mean bear before the director's jeans Stewart, F

THRILLING, DAZZLING
NOT JUST FOR BOYS
AN INSPIRATIONAL AND
STAR STUFF
NOW SHOWING

• So what's the Bic idea?

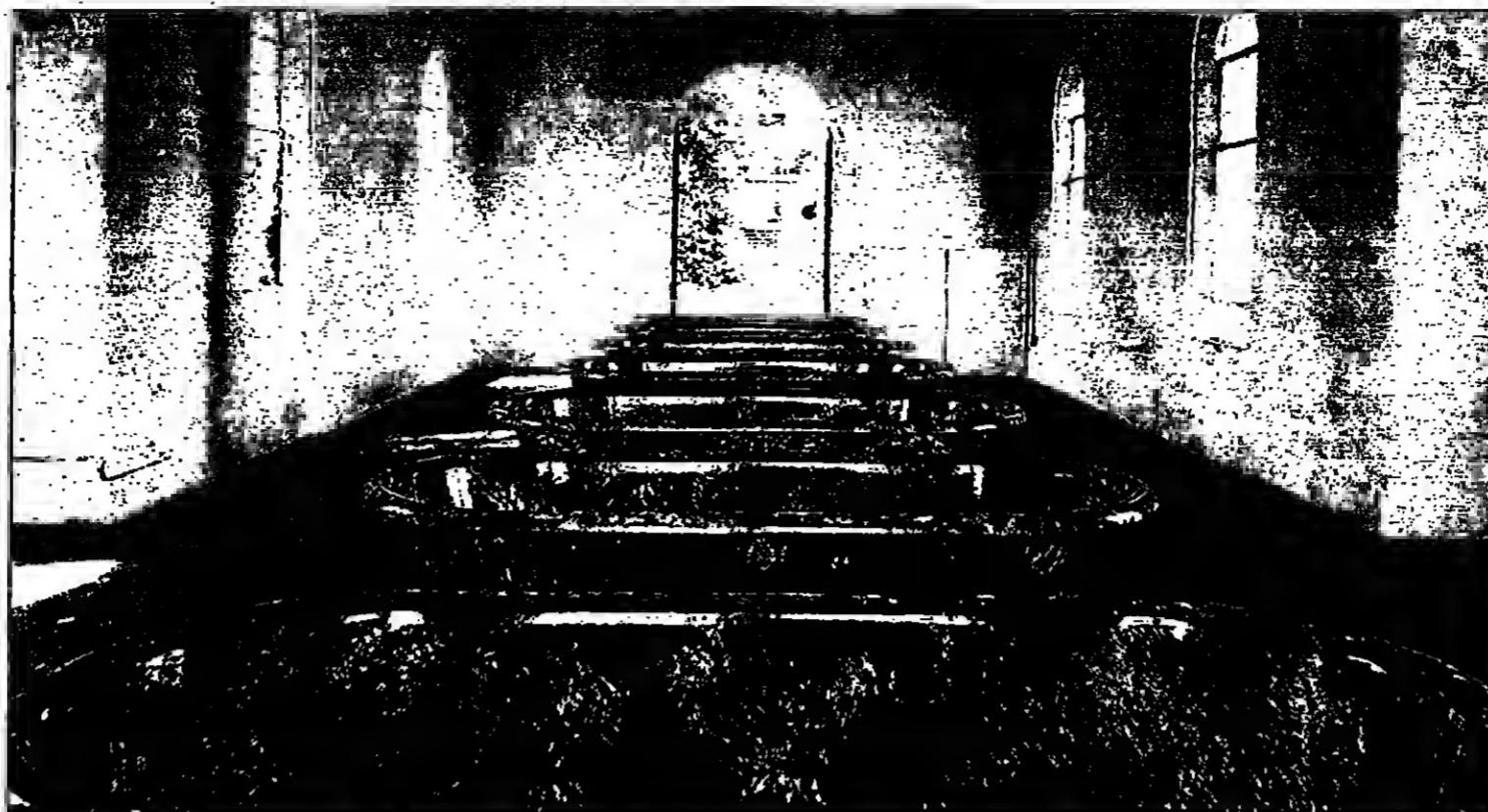
Flemish artist Jan Fabre sticks dead beetles together and doodles with biros. Phil Johnson tries to pin him down

Even if the Flemish artist Jan Fabre did not exist, it would probably be necessary to invent him, if only to goad popular prejudices about contemporary art even further. After all, how could you choose to miss out on so much fun? As an artist famous for working with the chemical blue ink of Bic biros, the bodies of beetles, and installations involving teabags and rashers of smokey bacon, Fabre could, from a cynical perspective, be said to stand in relation to the world of art as Spinal Tap does to the world of heavy metal, and then some. For compared to what Fabre does, the business of cutting farmyard animals in half begins to look decidedly cosy.

Consider the evidence: in the installation entitled *The Bic Art Room*, of 1981, in Leiden, in the Netherlands, Fabre locked himself up to a room for days and proceeded to draw on every available surface – walls, bed, clothes, floor, and his own body – until everything was covered in a cross-hatched bio scribble. Earlier, in 1978, he had exhibited drawings made with his own blood. In 1991, he covered Tivoli castle in Belgium in bio drawings, wrapping the entire building in paper which was then obsessively blued in Bic and left there for three months, its image mirrored in the castle's lake so perfectly that Fabre was able to exhibit photographs of the building the wrong way up. For next month's Venice Biennale, he will create an enormous globe fabricated entirely from the bodies of beetles, which will represent – as his assistant Tjits Visser says proudly, and with no trace of humour – the largest beetle-construction ever made.

Fabre's visual art is paralleled by performances works in dance, opera and his own staged texts, in which he has collaborated with composers such as Gorecki and Wim Mertens at venues throughout Europe. Under his direction, dancers imitate the movements of beetles, dressed – when they are not naked – in armour-plated costumes modelled on the carapaces of insects.

For his current showing, as the featured artist of this year's Bath Festival, Fabre has surpassed himself. The series of site-specific installations for Bath, *Seven Rooms*, is wonderfully inventive, placing his work in new, non-gallery settings of aban-



After Brueghel, biros... or bathtubs, as in the last of 'Seven Rooms' in Bath's Walcot Chapel; inset: 'Self-portrait' (PHOTO: WOODLEY AND QUICKE)

doned rooms and odd semi-public places where their strangeness resonates with extraordinary energy.

Accordingly, a specially commissioned essay for the festival by Pavel Buchler meditates on the significance in Fabre's work of the number seven, bringing the seven seals of the apocalypse, the seven dwarfs, the seven samurai, the Magnificent Seven, and everything but the seven kitchen sinks into its orbit. The one thing it doesn't mention is perhaps the only seven-reference of real relevance: the Hollywood film *Seven*, where the murderer arranges the sites of his kills in a series of carefully wrought, macabre installations. The hanging form of a beetle-encrusted carcass (which recalls Rembrandt and Soutine), the drawing-pinned and bacon-wrapped figure of *Me Dreaming* and the subterranean-flooded cavern of *The Tea-Bags Cellar*, where the ceiling is hung with multiple Tetley's, each containing an image of the artist, are all stunningly accomplished examples of *mise-en-scene*; and so weird and disconcerting that they could easily serve as sets from the film, *Seven*. Fabre has said, "is the number of impossible perfection".

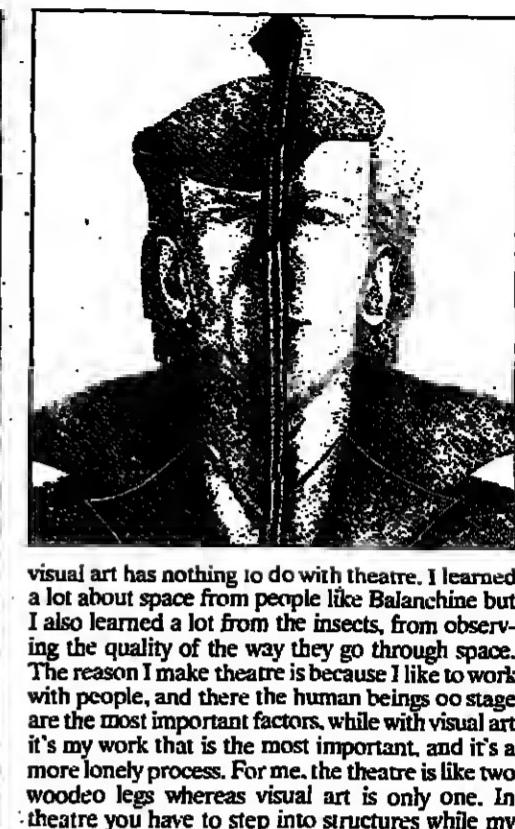
The final, seventh, room of the Bath series forms an appropriately climactic *coup de théâtre*: in the majestic empty space of the disused Walcot chapel, a row of Bic-painted bathtubs covers the floor, looked down upon by the sentinel figures of glass owls mounted high on the walls, their forms blued – naturally – with Bic-ink. The owls, the insects, and

the blue of the bio drawings all relate to Fabre's great influence and inspiration, his ancestor Jean Henri Fabre, a late-19th-century entomologist and writer who coined the phrase "the hour blue" to refer to the magical period that occurs when night melts into day. This symbolic interstices is at exactly the point, according to Fabre, "when the night animals are going to sleep and the daytime animals are waking up, and there is a moment of sublime stillness in Nature in which everything rips open, breaks apart, changes. That is the moment I have tried to capture."

Born in Antwerp, where he still lives, in 1958, Fabre studied fine art at the city's academy. As a child he created a secret garden which he has allowed to enter, and his first experiments in bio-drawings evidently began when he attempted to follow the line of an insect crawling over the page of his sketch-book. His fascination with insects followed the example of his great-grandfather, whose collection he still occasionally plunders, although normally he orders his beetles by catalogue from the Natural History Museum in Brussels or uses the network of insect-collectors in Europe. The German writer (and one-time Nazi controller of Paris) Ernst Junger is a fellow insect-enthusiast and he has agreed to write an essay for one of Fabre's forthcoming exhibitions. Hand-stitching the beetles onto a chicken-wire frame to create his sculptures is, says assistant Tjits, terribly dirty work.

In person, Fabre comes across as a bit of an operator. He could, you feel, charm the beetles right out of the trees. With his light-coloured hair brushed back in a quiff, he looks a little like the Hollywood actor Mickey Rourke. Short, fit and wiry, and dressed in a classic artist's mix of the formal and informal – a man over a smart suit jacket and matching waistcoat worn with blue Levi's and brown suede brogues – he has an actor's intensity and manages to dominate the space around him through sheer force of personality, even if he's just standing there looking bored, as he often is. He keeps carefully to the edge of the press group or a tour of his Bath Festival sites, waiting patiently outside each of the installations, furtively puffing at a cigarette, as if present and absent at the same time. As we shelter from the rain under the canopy of the Holburne Museum by a window looking into the room housing the modern crafts collection, I ask if he has seen Eric Gill's decorated lawn-roller, which is one of the objects inside. He hasn't, but he knows about Gill. "He used to have sex with his daughters," I say by way of passing the time. Fabre takes a long drag on his fag and exhales. "Sounds Belgian," he says.

The relationship between his visual art and his performance works is, says Fabre when I interview him, an accidental one. "There's only one relationship, and that's me. It comes out of one mind but they are two different mediums," he says. "I think theatre has nothing to do with visual art and



visual art has nothing to do with theatre. I learned a lot about space from people like Balanchine but I also learned a lot from the insects, from observing the quality of the way they go through space. The reason I make theatre is because I like to work with people, and there the human beings on stage are the most important factors, while with visual art it's my work that is the most important, and it's a more lonely process. For me, the theatre is like two wooden legs, whereas visual art is only one. In theatre you have to step into structures while my visual art is always free of this sort of pressure."

The influence of his great-grandfather is, he feels, overplayed by commentators. "I was lucky in that I had a heritage from when I was younger of photographs, manuscripts and an insect collection in my family, but I was much older when it was given to me. Like any little boy, I took spiders from the earth and pulled out their legs to discover how they worked. I made a lot of drawings and when I was older, about 18, when my mother and father saw them and knew that I was serious they said 'Hey, there's a guy in the family who was interested in insects, here's some books about it.'"

Insects, he says, "are like the biggest memory in the world, they are the oldest computer and we're still learning from them. The cybernetic world goes back to insect behaviour to learn how they behave, adapt and metamorphose. It's a very humanistic behaviour but they are almost more complex and more successful than human beings in history, because they have survived and adapted so well." After we have visited the last of the seven sites, Fabre scuttles off to the airport where he will wing back to Belgium to attend a premiere of a new performance that night. Faithful assistant Tjits, who has struggled with the logistical problems of meat, teabags and beetles for weeks now, remains in Bath for the duration.

'Seven Rooms' continues in Bath to 14 June. *The Lime Twig Man* is at the Arnolfini, Bristol (0117 9299191) to 6 July. *Cross in the Silence of the Storm* is at Oriel, Cardiff (01222 399477) to 21 June

Going the distance

If 'Born to Run', the BBC's new Sunday-night drama, looks like a winner before the off, that's probably because its director is Jean Stewart. Interview by David Benedict

Fourteen minutes into the BBC's cracking new series *Born to Run*, blustering businessman Terence Rigby stands up at a party he's thrown and thunders into a karaoke version of the theme song from *Fame*. "I'm gonna live forever," he threatens... and keels over with a heart attack. You find yourself gawping at the screen as this family drama lurches into black farce.

The great strength of Debbie Horsfield's funny, sharp-toothed six-part is that her sinewy, slippery script defies categorisation. It plunges straight into the story of Keith Allen, second-in-command at his father's garage, who is cheating on his dowdy wife Marian McLaughlin – "she's either use or ornament" – with marathon-runner Linda Henry. Just when you think you're in a Northern *Bouquet of Barbed Wire*, we're suddenly into *Charlies's Angels* meets *Shirley Valentine* as not-so-grieving, almost-widow Billie Whitelaw returns from Tenerife and starts causing uproar. Plus a high-comedy *King Lear* sister-act and Tiffany, the spunky garage receptionist with dreams of stardom who sings Eurythmics songs and catfood commercials over the tannoy. A script as bold, emotionally powerful and downright wacky as this needs a director with a very wide range. The smart move the BBC made was to hire Jean Stewart.

"I just stared at the script and thought,

"What are these people doing? Who are they?" It reads a very fine line but there's an emotional honesty underpinning everything so you keep on being interested despite the outrageousness." She saw her role as being about marrying the broad comedy with the detailed exploration of the life of a tight-knit group of people, but admits to having been frightened by the prospect. "I thought, 'You could go really wrong with this.'" At the time she was being offered a lot of American films for much better money, but the script didn't interest her. "I think I'm fairly picky about what I do. My agent tried hard to persuade me not to do it, saying 'It's a year of your life' and 'Are you sure you want this at this point?' but I just loved Debbie's script."

There's a calm, quiet determination about this warm, confident woman who jettisoned a lecturing career after pursuing a PhD, and broke into film by acting in a video project. "I was lousy at being a student," she jokes, "it was so lonely... I couldn't sit in that library day in, day out and not talk to anyone!" She realised she wasn't going to be an actress but became completely intrigued by film. At a time when women technicians were in vogue, she worked as a camera operator on Channel 4 documentaries and

then went to the National Film School.

Armed with two graduation films, including one by rising screenwriter Philip Pullman, she walked straight into *EastEnders*. "The night before my first studio I couldn't speak I was so terrified, but it was very exciting. I'd advise anyone to do it. You learn to think very quickly and it teaches you so much about pacing and rhythm: that's what you're manipulating all the time." From there, she whizzed through the genres, doing the police on *The Bill*, hospitals on *Medics* and then *Men of the Month*, Roma Muñoz's semi-improvised drama about men and sex – "only partially successful," she concedes, although it led to the notorious *Cracker* trilogy about a rapist which challenged all the ideas surrounding representations of black people and violence towards women.

She thought long and hard before accepting it and then shot the rapes from the victim's point of view to remove the erroneous equation of rape with sex. For logistical reasons the first attack had to be shot at night. "We were in this huge, empty swimming pool at three in the morning re-enacting a rape and some of the crew got very upset. Standing back and looking at what we were doing, I thought, 'What the hell am I doing?'" but they came up to me afterwards and said it was worth it."



Jean Stewart, former part-time English lecturer, now a frontrunner director



She credits writer Jimmy McGovern for his skill at weaving between all the issues, adding that she hopes that what she gave it was emotional truth. Despite a public demonstration by Women Against Rape, she received masses of letters, nearly all of them positive. "One woman wrote that she had been very raped and never wanted to go out or see anything on the subject but she had steered herself to watch it and found it a kind of therapy and said it had strengthened her. My biggest worry was that it had frightened women into their homes, but I don't think it did."

Stewart displayed a similarly sure, empathetic approach to emotional intensity on the funny, tough, gay love story *Nervous Energy*, which the BBC chose to show on World AIDS Day, but, bizarrely, despite countless ovaitions at film festivals around the world, has never been repeated. Writer Howard Schuman is convinced that her

input strengthened his script. "Slowly and discreetly, she pared away things that were excessive, releasing the spine of the material." Having watched her shooting a memory sequence of the lovers' relationship, he cut six others that he realised were no longer needed. "She was the same with the actors, simplifying over-complex emotions. Her scenes were conceived very simply but she knew exactly where to pull out the emotional shots. She was inside my head to an astonishing degree."

An unflashy director, Stewart is at a loss when asked to define her style. "I like to move the camera a lot... I'm told there is a fluidity about the way I shoot. And I think I'm quite brave about allowing actors enough space to move within a scene. I hate tying them down. I do push. I keep going with them until I get what I think is right." Which is why actors of the calibre of Marian McLaughlin and John

McArdle keep returning to her as they do to such moving effect in *Born to Run*.

The series is cantilevered around Keith Allen's adultery and the truth of the character of his fitness-obsessed lover. Stewart was determined to cast Linda Henry, the feisty mother in the film of *Beautiful Thing*, despite her having the wrong accent, the wrong shape and the wrong hair. "We got her a personal trainer and about three weeks into her fitness regime she said, 'I don't understand. You want me to change my hair, change my voice, change my shape, why do you want me for this part?'" Her character's immovable view of life could easily have seemed implausible but as Stewart says, "Linda just made you feel it." Which is exactly what Stewart's direction does. Emotional recognition is, after all, what it's all about.

Born to Run is on Sundays, BBC1, 9pm

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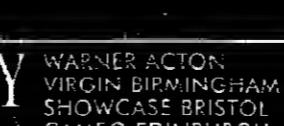
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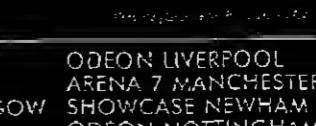
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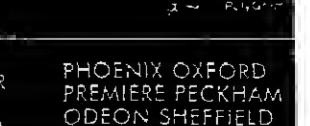
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MUHAMMAD ALI WHEN WE WERE YOUNG

THE TRUE STORY OF THE RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE

He's my Squeeze from suburbia

Is pop music the key to a lost Arcady of Englishness? In your dreams, says D J Taylor

England is Mine: pop life in Albion from Wilde to Goldie
by Michael Bracewell, HarperCollins, £18

Not long ago I had a curious dream in which I was invited to Anthooy Powell's house in Somerset to witness a reunion concert by the Sex Pistols – the band (Sid Vicious included) thrashing away in the front room while Powell looked benevolently and Lady Violet served slices of pizza to the onlookers. Normally one wouldn't inflict this kind of thing on readers, were it not that the whole experience seems peculiarly relevant to *England is Mine*, which knits together many threads from recent cultural life in its breakneck pursuit of that elusive animal, the English pop sensibility.

Summarised as briefly as possible, Michael Bracewell's thesis is that the first half of the 20th century brought a sustained attempt by certain artists – E M Forster's novels and the films of Powell and Pressburger are key reference points – to create a lost Arcady of Englishness. Perpetuated via a range of cultural artefacts, from Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited* to the *Carry On* films, this was given its sharpest focus by popular music ("a belief that pop could be a spiritual quest through the boredom and hostility of modern English life in search of self-identity") and made manifest in a number of artistic obsessions.

Two that Bracewell picks out, for example, are the pre- and postwar fascination with suburbia, and the idea of "the North", which hangs over everything from the career of the Beatles (who, after all, called their publishing company Northern Songs) to Keith Waterhouse's novel *Billy Liar*.

At the very least, this type of cross-cultural enquiry leads to some eye-catching juxtapositions: Neil Tennant of the Pet Shop Boys as a modern Auden; Brian Howard as the 1920s equivalent of Boy George, the Cure as Laurence Durrell's musical blood-brothers; *A Room of One's Own* described (admittedly tongue-in-cheek) as the "Top Five single in Virginia Woolf's otherwise patchy discography". It was particularly taken with a paragraph that somehow manages to skate from Dexy's Midnight Runners to the cast of *Auf Wiedersehen Pet*, and thence to the Angry Young Men and the Dominican order of friars, all within a couple of brisk sentences.

Nothing wrong with cultural relativism, of course, and when Bracewell is good he is very good. The chapter on the suburbs – from Begeman to Siouxsie



Organically English? Oscar Wilde (above) and Morrissey PHOTOGRAPH: HULTON GETTY

When I see that I am wrong, I change my mind

Diane Coyle is encouraged by a dashing editor's speedy about-turn

How appropriate that one of the most devoted followers of the economist John Maynard Keynes, the dashing *Observer* editor Will Hutton, should take to heart one of his hero's most famous remarks: "When I see that I am wrong I change my mind. What do you do?"

Contrary to popular Islington opinion, this new Hutton manifesto is a much better book than his bestseller *The State We're In*. Although it is shorter and was written in a few weeks ahead of the election, the new book is as passionate in its diagnosis but more realistic in its prescriptions. Perhaps the proximity of the Labour Party to power helped concentrate Hutton's mind.

One sentence in *The State to Come* sums up the new realism. "We have to start ... where we are, with the institutions we have and in a highly open economy operating in a globalising market." The absence of this sense of history and context was its predecessor's glaring flaw. The evolution of the Huttonesque analysis of the Bank of England illustrates the distance he has travelled since 1995. In the first book, the Old Lady of Thread-

needle Street was the malignant emblem of the City of London, the evil succubus sucking the vitality out of the British economy by keeping it in thrall to the extremes of financial orthodoxy.

I exaggerate – but only a little. "The way the Bank of England manipulates and guarantees the vast short-term money markets is the first of many incentives that forces the banks into keeping their lending as short-term as they can," he charged.

At that point, he was against independence for the Bank of England: "To pass the control of interest rates to a semi-private organisation run as an extension of one wing of the Conservative Party would be a disaster."

Now, however, he is rather in favour: "The growing power and possible independence of the Bank of England – as long as it is properly constituted – would be an important potential counterweight to the Treasury's institutional dominance." The Treasury, he argues, embodies the

defects of the British constitution, with its narrow focus on financial orthodoxy, its centralised power and its lack of accountability.

Well, the economic bogeyman has only moved from ECA to SW1, but at least Hutton has accepted that there is a respectable case for central bank independence. Indeed, he was positively glowing in his comments on Gordon Brown's recent surprise announcement of that independence, greeting it as "part of a process of modernising the British state".

This intellectual voyage parallels the journey from Old to New Labour. For all the ferment aroused by Hutton's notion of "stakeholding" 18 months ago, it never developed political clout. Here, Hutton gives stakeholding – the somewhat vague idea that economic fairness requires institutions that give all interested groups a voice – a

token four pages. His prescription is more focused this time.

For example, he argues, globalisation has narrowed governments' options over interest rates and levels of borrowing because of the power of financial markets. But they have another spectrum of more detailed policy choices, such as the regulation of landing slots at Heathrow, the structure of corporate taxation and the quality of public transport.

The Hutton critique of free-market capitalism has also grown far more coherent. He draws on Anthony Giddens's use of the concept of reflexivity to argue that demand and supply are too shifting and unstable for market prices to give efficient signals, as classical theory supposes them to. And he exploits Robert Putnam's "social capital" metaphor for effective institutions to make the case that markets are too short-term to build the economic relationships necessary for lasting pros-

perity. Both are more useful than the tired, old-left rants about overpaid dealers in the City of London.

Hutton is right to sense that these building blocks for an alternative approach to economic policy could inform the new government's programme. But, although spot-on with the questions, this slim volume does not have the answers. I counted less than a handful of policy prescriptions. It is, in fact, a disappointingly unspecific analysis, prone to long lapses into vague language about seizing opportunities and overturning intellectual hegemonies.

In the end, *The State to Come* boils down to a cheer-leading exercise for New Labour. This is not to belittle it: there are real reasons to cheer. Readers depressed by *The State We're In* will end up in better spirits after learning that "the country stands on the threshold of a new course which could lead it to become the most dynamic economy and healthy society in Europe". I, for one, am encouraged that Will Hutton has changed his mind.

Monty Dylan and the Holy Greil

Charles Shaar Murray rejoins The Band

"*My Life in a Stolen Moment*" was the title Bob Dylan gave to a rambling, beat-poetic *mix-autobiographical sketch* composed in 1963 for the programme of one of his first major concerts. The particular stolen moment in Dylan's life which obsesses Greil Marcus came later, between 1966 and 1968. This was the long moment that Dylan stole, under the pretext of recuperation from a motorcycle accident, to enable his drifter's escape both from a punishing work-schedule and from the increasingly arduous task of being Bob Dylan.

During that retreat, he spent much of the summer of '67 making music with some newfound friends: the Canadian psychobillies, formerly known as The Hawks, he had adopted as his backing group and who would go on to trade under the name of The Band. Rehearsing and jamming in a rented house in upstate New York, and informally recording their work-in-progress, various combinations of Dylan and The Band explored new songs and old, digging deep into their own private mythologies and the collective unconscious of North America to mine a fresh-mined folklore, simultaneously ancient and modern.

Dylan emerged from the experience born of his rock and roll trappings, with the mysterious neo-traditional album *John Wesley Harding*. For their part, The Band released a revolutionary debut album which established their guitarist, Robbie Robertson, as a major song-writing voice. Never intended for public consumption, some of the material eventually surfaced in bootleg form as *The Basement Tapes*.

Alongside Nik Cohn and the late Lester Bangs, Greil Marcus is one of the founding fathers of modern rock criticism. Indeed, that the field exists at all in anything like its present form is partially attributable to his pioneering work. Marcus first explored the folk-mythic world of *The Basement Tapes* in a major essay on The Band which formed one of the cornerstones of his massively influential first book, *Mystery Train*. He was the perfect – if not the only – choice to annotate the first official release of that music when it was finally offered

Invisible Republic: Bob Dylan's Basement Tapes
by Greil Marcus, Picador, £16.99

to the public in 1975. *Invisible Republic* is the culmination of decades of fascination with this extraordinary achievement. Reading it is an experience akin to viewing those sequences in such movies as Antonioni's *Blow Up* or Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner*, wherein the protagonist enlarges and refocuses the background dots of a photograph to reveal new pictures that recontextualise the original.

Marcus's most formidable critical asset is his ability to make unexpected connections. He draws on his knowledge of literature, politics, art and history to tease out the resonances of the topics he addresses. His previous works have used Elvis Presley and the Sex Pistols as crowsbars to pry open subterranean vaults of the 20th-century psyche.

The "stole moment" magnified herein expands to span centuries. That summer snapshot becomes a panorama of the invisible republic of the title: "the old weird America" of Mark Twain and William Burroughs, of high tides and tall tales.

The world of *The Basement Tapes* exists on a mythic American frontier between "the confessional and the bawdy-house", as Marcus put it in the *Mystery Train* days. *Invisible Republic* could have used more of both: as Robbie Robertson recalls those seminal sessions, "We went in with a sense of humor ... it was all a goof."

Marcus does indeed have a sense of humour, albeit one of Gobi-like aridity. A lean, scarred Johnny Cash is described as having, at 33, "a face like cancer", which is about as mordant as you can get. But for all its awesome erudition and vaulting imagination, this epic conflation of secret history and badlands balladry could have made use of some leavening levity.

This is a subject with which the author has not finished, and is unlikely to do so this side of the grave. One senses that the saga of Monty Dylan and the Holy Greil has some distance yet to run.

Passionate biology

Ruth Padel applauds shape-shifting sensuality

"*The Metamorphoses*" was a dicey project for a poet of urban sex. Ovid – who lived from 43BC to around 17AD – had published *Amores* (love poems), *Heroides* (love-letters from legendary women), *Art of Love* (a treatise on seduction); then he embarked on *Metamorphoses*: "Bodies Changing Shape". By 6AD he had finished, then got exiled – for sex, it's said: either a politically sensitive affair or the dazzling snout he'd written. But his weird epic became one of the best-sellers of the millennium.

Its success was due to four things. His technical brilliance and newly sinuous hexameter. His focus on the significant moment, which made him Mr Big for painting and opera. The extreme pain of his stories, which he matched (however bizarre the situation: women becoming bears, men becoming mincemeat, hoopoes, anemones) with extreme feeling. Plus his rushing enjoyment of the physical world. Things happen to bodies in lush landscape. Human physicality is Gaia-linked to creation. Geography is passionate biology.

The idea of "bodies changing" is basic to us. We fear it, desire it (see under *Slimming magazine*), watch it happen. Farther, bigger, thinner, stronger, iller. How we end is different from how we began: the Sphinx pointed out (*You know: "What goes on four legs in the morning, two*) after cruel transformation:

Tales from Ovid
by Ted Hughes, Faber, £7.99

Human tears shone on his stag's face
From the grief of a mind that was still human.

He ends with two lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe, "Their addiction to each other/absolute, helpless, terminal", expressed through a crack in the wall. There are walls between us all. That crack is an image of poetry, or any formal miracle of verbal communication. It seems feeble compared to the way bodies communicate, but lasts longer.

This crack, this dusty crawl-space for a spider
became the highway of their love-murders,
Brows to the plaster, lips to the leak of air
And cooking smells from the other interior.

Tales from Ovid witnesses to meditation on the dangerous physical boundaries by which we live, as bodies that want to join each other. "Burn us as we live/in the one flame", says Thisbe to posterity. Those lovers joined their bodies only in death. And this is where Hughes's whole book, having begun with creation, ends:

The two lovers in their love-knot,
One pile of inseparable ashes,
Were closed in a single urn.

Here is a master-poet writing some of his most powerful and poignant work. Read him.

The oasis where life's a blur

Simon Louvish goes to slumberland and explores the modern English soul

Here is a book which answers a question that has puzzled me for some time. What do the English dream? This strange people, who are capable of producing both Bertrand Russell and the Spice Girls, appear to have a bizarre somnambulant glaze that often confuses and confounds the foreigner. Jonathan Coe has committed a number of books examining these odd creatures, and here is another, digging a little deeper.

The setting of the novel, Ashdown, is a stereotypical Victorian cliff-top house, the kind of place where American motorists with a puncture might encounter Bela Lugosi leering from an upstairs window. In Coe's book, this has been a 1970s student residence, transformed years later into a centre for the study of sleep disorders presided over by one ex-student, Gregory Dudden - yes-

terday a nerd, today a mad scientist. In keeping with my alien outlook, I experienced some difficulty at first distinguishing between the blurred characters who fetch up, to both time lines, at this mansion. But it soon emerges that a certain amount of blurring of identities, and of desires, is very much a component of Coe's work. These characters are either narcoleptic, tending to switch off at random and awake confusing dreams with memory, or unable to sleep at all and wandering through life in a disengaged daze. This reminded me of the late George Mikes, who remarked that the English declare "I say" and then fall silent for several hours.

So here goes: Robert used to love Sarah, the narcoleptic nut-case, who was briefly wooed by nerd Gregory, and worked, for a time, for a now-defunct film magazine with Terry, who is to dis-



The House of Sleep
by Jonathan Coe, Viking, £16.99

but an old faded photograph. (I must assure Coe that another "lost" film, *The Ghoul*, is not in fact missing but is slinking about in the vaults of one of our esteemed TV stations.) Terry, the insomniac film writer, carries this obsession with him towards the pulp reality of Dr Dudden's secret sleep-laboratory.

Dudden has concluded that sleep itself is a disease from which mankind must be saved. As the story progresses, the nervous banality of the floating characters shifts into a more sinister mode. But Coe, who is following his creations through the stages of sleep from dozing to rapid-eye-movements, shies away from a Universal Pictures denouement. No crowds of frenzied villagers emerge with torches to pursue the monster to their doom.

Instead, a tangle of misreadings and misunderstandings is steadily revealed, with the characters travelling down twisted pathways to random, or ironic fates. The outcome is ingeniously plotted, and the final revelations have a melancholy that remains oddly haunting. Coe's previous book, *What a Carve Up*,

was a sprawling, cheeky social satire of what might be loosely termed the "ruling" or "chattering" English classes. The present book focuses on a kind of "middle-England", twenty- or thirty-somethings, decoupled from society. Unable to connect, their desires turn inward, until they encounter what Freud classically termed "the return of the repressed". No wonder they can't sleep, when their waking life so closely resembles shifting dreams. Perhaps we might term them "Wilson's Children". The next step has to be the "wannabe" generation, Thatcher's tots. And what will Blair's babies be?

The book ends with a recorded transcript of a patient, Ruby's sleep-time mumbles are a more coherent version of what psychiatric talk calls a "word salad". All Coe's characters, except the psychiatrist, are distressingly sane in their inability to achieve their desires. But behind this meditatively structured book lurks the potential of a darker, bolder and less tidy narrative. Perhaps Coe or someone else will give us this vision some day: the modern English soul according to Blake, rather than Blair. But, as I have become acutely aware, attempting any kind of verbal complexity is a literary sin south of the Borders.

Paperbacks



By Christopher Hirst
and Emma Hagestadt

I May Be Some Time by Francis Spufford (Faber, £17.99) Despite Capt Oates's breezy note to his mother that he was off to the South Pole ("The climate is very healthy, though inclined to be cold"), the psychological background to the ill-fated Scott expedition was complex, stemming from a peculiarly British strain of romanticism. Original and perceptive, Spufford's exploration of this uncharted mental terrain touches on Burke's discovery of the "sublime", the disastrous Franklin expedition and the Victorian obsession with eskimos.

Innocence by Paul Lynton (Sceptre, £6.99) Martyn Felton, young boy from the Fens, soon learns that home is not a pleasant place to be. Fleeting the unwelcome advances of his brutish father, he arrives in Ely where he falls straight into the hands of some equally lascivious clerics. This powerfully imagined novel of 17th-century nastiness is energetically told, though the regularity with which people want to slip their hands down Martyn's breeches eventually strains belief.

A Handful of Summers by Gordon Forbes (HarperCollins, £5.99) Sparkling memoir of the tennis circuit in the Fifties, when the courts were still populated by humans rather than over-paid backhand machines. It's unlikely that this year's SW19 jamboree will see the likes of Tippy Larsen ("he never trained, smoked a lot, drank beer, slept in the dressing room") or Abie Segal, who had problems on court after eating a massive meal followed by a dose of Eeo's ("Throughout the match, he retained an intense, anticipatory look ... as if not quite sure of his immediate future"). Modest, engagingly written, this book is an ace.

The Touch by Julie Myerson (Picador, £5.99) Myerson writes about unusual love affairs. Her first novel, *Sleepwalking*, famously featured a heavily pregnant woman. *The Touch* is a sexy, scary tale involving Donna, a young woman with a twisted spine who is persuaded by her sister and boyfriend to seek the help of a local faith-healer. But her miraculous recovery comes at a high price.

Vice Versa by Marjorie Garber (Penguin, £12.99) After probing transvestism in *Vested Interest*, Garber, a professor of English, has turned her attention to bisexuality. As ambiguous as its subject, this voluminous study roams far and wide, in pursuit of sexual omnivorousness. Shakespeare rubs shoulders with pop band Living Colour, Mick Jagger with Henry James. Though occasionally sharp - she notes that "Michael Jackson has gone from being Peter Pan to J M Barrie" - Garber reads too much into the fact that Calvin Klein sold 80,000 pairs of women's boxer shorts (with fly) in 90 days.

You Are What You Eat by Kirsten Hartwig and Dr Nic Rowley (Platius, £9.99) Having scared us to death with *Superbug*, an inventory of horrible diseases, Rowley and Hartwig are now redressing the balance by explaining how we can improve our chances of longevity by changing what we eat. Dr Nic's "naturopathic" advice is perfectly sound and seems unsettlingly easy to follow: enjoy the food that's good for you, stop worrying about the food that's bad for you, don't take vitamins, do have sex and, above all, think organic.

Pooh and the Philosophers by John Tyerman Williams (Mandarin, £5.99) What a mystery that this exercise in ponderous whimsy should be a bestseller, translated into 13 languages. Do readers experience a self-congratulatory thrill for spotting the subtle humour in "For Winnie-the-Pooh's demonstration of the Principle of Verifiability we turn again to the episode of the HUNNY JAR"? Destined for the smallest room of a million middle-class households, it should at least ensure that no one will linger there for long.

Subversive sex in the savannah

Paula Burnett enjoys a magic post-imperial riposte to Evelyn Waugh

This is a dazzling extension of Pauline Melville's territory. Her first book, *Shapesifter* - a collection of stories which mine the strata of intercultural deposits linking Guyana and London - touched profoundly through wit and precision. This first novel shows her confidently tunnelling under the ramparts of institutions and myths, to run out chuckling just before the charge goes off. Here, the empire writes back to Evelyn Waugh, to the anthropology of Lévi-Strauss, to church, state and sexual mores, using a Guyanese, Amerindian culture to question western assumptions. Melville plays with conventions with all the grace and control of a cat with a bird.

At the start the parents of a small boy, Bla-Bla, discuss his future. Living on the savannahs of up-country Guyana, following a mainly traditional way of life, they are present-day members of a family visited by Evelyn Waugh: the McKinnons, of Scottish and Wapisiana descent. Waugh's memoir of his journey to the South American interior mentions a Teddy Melville as his host; Pauline Melville's book thanks Chooye Melville for lending his name to the novel's Chooye McKinnon, Bla-Bla's father. This is a book about living tradition as a kind of echo-chamber, in which the intricacies of history reverberate.

It feels time like an angler. The story's narrator is a mythic figure. To people the world, like the plumed serpent Quetzalcoatl, he calls up the bones of the dead, who arrive "chattering". But this mythic astrology is brought bang up to date: the white noise picked up by radio telescopes is "the final wheeze of an enormous laugh".

Melville's narrator introduces himself in scintillating magic-realist style. But, as he points out, "Magic is private", and what is also needed for successful hunting is mimicry and camouflage. He intends to tell the main story in a "hard-nosed, tough-minded realism - well, of a kind. All narration, he says, is "for revenge or tribute". This story of the McKinnons seems both a

The Ventriloquist's Tale by Pauline Melville, Bloomsbury, £15.99

tribute to them and an attack on the language that deems them "primitive".

"Beyond the equator, everything is permitted." The Portuguese proverb introduces the novel's exotic eroticism. Early in the story, Bla-Bla's father - driven to the city by a harsh rural environment of drought, flood and vampire bats - declares his love for a newly met British-Jewish woman researching Evelyn Waugh. The narrative coolly refuses to indulge in foreplay. It just makes the history-reversing affair happen. At the opposite pole to this exogamy is the ultimate endogamy of incest, between a McKinnon brother and sister in the 1930s - the story Waugh supposedly chose not to use. The novel quotes Lévi-Strauss on the pan-American myth of eclipse as incest between the sun and moon. The Wapisiana disapprove but accept that it happens, just as the west accepts that adultery happens.

The book's moral landscape is non-judgmental. Lust is taken on trust. A young Wapisiana girl is described discovering her sexuality alone, stimulated simply by the brilliance of nature, but the region reduced Waugh to horedom which he tackled by reading. He later wrote stories in which a guest is forced by an illiterate rancher to read Dickens aloud to him for ever. Melville's version deftly uncovers the self-deception that riddles this imperialist fantasy.

She offers no easy solutions, however, to the threat globalism poses to remote civilisations. At the foish Bla-Bla is dead, from a mining company's explosions. From the end, the symbolic narrative seems to paint a bleak future for the savannah's people. But there remains the hope that by listening to one another's narratives we might make our interaction benign. Like Quetzalcoatl's bone-peopie, the boy lives on in the telling. Jaw-jaw is better than war-war; or, perhaps, in this quizzical mythology, "Bla-Bla" is in the ascendant over "Waugh-Waugh".

Audiobooks



Two talented readers, Jeremy Nicholas as narrator and Peter Yapp as the mysterious Persian *deus ex machina*, and contemporary music ranging from Berlioz to Massenet brilliantly conjure up the gothic grand guignol of Gustav Leroux's original 1911 tale of *The Phantom of the Opera* (Naxos, 2hrs 40 mins, £7.99).

Christina Hardymont



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Rik Mayall puts so much breathy degeneracy into his reading of Joseph Conrad's grotesquely comic *Poor Souls* (EMI, £7.99) that you feel as if you are actually seeing the sleazy and selfish world of yuppie Britain - *Friends* gone horribly wrong - with your ears.

Christina Hardymont

Awful charms of an imaginary Bedlam

Roz Kaveney interprets a terrifying fable of western reason run amok

The whims of absolute power are as terrifying as its policies. Various legendary rulers investigated the origins of language by having children reared by mutes, presumably - though the legends never state as much - mutes forbidden to sign. We know, from children reared lovingly by animals or abusively by humans, that to fail to acquire language is to fail to acquire thought. There is some damage that cannot be undone.

The narrator of Burnside's terrifying little story is not stranger to damage. His vagabond father and self-dramatising mother keep him at home and dissociate him to the point where, once they are dead, no one else is real. The damage he does is a requital of subtler damages done to him.

He acquires an interest in language: it might have been anything, strictly speaking, and he would have found ways of

turning the pursuit of knowledge into the abuse of power. Language, though, is a novelist's business, and Burnside shows the perversion into monstrosity of his own natural curiosity. And Burnside's own reading in popular linguistics and cognitive studies is rehearsed at a length which never quite becomes tedious because it's represented as the symptom of a dangerous monomania.

The narrator's quest for knowledge leads him to a mother whom he repeatedly rapes when she is drunk, and a child whom he brutalises. The child is speechless, but not without a certain knowingness; the narrator breaks his fingers for dumb insolence, the first indication that the resistance of the powerless will has its price.

He pursues knowledge with the ferocity of the hobbyist and the autodidact. Burnside's intense cynicism about the

The Dumb House by John Burnside, Cape, £8.99

library not to read, but to look at pictures.

The narrator is not, ever, in control. When he brutally murders Lillian's beggar boyfriend, it is through a misunderstanding. Lillian dies in childbirth under his inexpert care - there are some things you cannot just look up in a book. His experiment with the twin children he bears him is endlessly frustrated: he played them non-vocal music and they develop a private language of chant and singing. Even toddlers can frustrate him.

But of course he has more power than the twins. He severs their vocal chords and then, satisfied at having suppressed their singing, poisons them. He has got away with it, and will do it again. It is at this point that we realise most fully that what we have just been harrowed by is fable as much as novel. If the narrator is not intended to be the western

rational mind in semi-allegorical action, he bears a more than passing resemblance to it.

This is a powerful addition to that sub-genre of fiction which consists of Theophrastian portraits of the dangerously mad: a sub-genre that includes, for example, Iain Banks's *The Wasp Factory* and John Lanchester's *The Debt To Pleasure*. To add moralising to the pleasures of the sub-genre is bad faith, though. Surely our pleasure in visiting such imaginary Bedlam is itself a symptom of the whimsical, all-powerful rationality that Burnside so much dislikes.

'A powerful addition to the sub-genre of portraits of the dangerously mad, eg *The Wasp Factory* and *The Debt to Pleasure'*

Roz Kaveney

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For another guide to Go

Simon Calder A to Z of their names from the Ci

travel & outdoors

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The raw, chewy taste of paradise

Simon Felton found out why it cost £3.75 to stay on an Australian island. But the beach was great

That's not a knife, mate. Now, that's a knife." Big K pulled out a weapon that a Samurai warrior would be proud to own, and sliced an oyster off the rock. Big K or Mr Knowledge, a burly, resourceful Aussie, and his petite partner Miss K, were my neighbours and the only other people on Whitsunday Island.

The travel agent had persuaded me that three nights of beach-camping on an uninhabited Australian tropical island was a bargain at \$7.50 (£3.75). "We'll have to drag you off, for sure," I didn't need much persuasion; he was talking my price range.

At 42 square miles, Whitsunday is the largest island of 74 in the Whitsunday Group. They lie within a 30-mile radius of Shute Harbour on the Queensland coast, half-way between Mackay and Townsville. On Whitsunday, fine-grain white sands surround a dense, green interior of eucalyptus and vine forests, rising to a 1,430ft central peak.

I clambered off the boat, fell into the clear, warm water and thrashed frantically away from a shoal of manta rays. Dragging my gear up Whitehaven Beach, I ducked beneath an electric-blue swarm of Ulysses butterflies to reach the "camp site", or rather, spaces between trees lining the beach. These beetle impressions were dispelled by a four-mile golden arc – one of Australia's finest beaches.

I had brought supplies – cheap-brand tinned spaghetti shapes, 20 litres of water, a camp stove and a toilet roll. Island amenities are kept at a minimum (lavatories and picnic tables) as, like many in the group, Whitsunday is a National Park.

Big K had his tent pitched, and was cooking breakfast before I could find my sunglasses and lotion. "Real beaut, mate, this is what it's all about, enjoying nature's own." That was partly true. More realistically neither his resources nor mine stretched to an exclusive resort island. Nearby, the islands of Hayman and Hamilton offer luxury at a cost.

After breakfast I explored the beach – the first of many such ventures. I took plenty of stops to cool off in the water, taking care to avoid shoals of manta rays hidden under the sand. They have poisonous tail spikes and treading on one would have necessitated hitching a boat to the mainland for treatment. Turtles basked in the sunlight which penetrated the shallow depths.

On my return I found the lavatories, and soon wished that I hadn't – a couple of unfit wooden butts with holes in the floor, sensitively hidden in the forest. They could be found by following your nose. Orb spiders had built formidable webs across the cubicle doorways. I preferred a quiet spot next to a eucalyptus instead,

Getting there

The nearest International airport to Whitsunday Island is Cairns. There are no direct flights from Britain, but plenty of connections are possible. Austravel (0171-734 7755) currently has a fare of £644 return (including tax) on Singapore Airlines from Heathrow. From Cairns, you travel to Proserpine by rail or bus in 12 hours, or by air in two. Buses run from here to Shute Harbour and Airlie Beach, both access points for the Whitsundays.

where at least I could identify what had bitten my rear.

The neighbours decided we should sample the local delicacy: black-lipped oysters. We tracked down a colony to a corner of the rocky shore. My flimsy camping knife, however, was not up to prising molluscs off the rocks. So Big K, in *Crocodile Dundee* mode, severed enough to woo the entire population of Queensland. As the live raw creatures trailed suggestively down my throat I cursed Paul Hogan, wishing that the plastic crocodile be wrestled had been real.

Dinner was taken each evening in the company of the neighbours – a picnic table for three please, waiter. It wasn't necessary to book to guarantee the best seat in the house, where one could pay homage to the departing sun. When I had finished, and was still hungry enough to have eaten fried turtle, I was graciously allowed to tuck into their turkey schnitzel leftovers.

Each night the disappearance of a wide expanse of red fire and the appearance of a silver orb signalled revellie for the local fruit bats to come out and play.

We would retire after dinner and play cards. The loser had to collect sea water and scrub the dishes. When the temperature dropped I would head for my canvas, to read by candlelight and swat swarms of mosquitoes.

I had a sketch map of the island which indicated a bush track leading up to Whitsunday Peak. I found the spot where it was supposed to begin, only to come across

an impenetrable wall of bush. As for surfing, there were no waves, so I played in the sand instead. Huge, sloping dunes provided platforms for sand body-surfing – good fun, except for the hazard of swallowing too much sand.

Back at camp, Big K had a better idea. "Coconuts are sweet, mate," he shouted down, as he shimmied up the tree to collect his milky prize. I threw sticks up to claim mine. We lopped off the tops of the husks and bored into the meaty, milk centre. Miss K tucked into her refreshing drink while I found my coconut to be unripe. The milk, far from a tropical sensation, curdled in the stomach, chewy rubber. So much for the taste of paradise.

Big K didn't need nature's bounty. He had enough goodies to open a beach-side café. Meanwhile I had to impose stiff rationing measures, scrapping off the local fruit bats to come out and play.

Each night the disappearance of a wide expanse of red fire and the appearance of a silver orb signalled revellie for the local fruit bats to come out and play. We would retire after dinner and play cards. The loser had to collect sea water and scrub the dishes. When the temperature dropped I would head for my canvas, to read by candlelight and swat swarms of mosquitoes.

On the morning of departure I swapped my beach towel for plush white leather seats, sipped a diet Coke, and bared the crew of the boat that picked us up with "yeah it was really cool" stories that they had probably heard before.

After a reptile-free fruit breakfast we were to have a snorkelling trip.

Hook Reef Manta Ray Bay is part of the Great Barrier Reef, and the only Special Management Area in the Whitsundays. Coral and algae formed the reef by settling upon the rocks. Fast currents and high salt concentrations have nourished a rich and colourful diversity of corals.

For the benefit of beginners, myself included, there was a snorkelling lesson off Whitehaven. Whilst I sucked in the Coral Sea through my snorkel, Big K was half way to Cairns. At the reef, the crew threw bread overboard to entice parrot and butterfly fish – with a subsequent eruption of electric blues, striking reds and black-and-white stripes. Fat Albert, a 100kg Maori wrasse, emerged from the depths to steal the show. I bolted to the surface. "Anyone got any bait?" – a 10lb worm, perhaps?

Back on the mainland and the campsite at Airlie Beach, the receptionist diplomatically informed me that "the showers are over there, mate". I took the hint and had my first wash with soap and fresh water in four days. Then I lay back on the caravan sofa, switched on the TV and cracked open a chilled beer. Fortunately there was a rugby league game on, natural entertainment for most blokes, though oot for Big K – who was probably skinning a wallaby for supper.



PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN BARRAUD/TSW

For another world, follow the guide to God's own islands

Simon Calder with an ocean-to-ocean tour of places that take their names from the Christian calendar. It's heavenly ...

In a rare display of wit, perhaps, Captain James Cook named the sparkling archipelago off the coast of Queensland the Whitsunday Islands; the joke was that he in fact discovered them on Whit Monday, 1770. By then the captain was struggling for inspirational place names, as witnessed in the choice of Flat Island, Broad Sound and Long Island, just south along the Queensland shoreline.

When the explorer or geographer needs help with place names, Christian festivals can help a great deal. The founders of Epiphany, South Dakota, must have praised God for allowing them to settle on 6 January, while exactly 17 months ago I spent a happy eve of the Nativity at the Christmas Pass Hotel in Zimbabwe, hearing how the pass was first traversed by Europeans one 25 December.

From Lent (Holland) to Trinity Peninsula (Antarctica) via Jesus Island (Quebec), Christianity can take you on a mission around the world. North America is excellent territory for uplifting nomenclature: Heart's Delight and Heart's Content, both in Newfoundland, four Valentines in the US, and a good scattering of Paradeses.

All that is missing is Heaven. But for a true idyll – defined in my dictionary as "a scene of happy innocence or rustic simplicity" – you should plan a calendar of island-hopping around the following enchanted lands.

Easter Island
Drop the Isle of Wight into the middle of the South Pacific, and this is what you get: the world's most remote inhabited island. Captain Cook drifted in

on the Humboldt Current in 1770, possibly following the course adopted by the first settlers from South America; some, though, maintain that Asiatic explorers discovered the island. Whoever they were, their achievements were extraordinary. The hillsides are decked with hundreds of

established a tracking station here. Since the Falklands War, the rocky terrain has resounded to the roar of an RAF T1Star four times each week; Ascension is a mere refuelling stop between Brize Norton and Mount Pleasant air force bases.

The traditional approach, of perched where the calibrator would be – is perversely called Poland.

This is part of the far-from-grand empire of Kiribati, and the time on Christmas Island is 10 hours and many decades behind that in Britain. To experience this idyll, fly in to the airfield that unhappily adjoins the Bay of Wrecks. You need to fix up this connecting flight from Tarawa, the closest that the discount agent Quest Worldwide (0181-547 3322) can get you for a fare of £1,443 for travel from London on Christmas Eve.

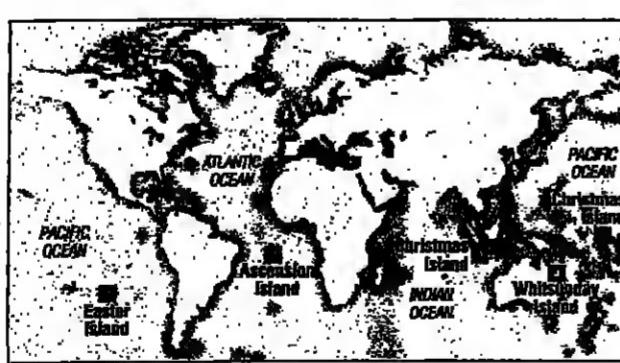
Christmas Island (Indian Ocean)

The same agency will get you from London to here for only £1,402 on Christmas Day, with a change of planes in Perth. Did this speck of land, discovered by one Captain Mynars on 25 December 1643, put the "X" in Xmas? Possibly not, but your luggage tag will show the code XCH.

Although the nearest mainland is Java, 200 miles away, Christmas Island is officially part of Australia, 1,000 miles distant. The population comprises those who extract phosphate from the island, and their support staff. But as tourism makes its relentless way to the farthest-flung corners of the globe, a hotel development is now under way.

In theory, you could fly from Christmas (Indian Ocean) to Christmas (Pacific Ocean) across the International Date Line in successive days, and enjoy two Christmases in Christmas. But you'd have to be crackers.

Additional research by Patricia Morse



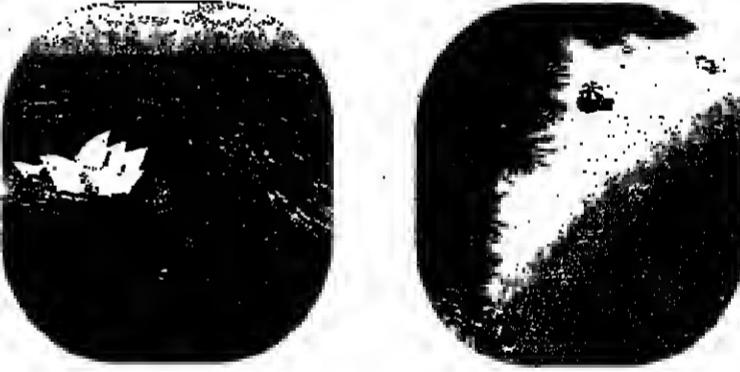
Maoi, cartoon-like stone figures. They were sculpted from volcanic rock and then moved many miles to their assigned positions.

Today, the 2,000 incumbents are officially Chilean citizens, even though Santiago de Chile is more than 2,000 miles east. You can fly there from Britain using British Airways as far as Madrid, then Lan Chile via Santiago; South American Experience (0171-976 5511) has a return fare of £890.

Ascension Island
Every now and again, the jobs pages of the BBC's journal *Ariel* are enlivened by the best job in the corporation: manager of the World Service transmitter on Ascension Island, a tropical splotch six miles across between Brazil and Africa.

The index of "rustic simplicity" or "happy innocence" began to decline when Nasa

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Time stands still in lovely Clovelly

Adrian Mourby climbs the steep streets of a feudal fishing village in Devon

Staying on Clovelly's main thoroughfare, you wake up not to the noise of traffic but to the strange sound of wooden sledges slithering over cobblestones as the village porters bring in milk and bread. Clovelly clings on to the North Devon cliffs in a jumbled pile of housing, stacked 400ft high. Its main street is so steep that everything has to be brought in on sledges, then tugged back up the alarming gradient by donkeys, or slidden down to be dumped on the quayside. When the big bags go out, Clovelly must be quite a sight.

It's necessary to catch this village early because by 10am the coach parties start arriving. OAPs pile in by the busload, keen to see an unspoilt 19th-century fishing village but appalled by the steepness of Clovelly's main street, known as Up-A-Long, or Down-A-Long, depending on which way you're facing. Some take one look down an incline that resembles a cobbled ski slope and turn back straight away, heading for the car park and visitor centre where an audio-visual presentation can show those tourists with vertigo – and a fear of crowds – what they're missing out on below.

Iodded, you can approach the village only through the Clovelly Centre. It's a modern building that is well suited to its purpose of processing tourists (admission to the village costs £2) and providing them with as many knick-knacks, and cups of tea, as they could possibly want. The existence of the Centre means that Clovelly itself has not been spoilt by commercialisation. But it also means that this ancient village is packaged at the turnstiles like a full-size Legoland!

Some visitors may grumble at what they regard as exploitation of a monopoly by the owner of Clovelly, the Hon John Rouse, but one clear benefit of this "lord of the manor" arrangement is a low count of souvenir kitsch. All thoughts of phoniness are put aside when you reach the main street. Thanks to the energetic – if somewhat twee – ambitions of Mr Rouse's predecessors, the sight that greets a new visitor at the top of Up-A-Long is everything a tourist could wish for: whitewashed



stone cottages, roofs in a patchwork jumble and a profusion of flower-boxes. Cats stalk imperiously across the cobblestones as if they have never heard of automated transport, which – judging by the occasional missing tail – may be the case. Even Sir Nikolaus Pevsner was moved to write that Clovelly was "superficially genuine".

However, what may strike you as strange for a little Devon fishing village are the initials CH, embossed on the facade of each cottage. Their owner, Christine Hamlyn, owned Clovelly in the early part of this century – and was a force to be reckoned with. She refurbished virtually every building in her village and left her own stamp, literally, on each. The Hamlyn family were wealthy London bankers who, in 1738, bought up Clovelly Court and found they also had a crumbling medieval quayside on their hands. Sir James Hamlyn planted trees around the village to lend it an air of verdant seclusion, but it was Christine who did so much to preserve Clovelly in aspic.

William Morris's Arts & Crafts movement was an influence on her work, although the motto she emblazoned over the lodge at Clovelly Court – Go North, Go South, Go East, Go West: Home's Best – suggests a woman of more mid-debut aspiration.

Clovelly was already popular when Christine inherited it. Two Victorian sentimentalists, Charles Kingsley and Charles Dickens, had done much to attract visitors. Kingsley's father was rector of Clovelly for four years and he used it as a setting for his novel *Westward Ho!* Today Kingsley's house, half-way down Up-A-Long, has been turned into a museum and gift shop.

There isn't a great deal more of Clovelly to see once you have walked down to the harbour and back up again, but visitors do it all day long, enjoying the absence of motor vehicles and the exclusion of just about every sign of 20th-century life – except for rampant overpopulation and one large red telephone box outside the post office.

There are two tea shops owned by Mr Rouse, and food is to be had at both pubs – the New Inn at the top, and the Red Lion down on the harbour.

By evening the day trippers have departed and a side door is opened at the Clovelly Centre so that anyone can come and go free of charge. Now the village belongs once again to the locals, the residents and the cats. All three congregate on the quayside, beside the Red Lion, and in the New Inn's Up-A-Long bar.

As the night sets in, people teeter back home – and, given the angle at which Clovelly is built, it's difficult to do anything other than teeter. Then suddenly the village is quiet again. When I slept at Clovelly not even the sea surged, as if it, too, was aware that this is a village whose entire economy is based on offering other-worldly serenity to that much busier world outside.



Picture postcard pretty: Clovelly looks as if it is preserved in aspic

CHRISTOPHER JONES

The deeper you get into this book, the more you realise that it is a 'Majorca-on-10-bottles-a-day' guide



Simon Calder

There can be few more convivial holidays than a week in Majorca in the estimable company of Frederick Chamberlin, the former American vice-consul to the island. The gentleman died decades ago, but he left visitors with the priceless *Chamberlin's Guide to Majorca*. The book was published in 1925, before Franco brutalised Spain and mass tourism changed the country irreversibly. Yet there is still much to be said for travelling the island with it as a companion.

Mr Chamberlin begins with Majorca's considerable advantages. "They have no divorce laws, women do not smoke, nobody drinks strong liquors." He then proposes a tour of the city of Palma, beginning at the cathedral: "one of the first 10 churches of the whole world". Later, the traveller, always assumed to be male, is given instructions for reaching the street known as the Rambla, "where people ramble at all idle hours which they deem appropriate. There was, and is, another rambling place – the real Rambla, to the rear of the Grand Hotel – but the people refuse to ramble there, and so the Rambla is only such by name."

Mr Chamberlin rambles on in that manner for some 200 pages. The deeper you get into the book, the more it becomes clear that it is a kind of 'Majorca-on-10-bottles-a-day' guide.

Very good table claret can be had for 7d per litre", Mr Chamberlin reports. Later: "If

the night be passed at Soller, a room can be had for 2-3 pesetas in the vicinity of the railroad station, where there are three hosterías. Trains can be had on the following morning at 6.00 and 9.15, after a debauch of rice, wine and coffee with better ensaladas than are to be had in Palma at a total expense of say 7-8 pesetas if one be extravagant in his choice of the fluids."

Should you take up the suggestion of a walk in the mountains, Mr Chamberlin stresses:

"To minimise the chances of error, the traveller should have a common, cheap compass for when it is exceptionally important to him to learn the true direction."

Mr Chamberlin rambles on in that manner for some 200 pages. The deeper you get into the book, the more it becomes clear that it is a kind of 'Majorca-on-10-bottles-a-day' guide.

Very good table claret can be had for 7d per litre", Mr Chamberlin reports. Later: "If

capacity for not exceeding 7 pesetas per diem, and a boy for half that sum, there is little excuse for solitary trips."

Meanwhile, the womenfolk are busy practising discretion: "There is a degree of modesty in feminine dressing here that no longer obtains in the more highly cultivated countries." The sunbathers on the beach in Magaluf this week seemed unaware of that platitude.

Mr Chamberlin strikes one or two notes of warning – first about health care. "There is an exceptional opening for an

up-to-date English or American doctor with good manners to come to Majorca for practice during the winter months."

And in a spooky anticipation of the six million tourists who flood the island each year, Mr Chamberlin warns that he would hate to see too many visitors: "for they will surely destroy the present atmosphere of the fishing village. To enter one of the very good fundas only to find every room full of Anglo-Saxons is a great disappointment." He would not be a happy man in Magaluf now.

How could the author of this slim guide have afforded to travel so widely and indulged himself so much? All is revealed on page 25, when Mr Chamberlin deals with foreign diplomatic representation on the island. As mentioned above, he was US vice-consul – but that turns out to have been a temporary posting:

"Since the writer presented his first expense account as American vice-consul several years ago, the United States have not felt able to afford any consular official here."



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Grand designs

Anna Pavord visits a Dorset garden created from scratch

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on both sides. Those who are stuck with hefty laid paths going where they don't want them, dream of the wonders of a green-field site and the infinite possibilities that nothingness represents. Those who have nothing, long for a few features to pin a design on: a tree, a hit of wall, even a shed, if it can be covered in trellis and act as the focus of a viewpoint.

lis and act as the focus of a viewpoint. My greatest sympathies are with those who start with nothing, which is why I was so impressed with the work that the garden designer Cary Goode has carried out at her home, Thorndhill Park, Stalbridge, in north Dorset. The 18th-century house sits cold, bare and exposed on the top of high ground with views in all directions.

high ground, with views in all directions. But you don't get views without also being exposed to wind, and this garden has little natural shelter. James Thornhill, Hogarth's father-in-law, who built the house in the 1720s, must have been some crazy kind of megalomaniac to choose such a position. Building at a time when "Capability" Brown's landscape movement was all the rage, he never got round to making a garden.

Well that doesn't sound like nothing to me, you may be muttering rebelliously. A

Palladian villa, lovely views ... But if you go there, you are more aware of the problems to be overcome than the advantages of the situation.

When Cary Goode and her husband, Richard, moved into Thornhill Park three years ago, all she had to work with were a lawn, a field and a cedar tree. The formal house called for a formally designed garden, but Mrs Goode believes passionately that a garden should fit visually into the wider landscape. So the views presented difficulties in terms of the design. In this situation, the wider landscape needs to be imposed. It dominates, in hornbeam arbour are only the skeletal beginnings of the splendid features Mrs Goode hopes they will be in 20 years time. But that is why I found it interesting. You rarely get a chance to see a garden laid out on such an ambitious scale so early in its development. Mature gardens make design seem easy. Here you can feel the thinking.

Because you still seem close to the thinking.

Because you still seem close to the decision-making, you feel freer than in an established garden to disagree with some things. I would not have used the purple-leaved sycamore for the short, introductory avenue to the house. And I would not have made the narrow, well-planted alley (*bergenia*, box balls, *viburnum*) up the right-hand side of the formal garden on the north front of the house finish in a dead end. Blind alleys make me feel... I could go on.

the farthest and lowest of the levels, you look back over banks of silver and gold plantings which are hidden from the house itself.

This is, of course, still a young garden: nascent yew hedges cower behind sheltering hazel hurdles, the nut walk and the

trapped. I would have made an escape through the adjoining rose garden.

The clay soil, says Mrs Goode, is "dire", but you'd scarcely know it from the lazy, settled look of the borders, where there are plenty of self-set seedlings jostling for space. I particularly liked the

justing for space. I particularly liked the

Mrs Davies writes from Islington, north London, to ask how she can get hold of seeds of comfrey. She doesn't say what sort of comfrey, but the most generally grown one is Russian comfrey, *Symphytum x uplandicum*. This is a perennial, which grows about 3ft high and is the type that organic gardeners use to make liquid feeds. It is high in potash. You steep the leaves in a vat and use the resulting liquid diluted with water. The seed, though, is quite difficult to germinate. Each seed seems set to a different clock, so they break through in ones and twos over a long period. In this instance, I'd forget seed and buy a plant. As comfrey is so vigorous, you can quickly increase stock by splitting and replanting clumps in early

autumn. But seed is available (£1.50) from Suffolk Herbs, Monks Farm, Coggeshall Road, Kelvedon, Essex CO5 9PG (01376 572456).



CUTTINGS

and Jacob's ladder, written by the collection holders. The directory is available from good bookshops (£3.50) or direct from the National Council for the Preservation of Plants and Gardens, The Pines, Wisley, Woking, Surrey GU23 6QP. Add 50p for postage and packing.

The Yorkshire Gardens Trust, together with the University of York, has arranged a one-day course, to be held on 24 July at

King's Manor, York, on the Reverend William Mason, an important figure in gardening in the 18th century. The Rev Mason, a Yorkshireman, was the biographer of Thomas Gray (he of the "Elegy"), friend of Horace Walpole and author of an influential poem of the age, "The English Garden". One of his most important commissions was Nuneham Park, in Oxfordshire, which he modestly claimed to have designed with "a Poet's Feeling and a Painter's Eye". The conference marks the 200th anniversary of his death. Tickets (£25, to include lunch) are available from Mrs Arnold Rakusen, Yorkshire Gardens Trust, Ling Beeches, Ling Lane, Scarcroft, Leeds LS14 3HX. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

A big pot of millennium money (£21m) went to the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, so that it could set up a millennium seed bank at its country outpost, Wakehurst Place in Sussex. There are about 250,000 different species of flowering plants in the world. The seed bank aims to collect and conserve seed of all wild plants growing in the UK, as well as about 25,000 of the world's most endangered plant species. So far, Britain is the only country that has plans to conserve its native flora in this way. Kew still needs to raise more than £5m to fulfil its ambitious scheme. For £15 you can sponsor a species. The ultimate birthday present? For more details contact Lucy Grubb at the Kew Foundation, Richmond, Surrey TW9 3AB, or call 0973 102 000.

Bedding plants have been surging into garden centres all this month. When buying, check that the compost in the trays has not shrunk away from the sides - a sign that the plants have not been getting enough water. They should be bushy, compact, firm and a good colour. There should not be a mat of roots hanging out of the bottom of the tray. If the suppliers sowed seed too early, that is their problem. Don't let hustlers make it yours as well.

Keep a weekly check on growth of clematis, which can get into an unholy tangle. Tie in growths firmly where plants are set against a trellis or wall. If the clematis is scrambling over another shrub, leave it to its own devices.

Anyonc who has not yet planted sweet corn outside may like to try the black polythene method. It is unsightly, but labour-saving. Plant the seeds through holes cut in heavy-duty polythene. 18in apart each way.

Plant out tender vegetables such as outdoor tomatoes. Sow French and runner beans, if you have not already done so. Earth up new potatoes as the shoots come through the soil. Cover the plants with newspaper or Agryl if there is any danger of late frost.

Remove dead flower heads from mahonia and clip over sprawling mats of aubrieta and arabis when they have finished flowering. Tie in growths of cordon-trained sweet peas and lash delphiniums firmly to their stakes as they grow.

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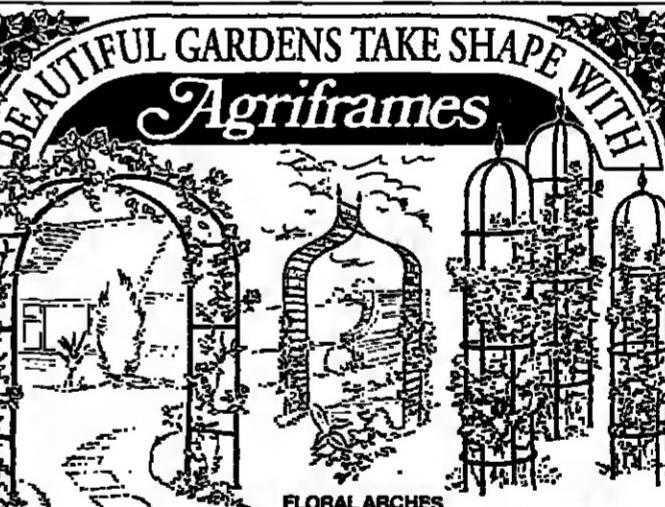
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Hare today, gone tomorrow?

One of Britain's great survivors is now under threat, writes Daniel Butler

Conservationists are alarmed by a sharp decline in Britain's brown hare population. Although extinction is still a long way off, they agree that urgent action is needed to help one of the oldest members of our fauna.

"Hares are remarkable animals. There's no other comparatively small animal that lives in the open, completely exposed to elements all year round," points out Liz Bradshaw. Now a research associate at Cambridge Zoology Department, she studied hares for her PhD and is a great admirer of their resilience. But says this is being put to severe test.

Britain has two species of hare, the mountain, or blue hare, *Lepus timidus*; and the brown, or European, *Lepus europeus*, a creature of arable farmland. Living in the open, they are relatively easily seen, and are at their most conspicuous during the "mad March" breeding season when the normally solitary creatures indulge in seemingly pointless chases (males driving off rivals) and "boxings" (females rebuffing over-ambitious mates).

Hares are larger than rabbits, have much longer legs, and – except when running flat-out – carry their ears upright. And while a hare's first instinct is to make for cover when threatened, a hare usually heads for open ground, relying on speed and stamina to out-distance its enemies. Close up, the distinction is even easier: hares are generally reddish-

brown (rather than grey), and have black tips to their ears. Their large, bulbous eyes give them a slightly eerie appearance, perhaps explaining their mythical role as witches' familiars.

The fact that such superstitions can be traced back to the Celts who worshipped the creature, suggests that brown hares – unlike rabbits – are indigenous. Yet recent research points to their introduction between 500BC and 500AD; the animal of Celtic myth was probably the mountain hare.

Whatever their origins, brown hares slowly increased in numbers as land came under cultivation. Experts believe they probably peaked around the turn of this century, at about 4 million, then declined during the Twenties and Thirties. After the Second World War agricultural improvements led to a rise in numbers, but the population fell sharply during the Seventies and Eighties.

The decline is now thought to have levelled off, but an accurate census is difficult. The greatest numbers are generally found in arable areas, yet even here populations fluctuate widely. One survey puts the mid-winter population at between 1.3 and 1.9 million; another estimates it at 820,000. Extrapolating numbers from shooting returns, the Game Conservancy Trust puts the population at just 1 million. This has triggered sufficient alarm for the hare to be given its own biodiversity action plan,



In decline: the brown hare
PHOTOGRAPH: NHP/MANFRED DANEGGER

and now a working group, headed by the Game Conservancy and the Mammal Society, is looking for ways of doubling hare numbers by the year 2010.

Agricultural intensification is thought to be one of the major problems. This has shifted food production away from traditional mixed farming to autumn-sown, single-crop farms with larger fields. The result, according to Steve Gibson, species advisor for the Joint Nature Conservation Committee, is a dearth of food at critical times of the year. "There are plenty of tender shoots in the winter and spring,"

he says, "but little in summer as the crops ripen."

This does not give the whole picture, however, because hares remain numerous in intensively farmed areas such as East Anglia, while falling in numbers in the smaller, "mixed" farms of the West Country. Here a shift from haymaking to silage may explain the decrease, as the young – leverets – which are born and suckled in the open, are vulnerable to the mowing machines.

Increased predation is another factor. Apart from man, foxes are the main enemy and numbers

have increased as traditional gamekeeping has declined. Research on a Leicestershire farm suggests that culling foxes can reverse the downward trend: "When the Game Conservancy took the 700-acre farm over in 1992 there were only half-a-dozen hares," says Stephen Tapper, director of research at the Game Conservancy. "We began fox control and now there are between 100 and 200 hares." Even so, he says, predation is worsened by modern agriculture, which forces inexperienced leverets out of ripening crops to forage around field edges where they are easily ambushed.

Mr Tapper believes that if the action plan is to achieve its objective of doubling numbers by 2010, there will have to be a general change in farming practices: "The key is going to be getting agri-environment schemes working in arable and pastoral areas," he says. "That probably means incorporating more grassland and a wider range of crops in arable areas, and patches of longer grass in pastoral ones." He admits, however, that in the long term the future of the brown hare is likely to be more closely linked to Common Agricultural Policy reform than to mere good intentions.

For a free fact sheet about the brown hare, send an SAE to The Mammal Society, 15 Cloisters House, 8 Battersea Park Road, London SW8 4BG.

The scramble for Offa's Dike

Weekend walks: Over hill and dale, in country once the battleground of Celts and Saxons, Hamish Scott follows the contours from Llanthony Priory to the mound of Offa

Few pubs can match the Abbey Hotel in Llanthony for its romantic setting. The vale of Ewyas, in the Brecon Beacons National Park, is an idyllic valley of lush pastures, woods and ancient hedgerows sheltered by steep mountain ridges.

A narrow lane, following the river's course up to the Gospel Pass, winds past the ruins of Llanthony Priory, a skeleton of Gothic stonework standing out from the fields. Despite appearances, however, the priory is far from lifeless. Since the Dissolution of the Monasteries, its old infirmary has been the parish church, while an undercroft beneath the prior's quarters has become the local pub. Far from any tourist route, and untouched by heritage consultants, Llanthony Priory is still as much a thriving centre of the valley as it was five centuries ago.

Signboards from the abbey car park indicate the start of paths up the hills behind. The line of Offa's Dike marks the English border just a mile to the east, but a thousand feet above the valley. Our intention was to climb up to this ancient Iron Curtain that once divided Celt from Saxon, take a distant look at Hereford through our binoculars and then head back to Llanthony for our lunch. Judging from the map, the route looked quite straightforward. We laced up our boots and set off in the expectation of a pleasant stroll. We should, perhaps, have paid rather more attention to the contours and the clouds.

Behind the abbey ruins, the right of way runs through a pasture grazed by mountain ponies before diverging to the left across a stream into a steeply rising field.

As we climbed, panoramic views opened out across the valley and the stream cut an ever-deeper gorge in the hillside. Then, crossing the ravine, we found a ruined tower with a hiker in a bright cap poking round its fallen masonry. This, as we were informed in considerable detail, was the never-finished dreamhouse of the poet Walter Savage Landor, who briefly and tempestuously owned Llanthony early in the 19th century.

Despite its unique setting, the Abbey Hotel is an unpretentious pub serving hearty food to satisfy the appetites of farmers and exhausted walkers. A home-made stew of beans and lamb was perfect for our needs, basic pilgrim fare that seemed in keeping with the bare stone floor and vaulted ceiling of the ancient room. As we left, a shaft of sunlight pierced the clouds, shining down into the ruined nave through the gaping hole of the west window. A buzzard soared above our heads. There was a burst of singing from the bar.

"The walk was worth it just for this," said my companion.

Directions
Llanthony is 10 miles north of Abergavenny, between Llanfihangel Crucorney and Hay-on-Wye.

From the priory car park, follow signs to hill walks.

At the rear of the priory, continue across pasture and bear left before a gate, following a sign to "circular walk" across stile and stream.

Bear right over the stile at top of the field and cross the stream.

Ignoring the "way to hill" sign in the left, continue straight ahead, with Landor's ruin to the right. Continue along the path for

half a mile, passing Wirral Farm on right. Continue over cross-paths, following the sign to Cwmyoy, with stream and duck pond to your right. Follow the path uphill to Offa's Dike.

Return to the path and follow a dry-

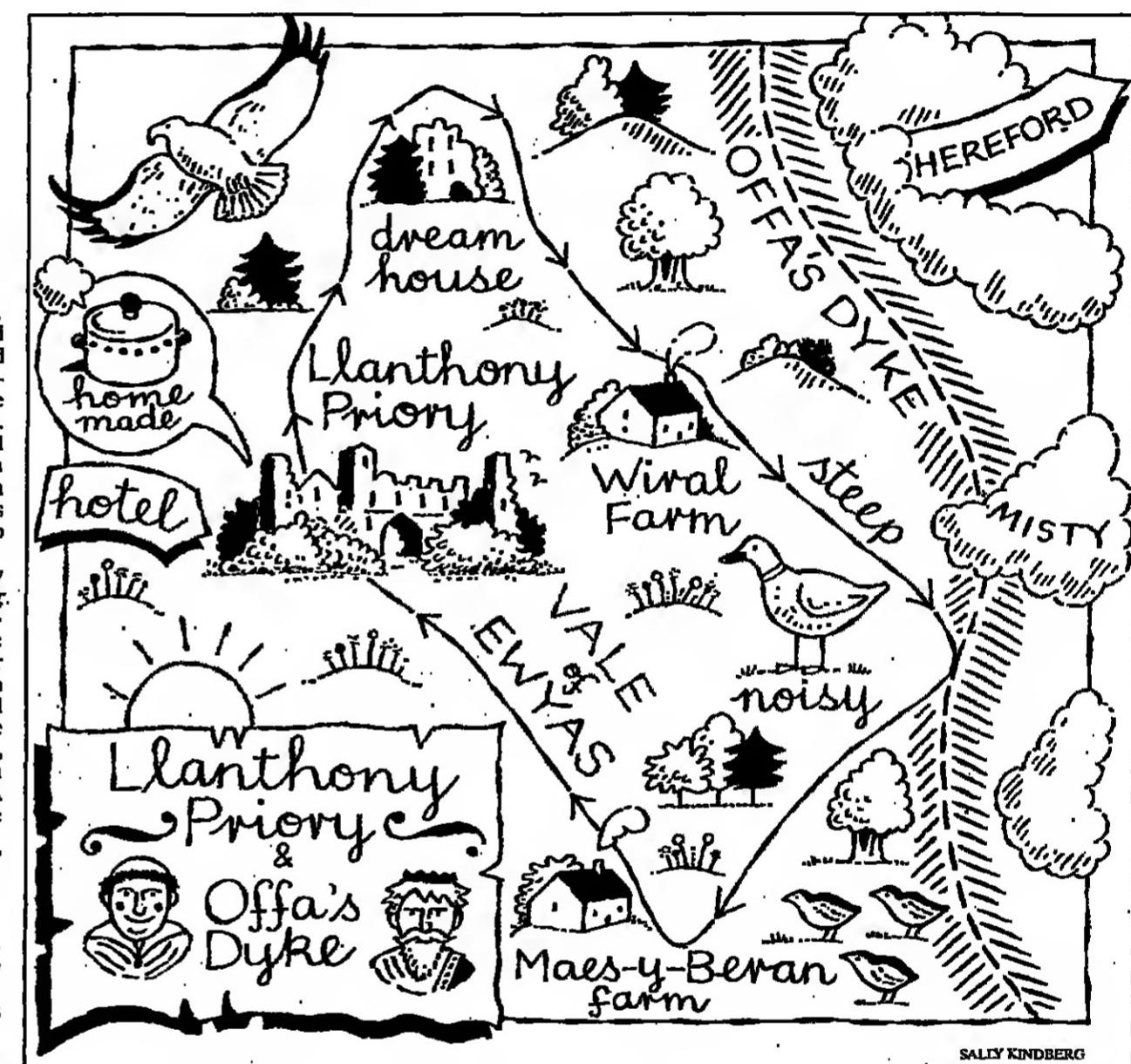
stone wall to the left. At a right-hand bend in wall, bear left along the path.

Continue down this path to Maes-y-Beran Farm. Turn right at the farm and follow the path for 1 mile to the road.

Continue for a quarter of a mile along

the road back to Llanthony.

Length of walk: five miles (two hours). OS maps: 1:50000 Landranger sheet 161; 1:25000 Outdoor Leisure sheet 13 (Brecon Beacons East).



SALLY KINBERG

Marching out with a flourish

Walking for wildlife is an attractive idea, and oohohody can't have put more thought into it than Roy Gage, chairman of the Gloucestershire Wildlife Trust. On Thursday he completed a marathoon perambulation of 400 miles, during which he visited every one of the county's 80 reserves and raised nearly £10,000 for conservation and education projects.

What was it that provoked a genial, easy-going man of 65 to such exertion? To find out, I joined him for a day's march, on which we set off from the market town of Tetbury and, after a roundabout, 11-mile hike, finished up in the Silk Wood, deep inside the Forestry Commission's magnificent arboretum at Westonbirt.

In earlier days Roy worked for Guinness (where he met his wife, Sue) and for Courage; but the spud that goaded him into the long march was his imminent retirement from his post as chairman of the Trust. Feeling that he ought to go out with a flourish, he conceived the notion of a major fundraising tour; further, he decided that he should walk out only round the reserves, but between them as well.

His first step was to build up stamina through a six-month, one-to-one course with Adrian Clift, a

young fitness trainer in Stroud. This cost £1,000, but was paid for by Nuclear Electric, Roy's principal sponsors. (One anonymous donor gave £1,000 outright, one couple £1 a mile.)

With his weight down by half a stone and his upper body strengthened, and launched by an enthusiastic letter from Prince Charles, Roy set out on 21 March, and since then has walked for 39 days out of a total of 65. On all but two he had company: his biggest following was 28-strong, his next largest a gaggle of 13 girl guides.

In all the 400 miles he had only one unpleasant encounter. Out with three friends north of Gloucester, he came to a gate laced shut with barbed wire. Because they were on an official footpath, they climbed over and carried on – only to meet a "big, red-faced fellow at 30,000ft and rising fast" who claimed to be the landowner! When they offered to show him the map, he blustered


Duff Hart-Davis
The 400-mile marathon to the country's 80 wildlife reserves

that he couldn't read it without his glasses, and they left him to seethe on his own.

No such aggravation marred the morning I spent in Roy's company. Soon we were passing Highgrove, Prince Charles's country home, and noting with approval the weed-flowers – dandelions, buttercups, daisies – in his organic pastures. One of the main pleasures of the walk, Roy said, had been to see wild flowers reappearing in numerous grass meadows.

The sight of a buzzard overhead, under harassment by two rooks, reminded him what a come-hawk the big hawks have made – another result of less aggressive farming. A gloomier spectacle was that of hedgehog elms which had grown to a height of 20ft but were starting to die, victims of Dutch elm disease.

On we waded through the gentle landscape, past Chavenage, a fine house of Norman origins, and along a bridleway to Beverston, whose

castle has remained in ruins since it was blown up during the Civil War. Legge relates that a young man in the Parliamentarian household at Chavenage loved a girl at Royalist Beverston, and used to cross these fields at night to visit her. Who could say that we were not treading the very path he used for his nocturnal assignments?

As we walked, Roy spoke fondly of his ultimate destination, Lower Woods, a square mile of ancient forest near Wotton-under-Edge, famous for its oaks. The block was offered to the nation in lieu of death duties by the executors of the 10th Duke of Beaufort, who died in 1984 after having expressed the wish that it should go to the Wildlife Trust: oow it is the Trust's largest reserve by far, the jewel in its crown.

There, on Thursday evening, Roy was welcomed by the novelist Joanna Trollope – herself on media achievement – and his achievement was celebrated with a barbecue and music, some made by humans, some by nightingales: a fitting end to a notable peregrination.

Donations may be sent to Gloucestershire Wildlife Trust, Duxbury Building, Robinswood Hill Country Park, Reservoir Road, Gloucester GL4 6SX.

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Beautiful, ugly, funny, cruel: the writer found Ouro Preto, above, to be a place of magical beauty

PHOTOGRAPH: BRUNO BARBEY/MAGNUM

Roll on down to Rio: win a week for two



Sunny daze: an example of the work at Brazil '97

Here's a chance to win a holiday for two in Brazil. Journey Latin America, Transbrasil and *The Independent* have teamed up to offer the prize of a week's two-centre holiday in Brazil for two.

The winners will fly from Gatwick on Friday evening* on Transbrasil, arriving in Salvador early next morning. You'll be met at the airport and transferred to the Hotel Tropical da Bahia.

A short taxi ride away is the colonial Pelourinho district, where the pastel blues and yellows of the tenements are home to the world-famous Olodum band.

A couple of days later you'll fly on to Rio and the South American Copacabana hotel, a couple of blocks from the beach.

Rio — where the tropic waters of the Atlantic lap the world's most famous beaches — Ipanema and Copacabana — and where rainforest and colossal granite mountains are the backdrop to luxury apartments and colonial elegance. Rio — a *cidade maravilhosa*.

Don't miss the great sights: the statue of Christ the Redeemer overlooking the city, the forest of Tijuca, and Guanabara Bay. Or just laze on the beach.

*Travel restrictions apply; the return flight arrives at Gatwick at lunchtime the following Friday.

To have a chance of winning this prize, answer two simple questions this week and next, and complete the minimalist tie-breaker:

1. The Brazilian national stadium is known as the:

(a) Macarona

(b) Macareo

(c) Maracana

2. Christ the Redeemer stands atop the:

(a) Corcovado

(b) Sugar Loaf

(c) Table Mountain

3. The music celebrated at carnival is:

(a) calypso

(b) salsa

(c) samba

Tie breaker (in three words or fewer):

If I were to win this competition I'd fly down to Rio with:

Answers, on a postcard please, to be sent to Rio/Indie Competition, Journey Latin America, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. Entries close by June 5.

In the event of a tie, a panel of judges from Transbrasil, Journey Latin America and *The Independent* will decide on the winner. No correspondence will be entered into.

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Where serendipity rules

Liz Calder explored the interior, and found the home of a poet

Saudades is a Portuguese word with no exact equivalent in English. It means something like inconsolable, painful longings, for a person or a place, and I have been afflicted by a severe case of it in respect of Brazil.

It is difficult to say what it is about that awesome, awful country that draws me back. All I know is that when I am there I feel at home. Of course it boils down to the people: the particular racial mix — Indian, African and Portuguese — that has produced this beautiful, ugly, funny, cruel, richly talented, utterly charming, completely mad-dening, hedonistic, optimistic, pessimistic population known as *Brasileiros*. In many ways, they seem more European than the people of other Latin countries, especially in their literature. Read the newly republished *Epitaph of a Small Winner or Philosopher or Dog?* by Machado de Assis, a master of world literature to rank with Marquez and Borges, who wrote novels of Brazilian life and death with "the kind of humour that makes skulls smile" (Salman Rushdie), and you'll get the point.

Flicking through the selected letters of the American poet Elizabeth Bishop (*One Art*), I was intrigued to discover that she had lived for 15 years in Brazil, and had claimed those years as the happiest of her life. "I still feel as if I have died and gone to heaven without deserving it," she wrote soon after her arrival there in 1952. Those

letters written during the Sixties illuminated the four years I spent there from 1964-1968 and reminded me with sharp jabs of *saudades* why I have never managed to get the place out of my system. From her letters I was led on to her poetry and prose, and then on to that captivating book she selected into English, *The Diary of Helena Morley* (the far better Brazilian title is *My Life as a Young Girl*). This is the vivid, often very funny journal of a 12-year-old girl living in a remote mining town called Diamantina in the 1890s. The journal is, as Bishop says, still "as fresh as paint", and it offers as fitting an introduction to the "Brazilianness" of Brazil — albeit of a way of life long gone — as any other I can think of.

"I never spent such a disgusting day in my life as Good Friday. Chininha pretended she was sad about the death of Jesus Christ, and she went and read 'The Passion of Christ' out loud to Graodma, the way they do at school, and we all had to sit and listen to her. Everybody knows that I'm no saint, but when I'm in a group with others just like me, nobody notices. And now comes all this horrible pre-tending so the aunts will notice her ... Good Friday was a fast day for everyone in the house. I'm very unhappy about making sacrifices."

Back among the Bishop letters, I discovered that she and her architect friend Lota de Macedo Soares had lived together in a stunningly designed house that Lota had

built in Petropolis, a spa town in the mountains some hours from Rio, and later had bought and renovated an old house in the former gold mining town of Ouro Preto (Black Gold) in the state of Minas. This is a place of magical beauty which I had visited once in the Sixties

had, as an 18-year-old lad, accompanied Elizabeth and Lota on a trip up the Amazon. The down-side for me was that I couldn't gain entry to the Petropolis house, or even get to see it. The up-side awaited me in Ouro Preto. It is a nine-hour car journey

that make up the town. Ouro Preto emerged in the late 1600s after rich seams of gold were found in the surrounding hills. Pockets were promptly filled and no fewer than 25 gorgeous Baroque churches were built. The town still bristles with them, poking up into the azurite sky from every hilltop. Each corner you turn offers a natural and architectural delight. The hotel was filled with paintings and antiques, and I asked the owner, Pedro, whether by any chance he knew where Elizabeth Bishop's house was (illustrating the sort of faith I had in Brazilian serendipity that makes such a silly question worth asking — after all, she was living here 30 years ago and is hardly a household name there, or here for that matter). "Next door," he replied, pointing out of his dining room window to the neighbouring house, also clinging grimly to the steep hillside. It was Casa Mariana. I recognised it from photos I'd seen

"You don't, by any chance, know Lili Correia de Araujo, do you?" I further pushed my luck. Lili was a friend of Elizabeth Bishop's who had helped her renovate her house and to whom she had dedicated one of her most celebrated poems, "Under the Window: Ouro Preto". I knew Lili was still alive.

"She's my mother," came the laconic reply.

Anyway, I couldn't get into Elizabeth Bishop's house as the owner was away, but Pedro told me that his mother owned another hotel on



and, on a recent trip back to Brazil, I determined to seek out these houses.

For a variety of reasons, I had only two days to do it in, but one of the things I love about Brazil is that you can be certain that serendipity rules. I went to Petropolis and stumbled across a man who

from Rio, though you can fly to Belo Horizonte and then bus the last two-hour leg through the mountains. I took a hideously expensive cab, as my time was drawing away. I was told of a hotel on the outskirts of the town and found it hanging precariously off one of the dozens of steep hillsides

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Daniel Green has a niche selling designer labels out of town. He even has a 'creche' for bored men. By Andy Zneimer

Brand new heavy

Daniel Green is a true child of the boom-and-bust enterprise culture of the Eighties. His two flourishing Brand Centres, both in unfashionable suburbs of north London, and his Identikit fashion label, generate a turnover of some £20m and provide work for 265 staff.

Women's magazines have been quick to pick up on his business acumen and good looks, regularly featuring him as one of Britain's best-dressed and most eligible bachelors. The City is knocking at his door night and day, and there are plans to build more Brand Centres all over Britain. Indeed, some see in the 30-year-old Green the potential to emulate the success of Richard Branson; business analysts write that his may well be the name we will come to associate with the New Labour generation. Yet Green's prospects haven't always seemed so bright.

After being expelled from primary school, Green managed to secure a modest grant from the Small Firms Advice Bureau and went to



Stress-free zone: Daniel Green in the creche with the lads who can't face shopping

School, where his headmaster feared the worst for his promising student when non-academic distractions threatened to divert him from the path to Oxbridge. "He told me that I was going nowhere fast," explains Green ironically, as he drives me along London's North Circular road towards the original Brand Centre site in Enfield. "I had too much energy, and couldn't handle an autocratic system."

At the age of 17, with exams looming, Green took a couple of weeks off school to research the feasibility of realising his dream: the creation of a new fashion label, to be called Identikit. "My mum wouldn't write me a sick note," he continues, as we scratch to a halt in the giant Brand Centre car park. "I was officially expelled, although I was allowed to take my A-levels, which I passed without distinction."

After gleanings advice from a number of business studies lecturers at various local higher education institutions, Green managed to secure a modest grant from the Small Firms Advice Bureau and went to

work in a disused Barnsley warehouse. He hired Karen Wraith, a talented local designer, and a small team of other youngsters, and linked up with a clothing manufacturer to produce samples for the first Identikit collection, aimed at fashion-conscious 18- to 26-year-olds. Green and Wraith took the samples to Top Man, part of the Burton Group, and they returned triumphantly with their first orders.

"Top Man was very encouraging. We had concessions in Manchester, Newcastle and Oxford Circus pretty quickly," Green recalls. "Today we have 35 Identikit outlets, mainly in Top Man shops around Britain, with some in River Island stores and, of course, the rest in the Brand Centres. By the time I was 22, the business was turning over £3.5m."

In 1990, Green decided to put into place phase two of his plan to "make a difference in

current designer collections, so quality is guaranteed. Getting the brands to break their traditional retail route was difficult to begin with, but I think my confidence in the idea tipped the scales. We now have some 200 brands."

There is an initial £3 life-membership fee if you want to join the Brand Centre club. To date, some 220,000 folk have signed on in Enfield, with a further 60,000 registering at the new Brand Centre in Uxbridge on the outskirts of north-west London, which opened in December 1996.

One of the most innovative features of the Brand Centre phenomenon is the men's creche area, labelled a "stress-free zone". Here in a cafe I found Rob and Steve from Enfield purchasing freshly cut sandwiches to enjoy while watching a critical Premier League football match. Steve's wife was just disappearing

PHOTOGRAPH: ANDREW BUURMAN

from view with their four-year-old daughter to buy a top for her from the Paul Smith kids' range. Rob's girlfriend was somewhere in the store, possibly considering a Kenzo summer dress. With their YSL shirts by their sides, the boys were obviously in shopping heaven. "We conducted a survey," Green tells me, as we head towards his modest office. "Nearly all women hated shopping with their husbands. Most husbands just hated shopping."

"I want to open five more

Brand Centres in the next five years. Maybe one or two in Europe," says Green merrily. "It sounds like a cliché, but I am living proof that you can do virtually anything you dream about. We've made all these brands accessible. We've taken the elitism out of the designer experience without losing the aspirational appeal of it all. That's the key."

Under the counter with Lindsay Calder

They're all of it - like crazed rabbits. Everyone I know is either pregnant or has just given birth. A year ago none of these people knew what a baby looked like, and now they just can't stop making them. This week alone, two friends have produced more than 20lb of babies between them.

Even my best friend has just given birth. I found the first visit extremely stressful, worried that the sight of her offspring would render me unnaturally emotional, or, worse still, that the baby would be ugly. As I removed my fur-trimmed Astrakhan coat, and said "Well, where is he then?", she looked protectively towards the living room, making me feel like Cruella de Vil.

Each day, it seems, I have fewer DINKY allies. Nights out with the girls, and wine, wine and more wine in cramped Soho bars, have been replaced by Sunday afternoons of tea, carrot cake and baby admiration in nice places such as Putney. Girls who once wore sleek suits, had smart jobs and never ate in, have taken to wearing shapeless knitted jumpers and leggings. The highlight of their days is a trip to the supermarket to buy more nappies. *Identikit* and *Cosmo* have been purped for new reading matter - *Mother and Baby* and *Practical Parenting*. Reading these is not exactly encouragement to reproduce - in fact, they're enough to make the human race extinct. How about this for catch? "We got no sleep at all"; "I didn't brush my hair for days"; "My contractions started in Sainsbury's"; "What can I do about my cracked nipples?"

Recent visits to newborns have left me feeling anxious. A flat-chested actress friend was so delighted with her new swellings that, instead of feeding her baby directly, she removed her top completely and sat in the middle of the floor. She also passed round the birth album - "Look, that's me, seven centimetres mini-sombrero".

In the end I wasn't lost for words - he was rather beautiful. I think I even quite like babies. But I couldn't eat a whole one ...

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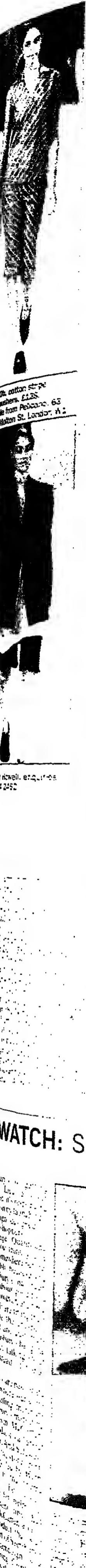
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WATCH: Sains



Justin Oh, cotton stripe pedal pushers, £128, available from Pellicano, 63 South Molton St, London W1.



Margaret Howell, enquiries 0171-584 2462



Clockwise from above:
Yellow stretch cotton pedal pushers by Soft Grey £21.99 (page 6, code E) available by mail order from La Redoute on 0500-777 777

Navy, red and white daisy print pedal pushers, £167, by

Bella Freud available from Pellicano, 63 South Molton Street, London W1 and Hervia, Royal Exchange Arcade, Manchester.

Royal blue waffle cotton pedal pushers from Nat Nat, 328 Oxford Street, London

Summer, and it's time to shorten those trouser legs and cycle back into fashion. Melanie Rickey looks at the latest revival of a perennial favourite: short pants, otherwise known as pedal pushers



W1 (0171-580 7463)

Lilac raw silk pedal pushers, £195, by Mulberry available from 11-12 Gees Court, Saint Christopher's Place, London W1 (0171-499 8368)

Red stretch cotton / lycra

Pedal Pushers £129 from Nicole Farhi, 158 New Bond Street, London W1, and branches nationwide (enquiries 0171-499 8368)

Stretch cotton blue and white gingham pedal pushers, £39.99, by Peter Golding available from 151 King's Road, London W1 (0171-351 3164)

Blue/beige cotton dogtooth check pedal pushers £39.99 (page 60, code E) by Irene Van Ryb available by mail order from La Redoute (as before)

PHOTOGRAPHS:
STILL LIFE, TONY
BUCKINGHAM
CATWALK: BEN
ELWES



Antonio Berardi, bronze pedal pushers, £295 (to order). Enquiries 0171-836 4265



Copperwheat Blundell, light-weight nylon camouflage pedal pushers, £120, from Liberty (0171-734 1234) and Pellicano (as before)

The German minimalist Jil Sander was the first designer to put tailored slim shorts back on to the catwalk during the winter of 1996. A trend was not born—but the fashion world noticed. A year down the line and Brits Copperwheat Blundell, Antonio Berardi, Bella Freud, Margaret Howell and Justin Oh simultaneously decided it was time to resurrect them, and six months later—hey presto—the shops are full of slim trousers that stop at the knee. In the Eighties we called them cycling shorts, but in the Nineties Donna Karan has called them "short pants", although the term most likely to illicit a nod of comprehension is pedal pushers.

The image conjured up by the words pedal and pusher involves rusty old bicycles and wicker baskets, or perhaps the Fifties Riviera looks popularised by Grace

Kelly, but today's interpretations are far from fusty. Antonio Berardi's spring/summer collection featured shiny bronze tailored short pants that looked modern and funky, worn with slashed deep-V T-shirts, and a frock coat and pedal pusher suit. Berardi was inspired by the idea of skinheads wearing shrunken trousers, and Bonnie Prince Charlie, but what came out on the catwalk was a sexy modern look. "They show off the calf better than a skirt can, and worn with high heels they

look brilliant. I don't design for women who are fussy," Antonio Berardi's spring/summer collection featured shiny bronze tailored short pants that looked modern and funky, worn with slashed deep-V T-shirts, and a frock coat and pedal pusher suit. Berardi was inspired by the idea of skinheads wearing shrunken trousers, and Bonnie Prince Charlie, but what came out on the catwalk was a sexy modern look. "They show off the calf better than a skirt can, and worn with high heels they

them to be reworked, and that was Berardi's attitude. "I like to pick up on forgotten items, then I can make them look completely new." Joey Davis, from the design company Jocelyn, is another designer who has been bitten by the pedal pusher bug, but it was by accident: "D magazine featured a pair of my trousers in a shoot which they had cut off at the knee. So many people responded that I had to make some myself, and they sold out," she says. Her microfibre pedal

pushers look like schoolboys' shorts; they are flat-fronted, but in baby blue, rouge and black, and when worn with mules and a smart jacket they make an evening look to rival a slick suit or long dress.

This summer, if you fancy wearing a shortened version of your favourite trousers you won't need to cut them in half (although that is an option); there are plenty on offer that haven't already been snapped up. Nicole Farhi and Mulberry have done classic shapes in fresh

colours that are ideal for the holidays, and Soft Grey, which is sold through the mail order catalogue La Redoute, has stretch cotton pedal pushers in a rainbow of colours from bright yellow to turquoise and white. These are perfect to wear with platform mules (shoes that expose the ankle are essential with pedal pushers; Hobbs do an excellent pair for £62.99) and a basic T-shirt. Joey Davis has some words of wisdom for first-time wearers. "Shorter people don't feel confident wearing them, so I advise them to alter the shorts so they rest above the knee. That will elongate the leg." Finally, if you are still not convinced, get yourself into a flowery pair from Bella Freud. Everyone will be so busy marvelling at the loud print that you won't have time to feel self-conscious instead you will feel—as you should—like a trendsetter.

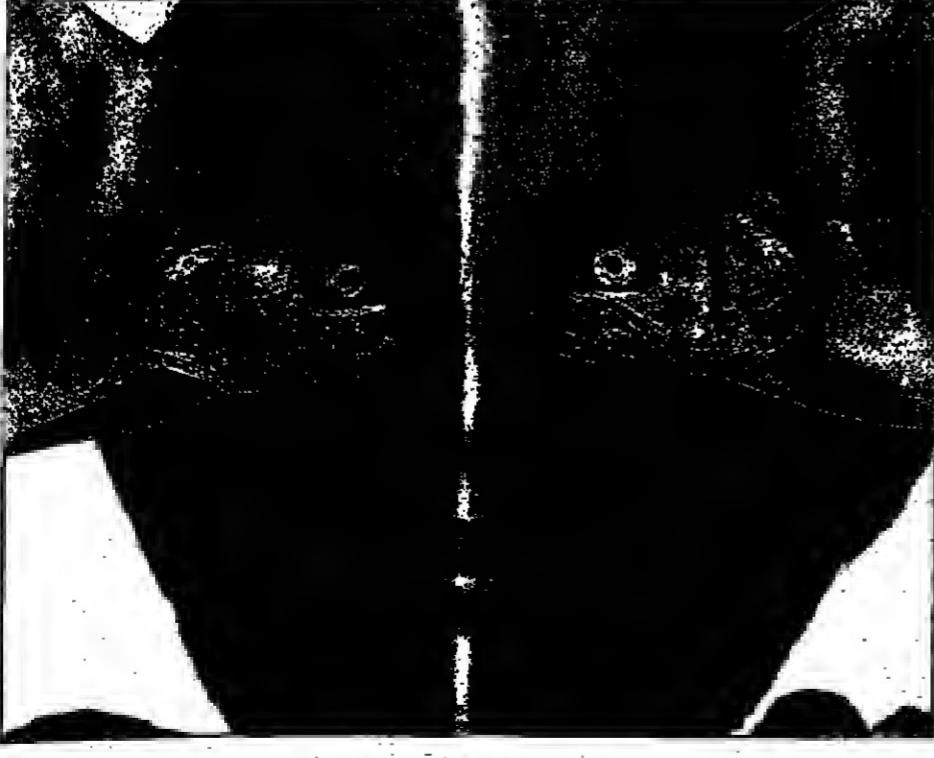
AD WATCH: Sainsbury takes a fresh look at British shoppers

Sainsbury's is getting fresh. Like a lover spurned, it's responding to competition by launching a new campaign designed to woo British shoppers.

The message? Quality and choice. If you think you've heard that somewhere before, that's probably because you have. Sainsbury's has been banging on about good food for years. However, at a time when its rivals are trying their hardest to be the cheapest, most helpful and customer-focused, Sainsbury's has gone back to basics: talking about products instead of honus points.

"Sainsbury's are passionate about food, where our competitors are selling merchandise," Sainsbury's marketing director, Kevin McCarter, insists. At Asda, it's all about price, you see. And Safeway? Well, behind the store's pint-sized artillery, led by Harry and Molly, is the theme "Lightening the load". "Every little bit helps", is Tesco's current line. But where, Mr McCarter asks, is the talk of the product: the food?

At the heart of Sainsbury's new £5m campaign is a mouth-watering 50-second commercial featuring beautifully lit, deliciously shot food.



An accompanying poster and press campaign continues the idea. "Fresh foods. Fresh ideas" is the theme. The emphasis is on freshness and the variety of different foods on offer—103 different types of cheese, 18 kinds of butter. And the cherry on the cake?

A sound track mixing Louis Armstrong's with the dulcet tones of the middle-aged shopper's favourite middle-aged crumpet: *Lovejoy* star Ian McShane.

The new ads, created by the advertising agency AMV BBDO, follow in the foot-

steps of Sainsbury's highly successful celebrity recipe ads and the retailer's popular publishing spin-off, Sainsbury's magazine. However, it's also the culmination of many months of soul-searching by the chain which, having lost market share to Tesco and

endured criticism for both lack of flair and a limited range of branded goods, has been struggling to find new direction. "Over the past year we have been looking at ways to refresh and rejuvenate the brand," Mr McCarter explains. "Between 1993 and 1996, we were not delivering superior quality or choice aggressively enough. We veered between different [market] positioning."

A long-standing campaign theme has been "Where good food costs less", which Sainsbury's still uses and will continue to use. However, a subsequent strap line, "Everybody's favourite ingredient", has been axed as part of the new strategy. "It was pompous and arrogant" is Mr McCarter's explanation. "Sainsbury's must now balance accessibility with superiority. And freshness will be at the heart of that."

Freshness is not just about food; it's about thinking, too. "Fresh ideas" so far include the world's first solar-powered refrigeration lorries launched by Sainsbury's and Southampton University earlier this month. Then there's the deal struck with New York-based Microban International to produce a new generation of

A life of facts

It's highly unlikely that you will spend the Bank holiday weekend doing the spring cleaning. But here are some stats about the cash we spend on household aids you won't be able to live without.



	1993	1995	% change
	£m	£m	% 1993-95
Liquid bleaches	79.8	22.9 94.1	+24.7 +17.9
Bathroom and kitchen cleaners	82.1	23.5 97.9	+25.7 +19.2
Multi-purpose cleaners	51.7	14.8 46.9	+12.3 -9.3
Lavatory blocks	35.1	10.0 38.6	+10.1 +10.0
Lavatory cleaners	26.7	7.7 26.7	+7.0 +0.0
Disinfectants	26.7	7.7 25.0	+6.6 -6.4
Carpet cleaners	12.0	3.4 15.0	+3.9 +25.0
Limescale removers	12.0	3.4 14.0	+3.7 +16.7
Window cleaners	11.4	3.3 11.6	+3.0 +1.8
Oven cleaners	11.1	3.3 11.3	+3.0 +1.8
Total	348.6	100.0 381.1	+100.0 +9.3

Source: Mintel

To recapture a taste of Brazil in this country takes some effort – but it's worth it, says Sally Staples

Imagine, for a moment, that you are a Brazilian, newly arrived in London and desperately homesick. Is there anywhere in this awesomely large, bustling capital that might offer some of the comforts of home?

The answer is a resounding yes. First stop should be the tiny but comfortably authentic Brazilian Touch cafe inside the Whiststop supermarket in Oxford Street. Here you will get a warm welcome from Fernanda and Luis Carlos, whose inexpensive Brazilian food is popular with students and businessmen in the area.

The coffee is sensational good. It is grown in Brazil, packed in Italy and drunk here with the popular Brazilian snack of cheese bread. If you are seriously hungry, *feijo do Luiz* (black beans, pork and rice) will set you back a mere £3, as will *xim de galinha* (chicken, dry prawns, palm oil and rice).

There is a notice board where people can place small ads. And on the counter you can help yourself to a copy of *Leros* magazine, a monthly guide to the Brazilian scene in London offering information on nightclubs, language schools, computer courses and even where you can buy the latest fashions in Brazilian lingerie and swimwear from Exotica, whose two shops stock lingerie, underwear and the latest in very small bikinis (check them out in the shopping arcades at Gloucester Road and Liverpool Street tube stations).

Leros also has the latest travel bargains to get back home in a hurry and its advertisements include lessons in the lambada and samba and cooking for Brazilian dinner parties, and even offers some solace for lonely hearts.



All things tasty: The Lisboa deli (above) and something from Exotica (below)

Rio in London

And if you feel short of entertainment there are leaflets previewing a concert in June at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane for Maria Bethania – described as the first lady of Brazilian pop music.

If you have made some friends at the cafe you may decide to throw a party, and it is just a short walk down Old Compton Street to Gerry's off-licence to buy a couple of bottles of that special Brazilian spirit to make the infamous knockout cocktail called *cáipirinha*. At Gerry's they sell *cachaca* and *piña*, both made from sugar cane and drunk mixed with lime and sugar. Occasionally they stock Brahma beer. Some branches of Tesco now offer a small selection of Brazilian wine.

But what most expats miss most is home cooking. If the party is to go with a swing the guests will want to enjoy a traditional dish made from salted pork and black beans.

To recreate Grandma's best-loved recipes you must journey westwards to a shop in Goldborne Road, just off the Portobello Road. In the Lisboa Delicatessen, the manager, Carlos Gomes, displays a table groaning with a range of meats including salted pork and smoked pork belly.

"About 20 per cent of the customers are Brazilians who come here to buy native products," he says. "We stock special manioc flour, a sweet jam called *mocoto*, and the Gallo olive oil that comes from Portugal but is used everywhere in Brazil."

One of the customers in the shop is a Brazilian graphic designer who has been working in London for five years, regularly makes the journey from south London to stock up on the tasty comforts of home.

Just across the road is the Lisboa Patisserie, where Portuguese cakes are served

with good, strong Brazilian coffee, and more copies of *Leros* are available.

The party would not be complete without the right kind of music. To find that, make a trip to Chalk Farm in north London to visit Tumi, a shop that provides a comprehensive guide to most aspects of Latin American culture and displays products from 12 countries. The owners have even developed their own recording company and sell a range of music including CDs and tapes of Brazilian rhythms that will guarantee a party to keep the dancers happy.

The word "Tumi" originates from the ancient Moche culture; it was the name given to a sacrificial knife used in Peru between 200BC and AD600. As time passed, its use was transformed from a ceremonial to a surgical instrument, used particularly by the Incas; later it became no more than a symbol of the God of healing.

Some 2,000 years later Tumi was born in England, when Jane and Mo Fini spent a year in Latin America. They returned to the UK with sweaters they had bought in villages around Lake Titicaca, and from this modest beginning they set up a series of shops in Bath, Oxford and Bristol.

Currently special offer in the London shop is a gloriously colourful selection of Batik pictures by the prize-winning Brazilian artist Luis Mendes, who has used the countryside to inspire his brilliantly bold scenes and pictures of flamingos, toucans and parrots. These sell for around £30. If you have more money to spare, Tumi also has a range of Brazilian jewellery made from amethysts and malachite. Prices of necklaces average £135.

If your budget stretches to eating out rather than cooking in, there are a growing number of Brazilian restaurants in London. The one favoured by the Embassy staff is Paulo's in Greyhound Road, west London, where the huge buffer and sugar cane schnaps are hard to rival.

So London may not be Rio, but the ingredients are there for an energetic group of like-minded expats to create their own little carnival.

Tiepolo on the ceiling

Annabel Freyberg checks out a book devoted to decorating data

Decoration and detective work aren't the most obvious bedfellows, but, for Nicolette Le Peltier and Cheryl Knorr, tracking down the right person to restore the skylight of a Nash house, dye a fitted carpet *in situ*, or even paint a Tiepolo on your ceiling, are just the kind of ticklish tasks they relish: the more ticklish the better.

Up until now, that is. After several years as the driving forces of Design Line, a free phone service answering interior design problems, Nicolette and Cheryl realised that they had a pretty good idea of what people wanted – as well as a sensational database of specialist suppliers and craftspeople.

They therefore set about compiling the first-ever book devoted to the whereabouts of decorating data. This month their sleuthing sees the light in a publication in conjunction with *House & Garden* called (*unsurprisingly*) *The House and Garden Book of Essential Addresses*.

I hunted them down at Design Line's west London lair: an airy, white weatherboarded, glass-roofed slice of an office wedged between a garden wall and the perfectly slate-faced National Trust-paint-licked kitchen in Nicolette's home. Ordered, if steep, piles of papers and stacks of home-interest magazines abound. Appropriately, both Design Liners are chic, neat and animated on the subject of accessories, whether these be stair-rope or paint finishes.

When Nicolette set up Design Line some two-and-a-half years ago she had already accumulated eight-and-a-half years' smart decorating experience at *World of Interiors* magazine – she was deputy editor – which she left to have her first child. Cheryl joined her a few months later, after working as a restauranteur and interior designer.

To their surprise, half of their calls came from the trade. It was from professional decorators that their more unusual requests came: aquariums, gym equipment, the contents of an "English-style" pub (to be assembled in Germany), large clocks showing different time zones across the world. He was put touch with the clockmakers who look after Big Ben.

What, then, have the rest of us been after? Everything, apparently: from an elevator-maker to reclaimed wooden flooring, modern lighting, animal-print wallpaper, ceiling fans and children's furniture. A desperate butler needed replacement blue-glass linings for his salt cellar, and a man in Vienna wanted a London cleaner for his 20 velvet and brocade curtains.

The contents of the book reflect these demands. The fabric and wallpaper sections, for example, are divided into types: "Real and Faux Leather and Suede", "Velvet, Corduroy, Chenille", "Utility Materials, Tickings and Felt" and other classifications. There are good "Restorers", "Gardens" and "Specialist" sections. Suppliers with strong lines in several products are listed under each one.

Imagine, I said, a large crumbling barn. I want to put in paneling and stained glass, paint it gold, fill it with Perspex furniture, piles of fake books and busts of Roman emperors and light it for a party. What would they suggest. "Look in the book," they said. "It's all there." And it was.

The House & Garden Book of Essential Addresses (Design Line, £14.99), is available by post from Art Books International Ltd (0171-720 1503).

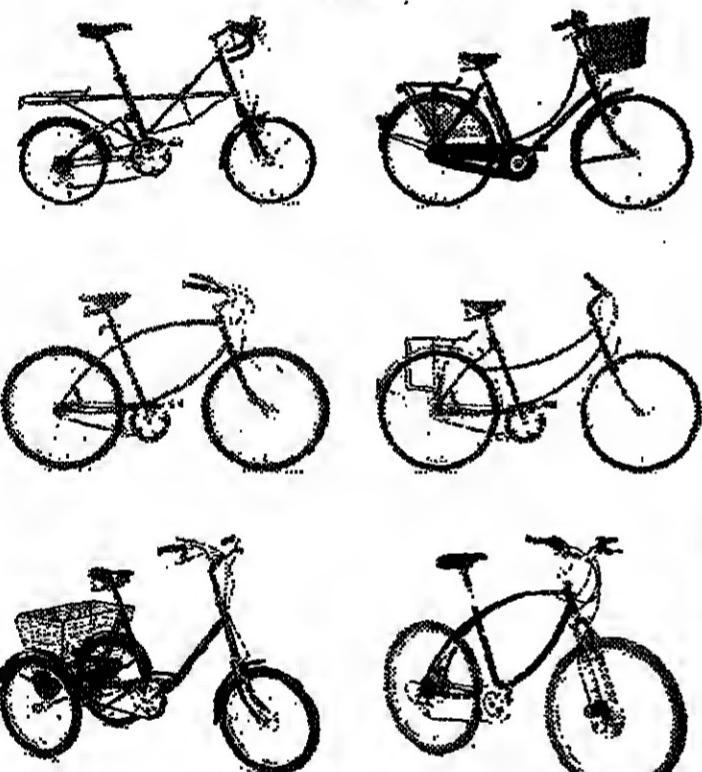
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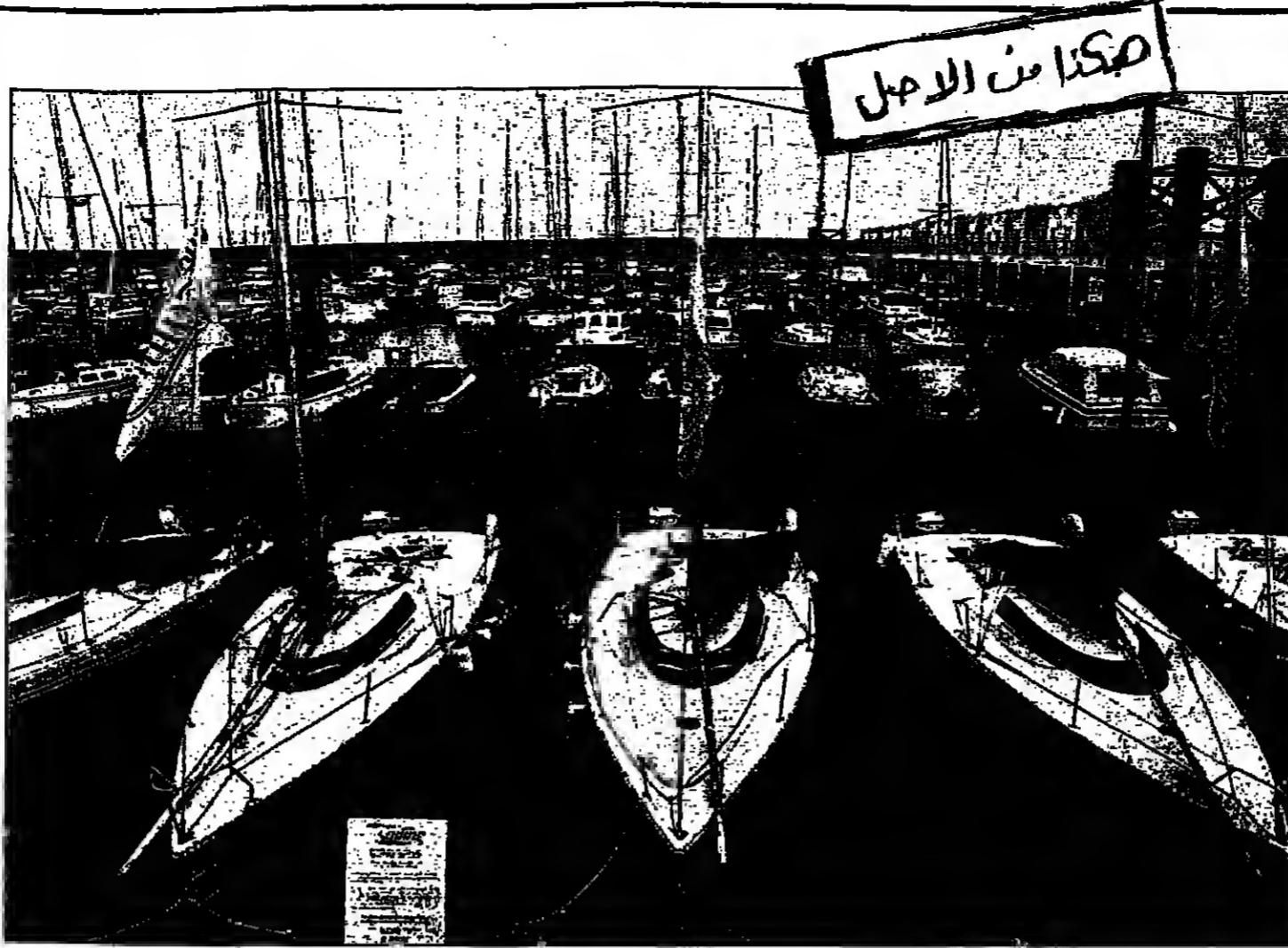
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FOR ALL YOUR</

Landlubbers dream of seeing the sails of yachts through the living-room window. The sober reality is that prices of waterside homes have a fair wind behind them. By Stella Bingham



Brighton Marina, where Barratt is adding 400 new homes

PHOTOGRAPH: ANDREW HASSETT

Money grows on water

In the Eighties, developers had the bright idea of capitalising on the British love of messing about in boats, and the astonishing premium that buyers are prepared to pay for waterside homes. They combined the two and came up with marina developments.

These suffered badly in the recession – but now the tide has turned. "Buyers are back, developers are back and prices are rising," says Martin Edgar, of the specialist agents Water-side Properties. "We have waiting lists for some homes."

In Plymouth, Peter Turner, of Full-fords, is in equally buoyant mood: "Anything on the edge of water is in high demand. People like the atmosphere, even if they've never been on a boat in their lives. You do have to pay a premium – marina developments set their own price."

Over in Poole Harbour, Paul Bloomfield, of Palmer Snell, is handling the sale of Moriconium Quay.

"The market has been good for the past 18 months," he says. "Buyers are coming from outside the area, with 60 per cent of the properties being bought as holiday homes." Prices start at £185,000 for two-bedroom, two-bathroom flats.

There are marina developments nationwide but, says Mr Edgar, the greatest demand is for properties on the south coast, between Chichester and Poole. And as far as these most popular areas are concerned, it is a case of "buy now while stocks last". Planning permission was given several years ago for what is going up at the moment. Now the authorities have made it clear that there will be no more planning permission for residential marinas. Marina properties cost double the price of similar houses in the area, which has alienated the local population, and it is said that natural habitat has been destroyed."

Ecological and social factors have put pressure on supply – and this, of course, has affected prices. At The Island, a Swan Hill development at Port Solent marina near Portsmouth, prices start at £175,000. Peter and Cynthia Read recently bought a weekend place there. They are both keen sailors and hope to retire to their waterside home in a few years' time. "We wanted an unimpeded view of the water, and here it's almost like being on a boat," says Cynthia.

So are the Reeds typical marina dwellers? Indeed, only about 40 per cent of marina buyers are permanent residents – though the figures are higher in Ocean Village on Southampton's waterfront. Jim Harrison, a solicitor, moved from a 15th-century farmhouse with an acre of land to the three-bedroom show-house at Wilson's Mayflower Gate development for maintenance-free homes. Convenience, it seems, was the key issue. "The setting is superb, and just 10 minutes from my office," he points

out. "Now the next thing is to look at buying a boat."

Most marina purchasers are empty-nesters, so Mark and Tracey Daley, who have two small children, are unusual. They came across Brighton Marina when they sailed in to seek shelter from a storm, and liked it so much that they have bought three flats there. One is their own weekend retreat, and two are to let out. "We just love it," says Tracey, a publisher. "We want to live here properly. There's such a good atmosphere about the place; it's as if you're permanently on holiday somewhere exotic."

Barratt is currently adding 400 new homes to the 300 already completed at Brighton Marina. Prices start at about £85,000.

Not all marina homes are on the water itself, and budget buyers who are prepared to compromise could save themselves as much as 50 per cent of the price in, for example, Port Solent. Boat owners, meanwhile,

should check out the size and availability of the moorings. In older marinas buyers may be disappointed by the fact that 10-metre berths are common.

In some developments properties come with their own moorings. In others, berths may be leasehold, or bought or rented separately. Expect to pay between £2,500 and £3,000 a year. At Brighton Marina, for example, berths range from 8 to 16 metres and cost £190 per metre per year. At Moriconium Quay, moorings start at £25,000 for an 8-metre berth.

With moorings sorted out, what about the action? Some marinas are bustling and lively all the year round; others, which are mainly occupied by weekenders, are much quieter. Mr Edgar advised would-be water babies to do their homework thoroughly.

"Each marina, of course, has its own character. So it really pays to talk to people who live there, visit in your boat, or even rent, to get the feeling of the different lifestyle."

The best of the west

If it's history you're after, move fast. Old farmhouses in Devon and Cornwall are being snapped up. By Penny Jackson

Some friends, driving down to Plymouth for the first time, fondly imagined they were almost there when they reached Bristol. "It's the West Country, isn't it?" they said accusingly, having found themselves a couple of hours short of their destination.

The whole point of living in the West Country, one could have replied, is that it should be a long way from anywhere busy and fast-moving – and certainly London, Bristol, and, for that matter, Gloucestershire, are not considered by purists to qualify for true West Country status.

But even those who have found a spot where the pace of life is satisfactorily slow can be in London in super-quick time. Well into the West, yet with fast links by rail – 1hr 55 mins to Paddington – and road, is Taunton, very much a county town with its landmark old store, cricket ground and race course.

Brian Bishop, of Jackson-Stops & Staff, which has recently opened an office there, finds a big demand for good, small, quality farmhouses with two or three acres, and village houses within a 10-mile radius of Taunton. "We seem to have a lot of doctors looking for somewhere in the country but not too far from the hospitals." They will have to pay in the region of £300,000, especially in popular villages such as Combe Florey and Crowcombe in the Quantock Hills.

New buildings are a sensitive issue within Exmoor National Park, and have

come under greater scrutiny of late. The Park authorities have just produced a wide-ranging design guide to protect the character of the villages from being spoilt. Ellicombe Manor, an Elizabethan manor house with four letting cottages, near Minehead and within the National Park, is for sale through Jackson-Stops for £750,000.

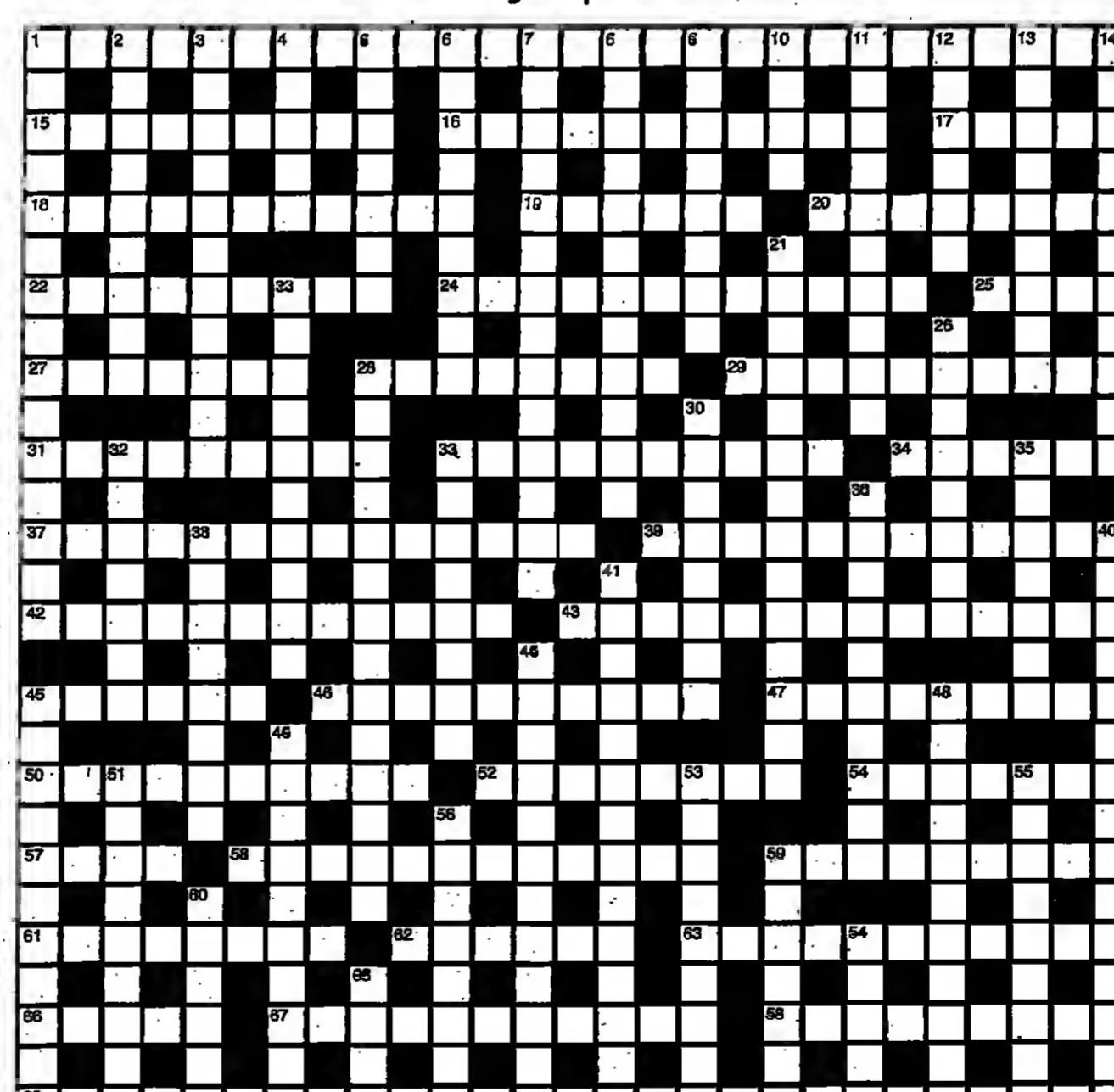
Richard Addington, of Knight Frank's Exeter office, has seen the market

Oxford University Press Jumbo Crossword by Spurius

Cryptic clues

ACROSS

- Impatient response of veteran who's given rank, name and number? (14,8,5,9)
- A better mechanism for sharing out winnings? (9)
- Surgical pad or support, primarily for certain muscles (11)
- Reptile, horse and rodent having tail cut off (5)
- Talks informally before visit one's involved in, seeing disreputable type (11)
- Form of creed found in church located in square (6)
- Right to abandon what could be a terrific ruse? (8)
- Establishing cloth manufacture? (9)
- Resourceful housebreaker may be seen to do it (12)
- Young swimmer coming last of six (4)
- Girls spreading untruths about foolish person (7)
- Second trader injured, attacked by explosive projectile (8)
- Sea bound to provide source of power in time? (10)
- Old Californian deep underground, moldering away? (4-5)
- For thought of as cool in Dresden? (10)
- Keen to have paintings hung around study (6)
- Addressing, specifically ensuring punctuation marks are included? (14)
- Landlords renting out lots of flats? They're by no means minuscule (5,7)
- Cigarette Lionel rolled between Pembroke and Worcester? (15)
- Hint about placing electrical conductors in diametrically opposite locations (9)
- Selective borrowing from Celtic, curiously, is found in English church music initially (11)
- Type of congestion found in organ as always? (5)
- Discord arising over man on board being successful? (7)
- He's experienced in presenting accounts to auditors (9)
- Shows extremely skilled practitioner way to get shares (14)
- Difficult to gain popularity? Dolar bills may be the answer (4,8)
- Mousetrap set here? (8)
- Prison which the Romans used (4)
- Cherishing remarkable elements of her innings? (10)
- Eat with outlawed brother at home (4,2)
- Essential features of score given in big tabloid splash (no date) (9)
- Panic re-action? (5-6)
- Where you could see soldiers training (twice, perhaps?) (7,7)
- Details all the election results (3,3,4)
- Patience may be required to repeat ingredients in different order (8)
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- Details all the election results (3,3,4)
- Patience may be required to repeat ingredients in different order (8)
- The monastic members of the church militant? (8,6)
- Arocious crime linked to house in York originally (8)
- Cave in which you'll find sentry keeping watch (7)
- Client professionally dealt with by hotel porter? (4-4)
- Former chairmen have wearying effect on turning up in big business (7)
- Last words before relations break down – it's mutual, perhaps, when maiden's involved (10)
- Embroidery frame a brute to cast off (8)
- Understandings about promissory notes Navy accepted on board may lead to moralising (15)
- Subtle falsity is put about by Thespian convincingly (14)
- Typographical error - one's reaction is pedantic (12)
- Making nut Ralph's brave? Perhaps? (7,4)
- Spot lorry occupies when held up by worker, one involved with others (11)
- Singer - just listen to her joining in tutti (10)
- Scared run? (9)
- Children's writer in a mature sort of style? (9)
- Cacophorous din made by Greek



Concise

ACROSS

- One of the Duchess's child-rearing recommendations (5,7,24,6,3)
- Hour of the day, in a particular zone (5,4)
- Changes shown by verb (gramm.) (11)
- Yummy pain (5)
- Happy (11)
- Doormen (6)
- Respectful (8)
- Acrobat's turn (9)
- Inserting (12)
- Opinion (4)
- Knotted threadwork (7)
- Subtle reasoners (8)
- Needless alert (5,5)
- Take in air (poet.) (9)
- Naval vessel (10)
- NY island (6)
- Moving from one place to another (14)
- Practicing surviving from Middle Ages (12)
- Showbiz people (12)
- Boat engines (8,6)
- Ventilating (6)
- Reward (10)
- Copy (9)
- Original (10)
- Stomach (facet.) (5,3)
- Skin around fingernail (7)
- Of sound mind (4)
- Hoi polloi? (5,7)
- Type of variety entertainment (5,4)
- Tenders of flocks (8)
- Wearing (4,2)
- Assembling and organising (11)
- Broadsides (5)
- Not put right (11)
- Restrict (9)
- Poetic description of Petra (1,4,3,4,2,3,4)
- Parliamentary group (6,9)
- Odd (9)
- Large cetacean (6,5)
- Poet such as Horace (5)
- Monster defeated by Beowulf (7)
- Brass-tube (5,4)
- Words hard to pronounce (6-8)
- Accommodation for hikers etc (5,7)
- Not daunted (8)
- Den (4)
- Kindness (10)
- Cupboard (6)
- Dancer (9)
- Sailor (11)
- Arrangement in layers (14)
- Powered by current (10)
- S American capital (8)
- Opportunities for bargain-hunters (9,5)
- Gather (8)
- Braggart (7)
- Place for ablations (8)
- N African capital (7)
- Helmets (10)
- Newcomer (8)
- Wrong information (15)
- Embody in purest form (14)
- Snack item (4,8)
- Loss of feeling (11)
- Expresses clearly (11)
- Long side of triangle (10)
- Female singing voice (9)
- Newspapers etc. (4,5)
- Mock serenade (9)
- Name (8)
- Type of leather (7)
- On land (6)
- Sharpened (5)
- Dangerous reptile (coll.) (4)

How to enter

The first correct cryptic solution will win the Oxford Dictionaries of Music, Art and Opera. The first six cryptic runners-up and the first six concise runners-up will each receive Oxford University Press's forthcoming Food and Fitness: A Dictionary of Diet and Exercise, which enables you to discover how to plan the perfect diet and exercise regime from the comfort of your armchair. An afternoon's browsing will qualify you to decide between the Italian football diet and fardlek training. Mark your entries "Concise Jumbo" or "Cryptic Jumbo" and send them to PO Box 4015, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL. Entries should arrive by noon on Thursday 12 June. Solutions and winners' names will definitely appear on Saturday 14 June.

Something to interest savers



At last, some good news for savers. Rates paid by banks and building societies finally began the slow climb upwards after almost 18 months at their present low levels.

Prompting the rise is a combination of the Bank of England's decision to push up base rates almost three weeks ago, plus the increased competition as several former building societies prepare to convert into banks.

Rivals who intend to remain mutually owned societies have been greedily eyeing the tens of billions of pounds tied up in low-paying accounts with Halifax, Alliance & Leicester and Woolwich. Many are hoping that now the free shares windfall is almost over, barring Norwich Union and the far smaller Northern Rock in the autumn, they can grab a slice of those deposits.

However, the wannabe banks are determined not to let societies grab back a slice of their funds without a fight, hence the daily announcements of savings rate increases from both sides.

Leading the way this week are West Bromwich and Nationwide building soci-

Mutually owned societies have put up their interest rates and the banks are fighting back, writes Nic Cicutti

ties, which are to increase rates across the board by about 0.25 per cent, more in some accounts and for some savings bands. Leeds & Holbeck and Staffordshire are among the many smaller societies which are also improving returns to their members' savings.

Banks, however, responded this week by hiking up rates paid to their savers' accounts. Abbey National matched the societies over most of its product range, while Lloyds Bank followed suit. TSB, now part of the Lloyds group, increased the rates paid on its business accounts.

National Savings has also upped rates on its First Option Bond, a one-year fixed-rate deal, by 0.25 per cent.

Many of the deals on offer appear even more appealing when tied to fixed-rate investments. Derbyshire Building Society's 7.05 per cent gross rate, pegged for

two years, is one of the more attractive rates on offer, beating even Coventry Building Society's 6.75 per cent gross over the same period. Coventry is offering a fair more competitive 6.7 per cent gross rate fixed for one year.

At a time when rates are likely to rise steadily, if unspectacularly, in the coming months, the attractions of fixing are less obvious. It makes little sense to tie one's money for more than a year. Perhaps surprisingly, many instant access accounts now pay 6 per cent or more on minimum deposits as low as £500.

One problem for savers is that financial institutions have mastered the art of grabbing short-term headlines by driving their rates up on one or two accounts likely to figure in the "best-buy" lists that feature in every newspaper's Money pages, including those of *The Independent*.

The g
be gre
ethical investment
is not impossible

Wine has a sweeter taste

Dido Sandler on why Bordeaux is better than Scotch

Andrew Lloyd Webber found himself £3.7m richer this week after hundreds of oenophiles bid over the odds for his hoard of rare and expensive wines. Strangely, the bidding war reached the peaks it did because potential buyers were attracted by the association of these fine wines with the famous Lloyd Webber name.

In many instances, the 18,000 bottles sold in the auction this week were seen as investments rather than just something to be drunk and enjoyed. For those tempted to follow suit and establish their own investments in wines and liquors, a word of warning.

The Securities and Investment Board (SIB), the City's most senior watchdog, recently issued a warning about investment schemes which buy champagne or whisky following a clampdown by the Department of Trade and Industry on companies claiming to offer high investment returns on booze.

Such schemes are largely unregulated, which means that investors will not be covered by the financial industry's safety net, the Investors Compensation Scheme.

The DTI has closed down two whisky invest-

ment companies and one marketing champagne as an investment since December. It is now trying to wind up a further champagne company. One of the whisky investment outfits, James Devereaux Ltd, closed down owing investors £1.3m in lost deposits. DTI enquiries revealed that many people paid for casks of newly distilled and semi-matured whisky which they never received.

Napier Spirit Company Ltd and Berkeley Champagne Supplies Ltd were wound up because they made false claims about the potential return and marketability of immature whiskies and champagne respectively.

But Campbell Evans, media relations manager of the Scotch Whisky Association, says there are still six similar whisky investment companies doing business.

According to Mr Evans, these companies claim to offer a growth rate of up to 18 per cent although the only certainty about owning a cask of Scotch is that it will lose roughly 2 per cent of the contents through evaporation each year. Further, he says, there is no market for private investors to resell their whisky when they

wish to liquidate their investment.

As for champagne, only

a handful of prestige vineyards

such as Bollinger,

Krug and Dom Pérignon

may actually appreciate in value, and may be sold on,

at Christies or Sotheby's.

Champagne producers' cellars

are now crammed with

more than 1 billion bottles

and it is highly unlikely

there will be a shortage on

31 December 1999.

For those serious about putting money into booze, tipples with the best record of appreciation are almost exclusively fine red Bordeaux and burgundy wines.

Jamie Graham, wine

broking manager at wine

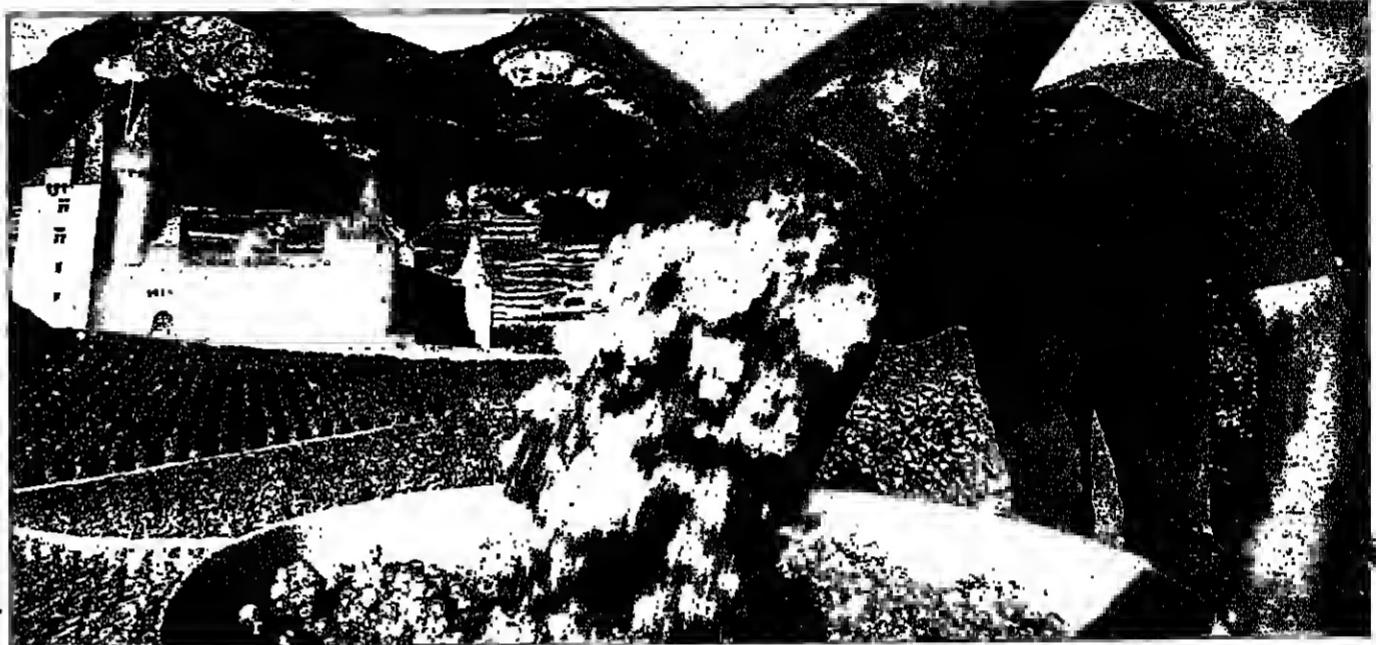
merchants Berry Brothers

& Rudd, says recent spectacular growth in the market for top Bordeaux may herald the arrival of more speculative buying. Berry Brothers never recommends buying this purely as an investment.

In auctions at Sotheby's the great vintage of 1982 Chateau Petrus, from the Pomerol area of Bordeaux, fetched £2,200 per case in 1990/91. By 1995/96 this rose to £5,800. Currently punters are paying £9,600.

A good vintage Mouton Rothschild, which went for £750 in 1990/91, now sells for £4,200.

Dido Sandler works for Financial Adviser'



It's cheaper to grow your own

Contrary to popular belief you do not have to be a Rothschild or an Andrew Lloyd Webber to have your own vineyard. All you need is £49. At this price it is possible to buy a share and part-ownership in a vineyard. It could be one route to cheap quality wine.

3D Wines, based in Lincolnshire, has leased rows of vines in Burgundy and in the Loire Valley. It rents out these vines to individual partners. A row of vines is available at a rental of between £49 and £65 per annum depending on the region. According to 3D Wines, each row will produce 48 bottles of Appellation Controlee wine each year.

Partners must pay for bottling the wine. Bottles of Sancerre cost £4.31 each while champagne is on offer at £7.41 a bottle.

Those prepared to invest in a row of vines for a five-year period will enjoy a 20 per cent discount on the rental as well as the opportunity to swap their wine with a partner in another vineyard.

3D Wines already has 15 fully subscribed vineyards; seven in the Loire Valley and eight in Burgundy, including the Appellations of Chablis, Givry Maccon and Pouilly-Fuisse.

Once the Appellation Controlee wine is ready, partners buy as little or as much of their quota as they wish. Partners can either collect the wine, store it rent-free

for up to 12 months or have it delivered at a cost of £26.04 per case of still wine and £32.41 per case of champagne, including duty and insurance.

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Wineshare has two vineyards – one east of Bordeaux and the other in the heart of Provence. Members can opt out of the scheme at any time provided the company is informed at least a month before the rent becomes due in October. The vines can also be transferred to friends.

Three rows of 50 vines will yield 30 cases of wine every year. More modest consumers may prefer 100 vines yielding 20 cases, while abstemious members may opt for 50 vines and 10 cases a year.

Wineshare 01306 742164; 3D Wines 01205 820745

Ian Hunter

Stocks & Bonds

John Whiting

Revenue's new rules for commuting will create winners and losers

Do you make business journeys? If so, you'll be used to making business travel expense claims. But from next April, the tax rules are changing – and surprise – there could be many losers.

One thing that doesn't alter is the tax treatment of a commute to work. Home to office travel is non-deductible unless you are fully home-based.

Once at the office (the rules are the same whatever your workplace) you may have to go out on business. Travel expenses? That's valid business travel and costs will be deductible, or no benefit will arise if the employer reimburses the costs.

But what if you go direct from home to see the customer? Strictly that's home to work, which is non-allowable. The Inland Revenue is generous though

(well, it is here). It operates a "lesser of" rule. You can claim the lower of the travel from office to customer and home to customer. Suppose you live in Beverley and commute to Hull, some 12 miles. If you go from home to Bridlington – 25 miles, say – Hull to Bridlington would be 30 miles. So you claim the lesser – 25 miles (each way presumably) is allowable.

There are winners and losers. A manager who works with me commutes from Southampton to London, 75 miles each way. He drives to St Albans one day, direct from home, say 85 miles.

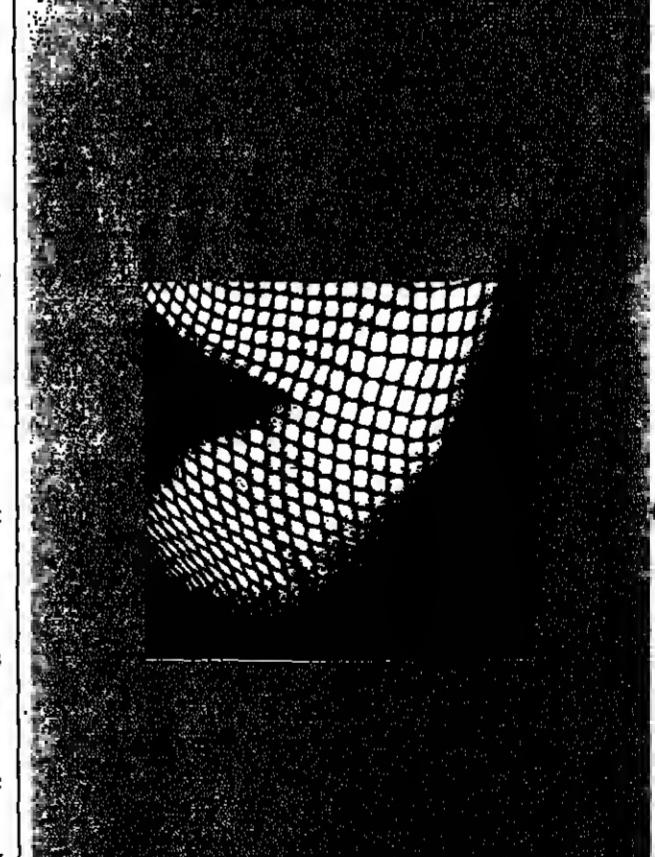
From London, that's 20 miles, so he only gets allowable travel expenses of 20 miles each way.

This rule operates on a daily basis. If you were to get sent off for a week's trip, so that you travelled to the site on Monday, stayed in a hotel for four nights and travelled back on Friday, that could lead to claims along the lines of: actual travel expenses £50, hotel expenses £200, less five commuting savings of £15 per day equals net claim of £175 rather than the £250 you may claim now.

It's up to the employer to operate these rules. Problem:

does everyone always travel to work in the same way? But if they carry on reimbursing as before, employers may be creating a taxable benefit for some staff.

People who are site-based do better. Their travel costs will almost all be allowable, as will those of sales reps who have what are known as "traveling appointments". The office-based person may well lose out. That many will view any saving when not paying for their ordinary commute as recompense for an uncomfortable and tiring business trip cuts no ice with Revenue officials.



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John Whiting is tax partner at Price Waterhouse

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The grass can be greener

Ethical investments with good performance? It's not impossible, writes Rachel Fixsen



Most of us want to put our money where our mouths are, though actually parting with hard-earned cash is often more painful than our principles are prepared to allow. Yet, as increasing numbers of investors have begun to discover, obeying your conscience need not lighten your wallet after all.

One powerful way of trying to change the world is lending money to companies which operate ethically and withholding it from those that don't. Buying units in ethical or ecological investment funds gives you the opportunity to do just that and can reward you with rich returns in the process.

Ethical funds, which started about 12 years ago, select investment targets by screening them using a variety of criteria. Typically firms with alcohol or tobacco products or those making weapons are ruled out while companies trying to improve the environment and community are included.

"There's certainly been an increase in demand and awareness that they actually exist," says independent financial adviser Christine Ross, of Abbey National Independent Financial Advisers.

Some £1.3bn is under management not in the UK in ethical investment funds not including segregated funds such as local authority pension funds which are not available to the public but which have £50bn under management.

Giles Chitty, managing director at Barchester Green, IFA specialists in green/ethical investments, says ethical funds are likely to become more prevalent as more local authorities apply moral criteria to their investments. Already, many authorities work with Pirc, a research firm which uses their holdings in an attempt to lead shareholder "rebellions" to achieve more ethical business management.

Growth of ethical trusts has been slow

to date compared to the sums pouring into ordinary unit and investment trusts. However, many ethical financial experts argue this is because, despite surveys showing the overwhelming majority of investors would like to be given a choice, very few of them actually are told there may be an ethical option open to them.

Despite the continuing growth of ethical funds, a common worry from a financial point of view, sometimes put about by funds whose ethical viewpoint may be looser, is that their returns may be poor because some of the stock market's better performances might be given the moral thumbs-down. It ain't necessarily so.

Friends Provident's Stewardship unit trust has been running since 1984 and now has nearly £400m under management. A £1,000 investment in the trust five years ago would have grown to £1,827 by now, ranking the fund's performance 43rd out of 124 UK growth funds, according to research by Co-Operative Insurance Services and Micropal, the specialist financial statistics provider.

Jupiter's Ecology unit trust has also performed well, ranking 34th out of 130 funds in the international growth sector on five-year performance. CIS's Environ fund follows closely, coming 40th.

Depending on how strict a fund's ethical criteria are, up to 40 per cent of stocks in the FTSE All-Share index can be ruled out. But Richard Singleton, member of the investment team at Friends Provident, argues that if you are faced with an extremely wide pool of potential investments, you may not be able to gain the necessary depth of knowledge. "If you have a narrow choice, then you can concentrate more," he says.

Mr Chitty agrees that slimming down the range focuses the investment research. "The evidence is that they perform as well as conventional funds," he says.

According to MoneyFacts, the financial information provider, average perfor-

mance over five years for ethical unit trusts in the UK growth sector was slightly below that of conventional funds in the sector. It all depends on your statistics. Ethical funds argue that when compared to the FTSE share index, up 67 per cent over the same period, they have done slightly better, as our table shows.

Ethical funds avoid many of the larger blue-chip stocks as big companies are more likely to have something, somewhere, which will rule them out, says Mrs Ross. "They tend to go toward the medium and smaller companies, and in turn, their performance is more volatile," she says. This means ethical investments are better suited as long-term holdings, ideally between seven and 10 years.

Funds are long-term investments and many personal plans give you the option of assessing your moral view here. Friends Provident and NPI are among providers giving this option.

NPI's Global Care pension fund has done particularly well. MoneyFacts ranks it fifth out of 177 funds in its sector for its performance over the past three years.

Most fund managers use an independent agency, the Ethical Investment Research Service (EIRS), to research quoted companies, weeding out the ethical or environmental undesirables.

Criteria vary greatly from fund to fund. Nearly all ethical funds avoid companies involved in tobacco production, according to MoneyFacts data, but only Scottish Equitable's Ethical fund and NPI Global Care ban companies which make political donations. Any investor can use EIRS to screen their personal portfolio of shares according to their own ethical criteria. For a £50 fee, EIRS will screen up to 20 companies according to the agency's set criteria, and £350 buys you a more comprehensive service.

Barchester Green Investment 01722 331241; EIRS 0171-735 1351

Ethical/Ecological Unit Trusts: 5 Year performance table

Fund	Value after 5 years*	% Increase
Credit Suisse Ethical Fund	2,291.74	129
Friends Provident Stewardship Fund	2,276.64	128
Global Care Fund	1,871.66	87
Investec Ethical Fund	1,827.95	83
Neutrogena Long Lasting Dandruff Control Shampoo	1,824.34	82
Neutrogena Long Lasting Dandruff Control Shampoo	1,815.21	82
Neutrogena Long Lasting Dandruff Control Shampoo	1,735.62	74
Neutrogena Long Lasting Dandruff Control Shampoo	1,710.39	71
Neutrogena Long Lasting Dandruff Control Shampoo	1,764.07	70
Neutrogena Long Lasting Dandruff Control Shampoo	1,698.03	70
Neutrogena Long Lasting Dandruff Control Shampoo	1,845.88	65
Neutrogena Long Lasting Dandruff Control Shampoo	1,635.60	44
Neutrogena Long Lasting Dandruff Control Shampoo	1,680.79	63
Neutrogena Long Lasting Dandruff Control Shampoo	1,567.60	57
Neutrogena Long Lasting Dandruff Control Shampoo	1,581.44	56
Neutrogena Long Lasting Dandruff Control Shampoo	1,525.40	53
Neutrogena Long Lasting Dandruff Control Shampoo	1,371.82	57
Neutrogena Long Lasting Dandruff Control Shampoo	1,746.70	75
Neutrogena Long Lasting Dandruff Control Shampoo	1,671.38	67

Source: CIS/Micropal

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SCOTTISH WIDOWS

Norwich Union shares likely to be in short supply



Brian Tora

Members should not let the discount offer pass them by

On the face of it, applying for extra shares in Norwich Union looks to be a no-brainer. A fixed 25p discount should give plenty of protection against a weak opening, even if the flotation price is fixed at the top end of the projected range. And if the performance of the other demutualised stocks is anything to go by, a weak opening is not likely.

Let us look at the figures. Norwich Union says it expects its shares will float at a price between 240p and 290p, to give a total market value of around £25.5bn, placing it number two to the mighty Prudential in the life assurance league and just a whisker ahead of Legal & General.

About £3bn of the flotation value will be in the form of shares distributed to members, with the bulk of the £2bn in new money raised to be reinvested in the with-profits fund, with an estimated £670m worth of shares to be sold on behalf of policyholders unable to accept the windfall allocation.

Norwich Union expects the issue to be taken up roughly 50/50 between the institutions and private investors. Although some members may sell early, releasing stock to help satisfy institutional appetites, this still does not seem like an adequate supply for the professionals who own on average 80 per cent of the UK stock market. This has been the problem through all these demutualisations. Even if you are not an indexed fund, most managers run a closer index matching position, so adding in a big company in a sector makes owning the shares mandatory.

Look at the problems this has created in banks. The sector has been driven up hard by those who fear they will not obtain sufficient Halifax shares to maintain their weighting. This discourages the private client sellers who will have seen how badly those first out of Alliance & Leicester fared when dealings commenced. Fewer sellers means more buying of other available shares. Ratings rise. So it goes.

The life assurance sector is not in quite such a stretched position, but Norwich Union is no small player. Moreover, the life assurance sector of the stock market index almost certainly under-represents the importance of this part of the industry to the UK as a whole. We still have such major businesses as Standard Life remaining in mutual hands, while quite a lot of the ex-mutuals – Scottish Mutual, Scottish Amicable – have fallen to other predators. There is no doubt the lines of demarcation between various financial services businesses is being fast eroded.

This is part of the justification for Gordon Brown tossing City regulation into the air and letting it all come down into a single all-encompassing bowl. Super SIB, the new financial regulator, will cover everything. The bent bank, the rogue trader, the defaulting broker, the poorly sold pension will all be the responsibility of the new regulator. I wish Howard Davies well. If anyone can do it, he can.

But back to Norwich Union. Valuing a company like this is not easy. Richard Harvey, chief executive elect, referred to the embedded value that may be applied to a life assurance company.

This is a term much beloved by actuaries (yes, the chief executive designate chose this profession having, if anecdotal evidence is to be believed, found the actuarial profession too exciting) and is based upon current assets plus discounted future profits from business already written.

The life business, by far the most important single part of Norwich Union's ongoing operations, probably accounts for £3.6bn of embedded value. Add to that £770m for general insurance and the £130m that will be left out of the money raised by the sale of shares, after paying for the cost of the flotation and investing in the with-profits fund, and you reach £4.5bn. A premium of 20 per cent is probably not unreasonable, but I would not be

surprised to see it move higher, particularly if the closest index players get to work.

There are 2.9 million Norwich Union members – lucky people who have with-profits policies with this demutualising insurance company. Some 2.2 million of them are UK-based. What they will receive will depend upon the size of their policy and how long it has been in force.

My wife receives a mere 300 shares, the minimum as a with-profits investor. Investors in unit-linked policies, which more closely reflect stock market performance, will receive 150 shares. A friend will gain 17,750. All of them have the opportunity to apply for shares at the public offer at a discount of 25p to the issue price. They can apply for anything between £400 and £10,000 worth of shares. This is not a chance they should pass by.

Brian R Tora is chairman of the Greig Middleton investment strategy committee and can be contacted on 0171-655 4000

Hiding places for £1,000

You don't have to put your share windfall in a bank or building society account. Neil Baker looks at options for the more adventurous investor



It's the sort of problem everyone would love to have: what to do with a free gift worth £1,000 or more? It's a question 15 million people will have to answer this year. Some will want to speed the lot, many will want to pay off debts – but what are the best options if you want to make the money work for you over the long term?

There is a variety of options depending on whether you want to keep the shares or sell them to reinvest the moolah.

Anyone who held onto the

shares Alliance & Leicester gave away last month is already sitting on a tidy profit. But that doesn't mean the shares will stay high in the future or that other converting mutuals will do as well. Stock markets are, by their nature, unpredictable.

You need to be able to cope with short-term ups and downs and give your money time to grow. If you want to hold on to your shares, it is worth considering holding them inside a personal equity plan, so that both dividends and capital

growth will be tax-free. But as Abigail Mootroose reports on page 29, you have to consider whether the tax savings will offset the charges.

Do not choose a PEP on the basis of special offers. Look at the company's track record for investment over five years or more, not simply the past 12 months.

If you do not want to risk a PEP but can tie up your money for five years, good rates of return are available from tax-exempt special savings accounts (Tessas).

These pay interest tax-free as long as you do not withdraw any of your capital and do not more than 75 per cent of the interest until the end of the five-year term. You can still get your money if you really need it, but you lose the tax benefits and may have to pay a penalty.

You can invest up to £3,000 in a Tessa in the first year and up to £1,800 in each of the subsequent four years to a maximum of £9,000. Some Tessas offer a feeder option which allows you to put the maximum into a regular account which

feeds into your Tessa in line with tax limits. These offer the best rates and are tax-free, whereas other accounts are normally quoted gross.

If you already have a Tessa, it might be worth considering National Savings Certificates or traded endowment policies, available from market makers such as Policy Portfolio.

National Savings Certificates pay 2.5 per cent tax-free above the rate of inflation when held for five years. The minimum investment is £100. You need to give eight days' notice to get your money back and you lose your interest or index-linking bonuses if you want your moolah back in the first year.

Traded endowments are second-hand policies which are no longer wanted by their original owners. For example, someone with an endowment mortgage who moves to a capital and interest repayment loan may sell the policy rather than surrender it for a nominal amount.

You can look for maturity dates to meet your personal timetable but remember that the payout on maturity will depend on the bonuses from the insurance company concerned.

A simpler option could be a fixed-rate bond which repays your capital plus a fixed amount of interest at the end of a set period or at the end of each year.

If you prefer a simple savings account, banks and building societies are competing hard to attract some of the windfall cash sloshing around, so shop around for a good deal.

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Feeding a flyaway fund

Unit trusts and trackers can be beneficial if you are saving for something in the long term, write Tony Lyons and Ken Welsby

In the space of less than four hours, Peter Walsh was transformed from a smarter investor to a smarter dresser, spending his entire windfall from Alliance & Leicester on suits, shirts, ties and shoes.

"It seemed the obvious thing to do," said the 39-year-old computer consultant from Reading. "I'd been promising myself some new clothes for ages and how better to buy them than with free money?"

His girlfriend, Cheryl, who qualified for a separate share allocation, took a different view. She has put her shares into a self-select PEP which will top up an expected summer bonus.

It's the latest addition to her "flyaway fund" with which she plans to take 2001 off and travel the world, flying first class, or at least club class, all the way.

It was a chance conversation with a work colleague almost three years ago that put Cheryl on the PEP investment trail. "I saw him looking at share prices in the FT and we got talking about the money to be made on the stock market."

What Cheryl learned was that share prices have easily outstripped the returns from building society deposits or any other fixed-interest

investment over the long term, which is five or more years.

She had been putting her savings into her A&L account, but in the past three years has channelled most of her savings, including twice-yearly bonuses, into PEPs. While the gain from a building society account over the past five years is around 20 per cent, Cheryl would have made a near 80 per cent profit if she had invested in the FTSE 100, the most widely used index of stock market performance.

The past few years have seen the emergence of tracker funds which mirror the performance of the leading stock market indices, usually the FTSE 100. Traditional unit trusts spend large amounts of time and effort on asset allocation and stock selection, choosing which companies in which to invest. Tracker funds simply match the index, either investing in all the companies on the list or a carefully constructed sample, so their overheads are much lower.

There are a number of trackers to choose from and all will accept Halifax and other windfall shares in exchange for units. All carry low management charges, usually nothing for buying or exchanging shares for units and an annual charge typically around 1 per cent a year or less.

Among the leading tracker funds on offer are those from Virgin, Marks & Spencer, Norwich Union and Legal & General. All of them can be used in a general personal equity plan, enabling investors to take advantage of the tax-free dividend and capital gains status of PEPs.

Some of the managers have brought out special PEP packages for those prepared to invest long term. Legal & General, for example, has a post-election PEP which will return 140 per cent of the gain in the FTSE 100 after five years while HSBC offers a guaranteed full return of capital plus a minimum bonus of 20 per cent and all the additional growth in the index.

Tracker funds are ideal for those who want to invest but know little about the stock market or are cautious about investments. In fact, they have outperformed the majority of more traditional unit trusts, proving a stock market saying, the "75 per cent rule". This states that over any given period, three-quarters of all funds fail to perform as well as the index.

If you want to outperform, however, you will need to take greater risk and invest in one of the more specialist funds. There are more than 1,500 unit trusts and 100 investment trusts to choose from, most of which can be sheltered in a PEP.

Some are general funds looking for capital growth or rising income or a combination of the two. Others specialise in business sectors or different regions of the world. You may need to consult an independent financial adviser to help you decide which of the many funds will suit your long-term aims.

Like tracker fund managers, most of the groups will accept your windfall shares. While many will ask you to exchange them for units, others will allow you to retain ownership of the shares within a general PEP as long as you purchase other units. The latter includes Fidelity, M&G, Save & Prosper, Mercury, Perpetual and Jupiter.

Whether you decide on a tracker or one of the more specialist funds, always remember equity investment should be long term to reap the benefits. Short term, share prices can rise and fall with rapidity, which can affect the value of your capital.

All funds, including tracker funds, invest in shares whose prices can be volatile. Past performance, however, does not tell us what to expect in the future. While the indices have shown a sparkling growth rate in the current bull market, like the share prices that they are based on, they can go down as well as up.

Investment for the informed

Think carefully before answering the following questions. Are you likely to add to your windfall with other savings over the next couple of years? Do you understand the risks and rewards of the stock market?

If you answered yes to both the above, you might want to look at investment trusts. The most important thing to remember about investment trusts is that, despite their name, they are not trusts at all, but companies listed on the Stock Exchange. They operate in exactly the same way as any other quoted company except that instead of making shampoo or sausages their business is investing in other businesses.

The range of potential investments is much broader than with unit trusts and can include unquoted companies, property and even commodities. You put your money into an investment trust by buying its shares and since there is a fixed number of shares in existence, prices are determined by supply and demand. The shares often trade below the company's net asset value, and this difference is known as the discount on the underlying value of the portfolio. These discounts have widened over the past couple of years and could get larger.

Many investment trust management groups operate personal equity plans. One of the best for sheltering windfall shares is the self-select PEP operated by Dundee-based Alliance Trust.

The Alliance PEP will accept windfall shares for only £10.50 to cover administrative costs with no minimum on the number of securities that can be transferred into it. The only condition is that you must buy at least £750 worth of shares in either the £1.4billion Alliance Trust, quoted at

around 2,688p, or Second Alliance Trust with assets of more than £400m, both on discounts of nearly 16 per cent.

Both have similar portfolios, aiming to provide steady long-term growth of capital and income, but Inland Revenue rules mean you cannot put more than £1,500 into either of these shares because they invest more than half their assets outside Europe.

To top up your PEP to the maximum of £6,000, Alliance allows you to choose from a list of around 80 qualifying investment trusts and virtually any of the FTSE 350 constituents, the largest 350 companies on the stock market.

Alliance offers no advice so its PEP plan is suitable only for informed investors. To keep costs low, it tries to buy and sell shares on its list just once a week.

Charges are £1 plus 0.5 per cent stamp duty and 0.15 per cent for stockbroker's commission for purchasing Alliance or Second Alliance shares. To buy stock in the qualifying trusts and companies on its list costs £25 plus stamp duty and commission. Sales cost £25 plus commission. In the case of Alliance and Second Alliance, the managers make an annual charge of under 0.2 per cent taken out of income and dividends are normally reinvested.

"Our PEP lies between a managed fund plan and a stockbroker's PEP," says Gavin Suggitt, managing director of Alliance. He points out that the Alliance PEP is designed for long-term investors who know what they are doing and who will hold the plan for more than five years, not for someone just wanting a home for their windfall shares.

Tony Lyons
and Ken Welsby

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Serena Mackesy
In my week

"I remember why cool people have short haircuts: my hair is great in winter, but having a 15-tog duvet hanging down the back of your neck is no laugh in tropical heat"

On the train coming up from Fan's wedding, where the Irish lads have been larging it so hard it's like I've been trapped in a Murphy's advert, ("come into the garden and bring your drink, darling; the lilac's in bloom"), we pull in at Reading and Trainboy gets on, dressed up for a night in the metropolis: new haircut, a week's wages worth of sharp-cut casuals, face fixed in the grind of inscrutability that people learn from studying album covers. He sits over the aisle from us, gets out his mobile phone, which he puts on the table so we can all see he has one.

The train pulls out, and he starts dialling. It's clear how people seem only to use their mobiles once they're on the move: there's good reason for not flushing train lavatories in stations, but this is taking the word "mobile" a bit too literally. He tries a series of numbers without success, keeping like a Gameboy. Eventually, he gets through, and goes "ah-hi, it's me. On the train". The voice he uses is, as one expected, effete. I once got taken to task by a Wykehamist – they do love to show off their classical educations – for misusing this word. "Doo you know, you silly woman," he said, "that effete means worn out by excessive childbearing?" "Yes, darling," I replied. "And haven't you ever noticed that most of the people in the latter half of the 20th century who want to be perceived as sophisticated ape the mannerisms of post-parturition death-bed scenes in 19th-century novels?"

"Mmm, mmm, me too," the tired voice tolls on as the weary eyelids bravely flutter. "Do you fancy doing something tonight? Mmm. Go out or somethin'? No. I'm not going there. Somewhere cool. Yes, I suppose so. I'll meet you there about tenish, then. Mmm. Yeah. Bye." He slides in his aerial and gazes

at the tweed-effect nylon covering the seat in front of him. I thank my stars that I won't be having to spend the night where he'll be spending it.

Except that it doesn't work out that way. Once I've fought through the Cup-Final crowds and into a taxi, the whole evening turns hideously chrome. The boys have decided we have to go to The Saint: one of those irreversible "but everyone's already in there and we can't get in touch with them to tell them we're not coming" decisions. I whine, I beg, I even try folding my arms and the force of my character is unequal to the lure of halogen spots in artistically

He gives me a look. "Can I help you?" he says, the words loaded with meaning. I'm just about to say "Yes, you can, actually. Would you mind saying that I'm not cool enough to come in here so I can go and have a nice time somewhere else?" when it turns out that we're on the list and I am dragged down a grand-entrance staircase stolen from the set of *Sunset Boulevard* and into hell.

No, really, if Lucifer gave me a choice between tedium on red-hot ember and eternity crammed into a basement with a group of people who never smile and think that spending six quid on a single drink is a good idea, the old belfire would win, no contest. Trainboy is in a booth with his identical twin and a bottle of wine. They don't speak, just gaze sorrowfully out at the room. Someone hands me a king's ransom in vodka-and-tonic, and the glass is so heavy it slips through my fingers and soaks the trousers of the man

next to me. I find myself at the centre of a Bateman cartoon: eyes roll, 15 people approach, pointedly wobbling mops, chick-bobbed heads bow together to comment on my klutziness.

I remember why cool people always have short haircuts: my hair is great in winter, but being a 15-tog duvet hanging down the back of your neck is no laugh in tropical heat. Digging in my handbag for a couple of Birks to pin it up with, I glance up to see a tiny person in pigtails and a gym slip walk past, chained at the wrist to a boy whose yellow hair matches his eye-shadow. They weave their way through a group of identical lace dresses, cast a look of contempt over their shoulders and waltz up the staircase toward the street. I scream after them: "Please! Take me with you!" but my voice is lost in the thrum of Seventies disco remixes.

Robert Hanks
the week on radio

Somebody's out to get me...

If God did not exist, said Voltaire, who wasn't himself very convinced that God did any such thing, it would be necessary to invent him; and you could say roughly the same about freemasons. Leaving aside the eternally vexed question of their actual status, both God and the Masons – or whatever secret cartel for world domination takes your paranoid fancy – are invaluable conceptual tools, ways of filling in the gaps in our explanations of why things work or fail to work. In the long run, of course, we need to come to some kind of decision about what we actually know, sorting out which parts of our explanations are false or vacuous. In the short term, mysticism of one kind or another, a conspiracy theory just as much as a religion, can be a fence between you and the abyss of self-doubt or sheer incomprehension. Even for the most rational of us, it makes the world bearable.

The new series of *On the Ropes* (Radio 4, Thursday) has provided some nice illustrations of this. Last week we had Simoo Dee, the former

television superstar playboy, who turned out to be the soulmate Oliver Stone was looking for all these years. The reason the BBC fired him, it turned out, was that he dared to challenge official accounts of the shooting of JFK. He tried to become a bus-driver, but failed his test; the reason for this was that he had antagonised the unions.

Martin Fleischmann's tale of

his misfortunes was more plausible and less self-pitying than this. It was Fleischmann who, with his colleague Stanley Pons, turned the world of sci-

ence upside down in 1989 by announcing the discovery of "cold fusion" and, with it, the possibility of limitless cheap energy. Unfortunately, nobody else could reproduce their experimental results, and Fleischmann and Pons were swiftly discredited, denounced as conmen and frauds.

Fleischmann stuck to his guns, maintaining that the reasons nobody had confirmed his results were faulty equipment and flawed analysis of data. He sounded bitter and a little touchy, true, but he also sounded perfectly reasonable, chuckling at the notion that his downfall had been engineered by a conspiracy of vested interests (oil, automobile, electricity). Unfortunately, he took the edge off this by adding that a friend of his had said that if a single explanation covers all the facts, you have to take that explanation seriously, and a conspiracy theory certainly covered the facts of his case.

At this point we might bring

up on James Whale's Thursday night show on Talk Radio. Chuck is an American evangelical broadcaster and writer who has theories to cover every conceivable fact. He is very keen on cabalistic interpretation of Scripture, and enjoyed a fascinating discussion of the Bible's hidden prophecies with Mike, who called from Glossop, and Richard, who also called from Glossop, a town one feels one ought to know more about.

This was probably amusing and intriguing (and, for all anyone can prove, true), but there are three things one should know about Chuck: 1. He believes that the Democrats and the Republicans may as well be renamed Socialist Party A and Socialist Party B; 2. He believes that Islam and Christianity have "a destiny of conflict" (although, as he told a caller named Tariq, he is "eager not to offend anyone"); and 3. He was formerly Branch Chief of the Department of Guided Missiles in the US Air Force. As I say, conspiracy theories can be very comforting; I haven't yet come up with one that takes the sting out of that piece of knowledge.

Comedy and the numbers game

Television has a funny way of making the oldest shows look young and the youngest old. Actually, it's not that funny. *Countdown* (C4, Fri) was 2,000 editions old this week. *Late Review* (BBC2, Thurs) reached 100. And, last night, *Sunny-side Farm* (BBC2, Fri) doddered and limped up to the grand old age of six episodes. The funniest thing about *Sunny-side Farm* is that it may yet get a second series. And if you're giving something a second series, you might as well follow that up with a third. And, before you know it, someone will be dubbing it a classic that just needed time to mature.

For the moment, though, people in senior positions in the BBC's comedy directorate are deciding whether the bucolic sitcom should be allowed to make it to seven. It presumably looked much livelier on paper but, realised on the screen, it falls victim to that uncertainty of tone that is the tripwire every sitcom has to step over. Sure, it has delivered enough satisfying one-liners to reach the bare minimum of comic competence. But it hasn't been able to stop itself giving the appearance of trying too hard to make an impression.

The plotline of last night's episode involved a love affair between the imbecile Keo and a drop-dead-gorgeous

Jasper Rees
the week on television

Bolivian nymphomaniac. She has very loud, through-the-floor-board orgasms. "What's the matter?" woodens Wendy, an English rose who wouldn't recognise a sexual convulsion unless it came from a crochet pattern book. "Is she in pain?" Not unfunny, unless you're an English rose who wouldn't recognise etc etc... But when poor old Phil Daniels, playing Keo's brother Ray, realises what the two love birds are up to, he gets to utter the deathless punchline: "Aha! The penny, and her knickers, have dropped." With gags like that, the series deserves to make the same vertical descent.

Channel 4, meanwhile, has seen the light over *Roseanne* (C4, Wed). Suffering hideously painful death throes in late-night exile, it demonstrates the perils of knowing when to

call it a day. But it's worth noting that the channel's love affair with US sitcoms has its continuing blind spots. *Cybill* (C4, Fri), which seemed so sassy and assured in its first series, has long since succumbed to limping along with an incurable case of gout. Whereas *Friends* will thread small but perfectly formed plotlines through its network of characters, *Cybill* is reliant for all its comedy on the lead character's attempts to retain her dignity during menopause. Last night's running gag involved the shocking state of *Cybill*'s tresses after she took a job in a commercial for some hair product. Sometimes you can look at a joke from several sides and see oevs to laugh at. But not this time. Again, there was just enough nourishment to keep you from starving. *Cybill*'s daughter Zoccy has just come back from holiday. "So tell us all about Europe," says the sad scamp Maryann. "What did they show on the plane?" You just hope for Zoccy's sake it wasn't a recent edition of this sitcom.

When the moment comes to go belly up, *Countdown* will surely have the good sense to recognise it. The celebratory 2,000th edition, based somewhat on *This is Your Life* and much given to sniggering at the changing design features of Carol Vorderman's hair, was probably the least distin-



Whatever happened to Eugene Terre Blanche?

The Moment In May 1989, Eugene Terre Blanche (48), charismatic leader of the AWB, the Afrikaner Resistance Movement, is acquitted of criminally damaging the gates to the Boer monument, the Paardekraal. The trial has focused attention on the scandalous news that Jan Alleo (37), glamorous newspaper columnist, was with the upstanding father, farmer and extreme right-wing separatist on the night in question...

The background In 1973, Terre Blanche

lived up to his name and founded the AWB to establish the white-only homeland for South Africa's 3.5 million Afrikaners, the "Volkstaat". Denouncing the lily-livered National Party government and the ANC, and peddling myths of racial purity, the neo-Nazi AWB emerged in the civil unrest of 1986 to play on white fears of a black revolution. Among his new admirers was the unlikely figure of Jan Alleo, who had gushed about Terre Blanche's "blow-torch eyes" and who had been seen increasingly oo the arm of the Afrikaner family man...

The Effect Scandalized by their glorious leader's (allegedly) lustful dalliance, "ET's" staunch "volk" deserted him. Legalisation of the ANC in 1990 sparked further AWB bluster, culminating in the dramatic storming of the Johannesburg World Trade Centre in 1994. By 1992, however, Alleo's libel action against Channel 4 about the pair's relationship had produced gruesome testimony of the Boer's "heaving white buttocks" and booby-trots. With his political credibility (and his underpants) in tatters, Terre Blanche watched in dismay as the Rainbow

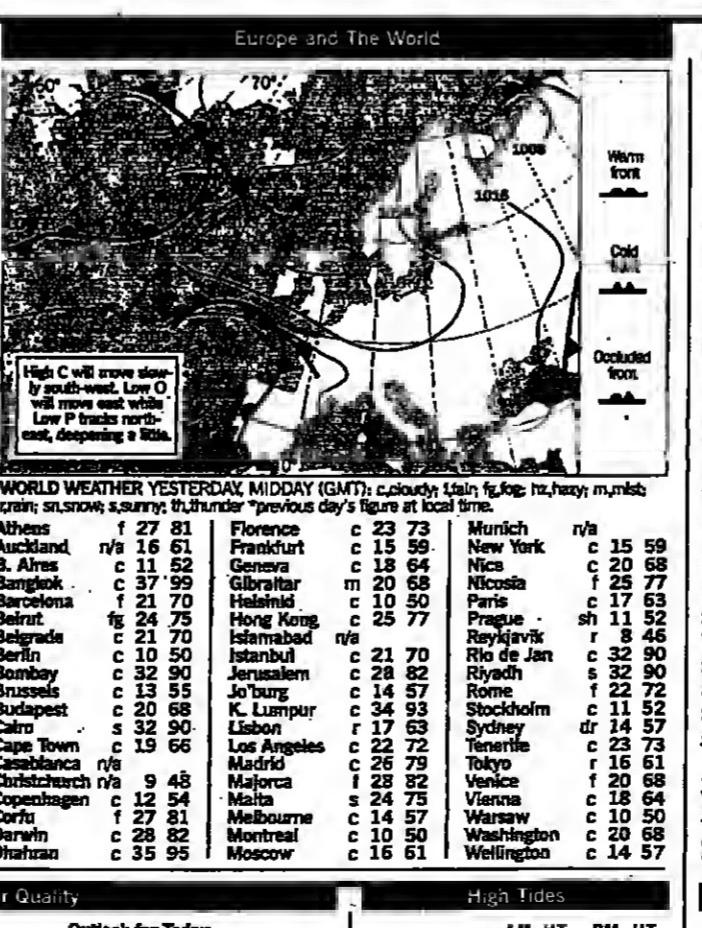
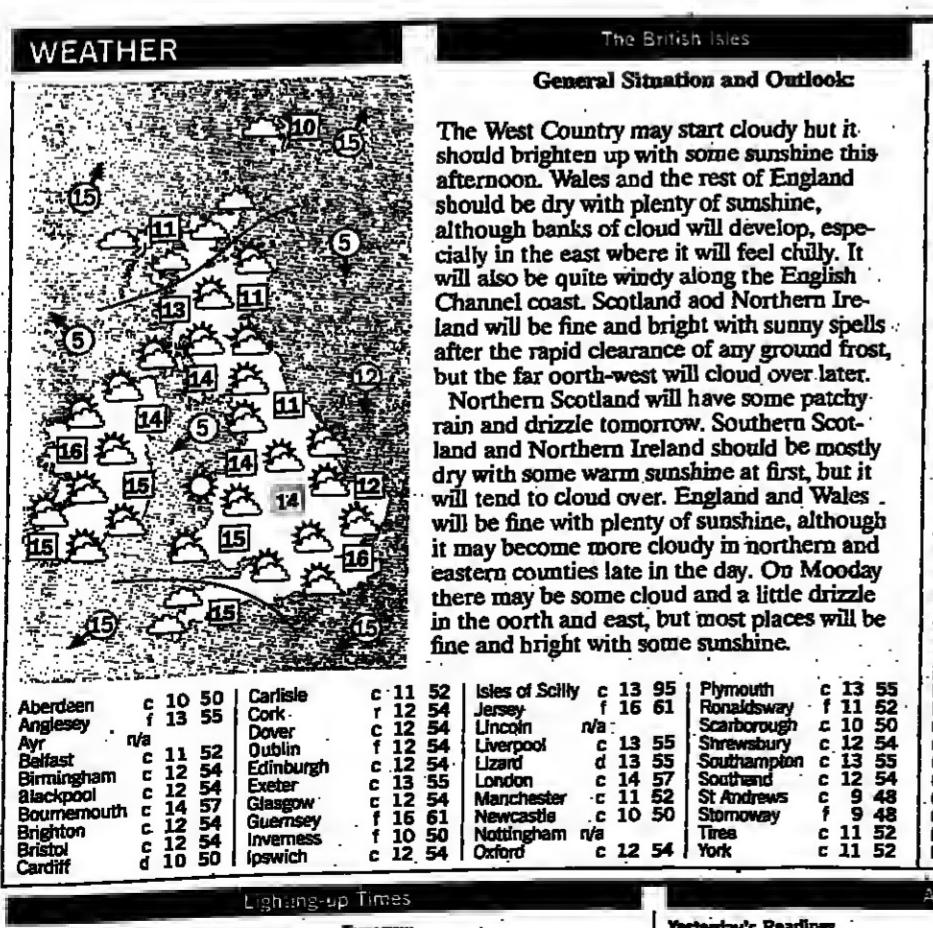
Nation embarked peacefully without him.

The Future As Mandela wooed Afrikaners, Terre Blanche's support dwindled to hundreds. However, prison rather than farming beckons Terre Blanche following his conviction for the attempted murder of a black labourer last month. Should he escape a penitentiary sentence, however, Johannesburgers recently voted that an alternative role of stature awaits him: Father Christmas.

Mike Higgins

Meet Anthony Sher

Join Anthony Sher in conversation with Greg Doran about their African *Coriolanus* production *Woza Shakespeare*. One hundred *Independent* Readers can be the guests at The Sunday Times Hay Festival, on Sunday 1 June. Tickets will be available to the first 100 *Independent* Readers to call 01497 821299 and quote "Indie Sher Offer". The offer is exclusive to *Independent* Readers, and does not include travel to Hay-on-Wye.



One of the more prominent features of spring and early summer evenings skies is the ancient constellation Boötes. Normally described in English as "The Herdsman", he is nevertheless seen as engaged in the unlikely task of trying to round up the Great Bear rather than corralling mere cattle. This interpretation ties in with Boötes' position – his kite shape is easily located by following through the tail of the Great Bear – and his brightest star, Arcturus. Derived from Greek, Arcturus means "guardian of the bear", and has been used at times in the past as a name for the whole constellation. This yellow-orange giant of magnitude -0.04 is the fourth brightest star in the sky. At 36 light years from us, it is one of the nearest of the bright stars. Boötes is visible throughout the hours of darkness, high overhead around 11pm (BST).

Jacqueline Mitton

TODAY'S TELEVISION

It's a bank holiday weekend, and where there's a bank holiday weekend, a theme night is never far behind. Those Pavlovian schedules have this time given us a choice between old sitcoms and kung fu movies, with Channel 4 going for a three-night "sitcom weekend" and the BBC – for one evening only – presenting *Kung Fu Night* (Sat BBC2).

People (men?) in their mid-to-late thirties will best recall the kung fu craze which swept into Britain on the heels (and elbows) of Bruce Lee in 1973, although martial arts movies have maintained a steady following ever since. And any casual observation of schoolkids gathered at a bus stop will reveal five-, six- and seven-year-olds kick-boxing their peers. Ninja Turtles absorbed that with their mother's milk, you see.

Situation comedies are obviously more universal in their appeal. Sandwiched between thick crusts of old sitcom

repeats and movie spin-offs are three documentaries, *Has Anyone Seen My Pussy?* (Sat C4); innuendo in 1970s British sitcoms; *Tickled Pink* (Sat C4); the current flirtation with gay characters in US sitcoms; and *Lavely Jubbly* (Sun C4): profiles of a trio of obsessive sitcom fans. The latter features a woman who travels the country baking cakes for John Inman, who played camp-as-a-scout's-tent shop assistant Mr Humphries in *Are You Being Served?*, a retired chap who dresses up like Compo in *Last of the Summer Wine*, and, by far the darkest of the three, a young married man fixated on the locations where *Steptoe and Son* was filmed. She didn't know about this when they married, says his wife, tending to the children in a different room.

There are also four shorts featuring Matt "Shooting Stars" Lucas and Bob Mortimer spoofing the modern American

sitcom. These are funny up to a point, and then tip over into the wrong sort of hysteria. They seem very angry about something, and oddly anti-American, and add to the general feeling that emanates from the weekend of a reaction against sick US sitcoms and a nostalgia for the days of *George and Mildred* and *Are You Being Served?* The trouble is that those days have gone. Just look at *The Thin Blue Line*, which tries to recapture them. Oh, you like it, I'm so sorry.

Elsewhere, *Born to Run* (Sun BBC1) is a new six-part from Debby "Riff Raff Element" Horsfield, one of TV's few truly individual voices, who writes busy human dramas crowded with vibrant, three-dimensional characters. Set in the north without falling into the northern whimsy of *Wokeenwell* or *All Quiet on the Preston Front*, it revolves around the monstrous Fletch family, owners of a second-hand classic car dealership. When

their control-freakish patriarch (Terence Rigby) suffers a heart attack while singing karaoke, his hoods are set free in all sorts of unexpected directions. Billie Whitehead, Keith Allen (surprisingly good) and John McArdle lead the cast.

Now, my friends think I am sad critter, principally for believing that there is something (although I'm not sure how much) that can somehow be affected by the position of the constellations. I was expecting *Everyman* (Sun BBC1) to side with my friends on this one. Instead, it clears the stage for a history of astrology and a succession of Christian astrologers to make their case for reconciling a belief in an omnipotent God with the belief that the fact that they were born with the sun in Capricorn is somehow significant. I'm just not looking forward to the Age of Aquarius, that's all. I mean, have you seen *Hair*?

BBC 1

- 7.00 Children's BBC: Harry and the Hendersons. 7.25 News/Weather. 7.30 Felix the Cat. 7.45 Babar. 8.10 Albert the 5th Museteer. 8.35 The Flintstones. 9.00 Phantasm. 20.40. 9.20 The Incredible Hulk. 9.45 Grange Hill. 10.15 Sweet Valley High. 10.45 The O Zone. 11.05 *Mad Big Top Pee-wee* (Randall Kleiser 1988 US). Paul Reubens' odd but truly original comic creation allows a circus to stay in his farm (T) (8823705).
- 12.27 *Weather* (8927328). 12.30 *Grandstand*: 12.35 Cricket Focus (9027329). 1.00 News (85360502). 1.05 Tennis: Coverage of the final of the Women's World Doubles Cup from Edinburgh (2127786). 1.15 Racing from Haydock: the 2.00 race (85364927). 2.10 Tennis: Women's World Doubles Cup (10296298). 2.25 Racing from Haydock: the 2.30 race. 2.40 Golf: PGA Championship. Coverage of the second round from the Volvo PGA Championship at Wentworth (195683). 2.55 Racing from Haydock: the 3.00 race (9426373). 3.10 Golf (757299). 3.30 Racing from Haydock: the 3.55 race (7371892). 4.00 Golf (4527347). 4.45 Football and News Round-up, including highlights of the Tennents Scottish FA Cup Final between Falkirk and Kilmarnock (1056233). 5.20 News, Weather (T) (5507366). 5.30 Local News, Weather (530453). 5.35 *Carboot* (100453). 5.45 *Adm's Army* (RT) (229358). 6.15 *The New Adventures of Superman* (S) (761540).
- 7.00 *Whatever You Want, Three Wild West fanatics* (hoping to join in a real rodeo in the US), and a trio of Dreamboy wannabes (yes, really) compete to have their fantasies come true (S) (443466).
- 7.50 *The National Lottery Live*. Terry Wogan and Eamonn cheerlead the big numbers draw (S) (750507).
- 8.10 *Jonathan Creek*. A cosmetic surgeon is found murdered at his Harley Street clinic and one of his patients is the prime suspect. But how did she do it? Caroline Quentin's crime writer and Alan Davies' magic tricks expert investigate (S) (308714).
- 9.10 *Casually* (R) (S) (530279). 10.00 *The Best of Les Dawson* (16960). 10.30 News, Sport, Weather (107540). 10.50 *International Match of the Day*. Highlights of this evening's historic friendly between England and South Africa (S) (767182).
- 11.40 *They Think It's All Over*. Ron Atkinson and Zoe Ball are the rerun guests (R) (S) (720076).
- 12.10 *Top of the Pops* (S) (2735564). 12.40 *Birth of the Beatles* (Richard Marquand 1979 US). Compared with *Backbeat*, this biopic of the early days of the Beatles is a pallid affair. John Altman – Nick Cotton in *EastEnders* – plays George (Then Weather) (148477). To 2.30am.

BBC 2

- 6.20 *Open University: Psychology in Action: Personal Selection* (8010231). 6.45 Energy and Rockets (6503502). 7.10 *Questions of Sovereignty* (2700163). 8.00 *Open Saturday* (598057).
- 10.30 *MenZone* (G92540).
- 10.35 *Time Gear: Comparing the Mercedes E Class*. Electric Estates and BMW's diesel-powered Touring of the new 5 Series (R) (S) (76207365).
- 11.10 *The Big Deal*. Documentary following a corporate headhunter (7478434).
- 11.45 *Hancock's Half Hour* (R) (2842750).
- 12.10 *Cannes Film Festival* with Barry Norman (R) (S) (7688925).
- 12.50 *Hotel Sahara* (Ken Annakin 1951 UK). A double-bill of Peter Ustinov movies kicks off with this entertaining comedy set in the African desert during the Second World War. Ustinov plays the owner of a shabby hotel occupied at various times by British, German, Italian and French forces (34968778).
- 2.25 *Hot Millions* (Eric Till 1968 UK). In this one – a moderately funny crime caper – Peter Ustinov plays a computer fraudster musing his way through the accounts of a large corporation. Able support comes in the shape of Maggie Smith and Karl Malden (5535415).
- 4.10 *The Saint*. The dapper eyebrow-raiser is in Ireland in another of these lovely old TV thrillers (R) (2798711).
- 5.00 *Golf: PGA Championship*. Further coverage from Wentworth (1209618).
- 6.10 *Later with Jools Holland*. The Charlatans, Tony Bennett, Baz Caggers, Algeria's Khaled and young Welsh band Geny's Apogee Mynd (S) (680255).
- 7.10 *News and Sport, Weather* (S) (26182).
- 7.25 Correspondent Robin Denselow is the correspondent this week, travelling through former Zaire to investigate enigmatic revolutionary Laurent Kabila, the country's new president (5282903).
- 8.10 *Cricket – England v Australia*. Highlights of today's play from the Oval (108795).
- 9.10 *Kung Fu Night* (S) (51927).
- 9.15 *The Kung Fu Years*. See Preview, above (S) (320959).
- 9.50 *Kung Fu Movie Masters*. With Alexei Sayle (S) (7484989).
- 10.00 *Enter the Dragon* (Robert Clouse 1973 US). The movie that brought Bruce Lee to global attention – a ballistic festival of martial arts in which Lee takes on an opium ring and white slave traders (T) (877724).
- 11.35 *Kung Fu Fighting*. A history of martial arts movies, from their origins in the Peking Opera and the discipline of the Shaolin Monks, through the period of global popularity with Bruce Lee in the 1970s, and on to the Hollywood blockbusters of the 1990s (151927).
- 12.15 *The Prodigal Son* (Sammo Hung cohorts Samo Hung and Yuen Biao (T) (349019).
- 1.50 *Shaolin Beats*. A look at the link between hip-hop and kung-fu music (S) (8133651).
- 2.15 *Monkey*. Cultural series from Japan following the origins of Buddhism through a colourful group of characters (R) (T) (8036390).
- 3.00 *A Touch of Zen* (King Hu 1969 Taiwan). Set in 14th-century China – a tale of sword play and ghosts, imbued with the spirit of the Chinese opera (81802699). To 5.00am.

ITV/Carlton

- 6.00 *GMTV*. News. 6.10 *Professor Bubble*. 6.30 *Horizon* in Pyjamas. 6.55 *Our House*. 7.10 *Theuzzles*. 7.40 Disney's *Wake Up in the Wild Room*. 8.55 *Power Rangers Zeo* (4324298).
- 9.25 *Mashed* (S) (60337811).
- 11.00 *The Chart Show* (S) (159298).
- 11.45 *F1: Spanish Grand Prix – Qualifying*. Jim Rosenthal introduces live coverage of the qualifying session for the Spanish Grand Prix from Barcelona (430960).
- 1.15 *News, Weather* (T) (8538345).
- 1.20 *London Weekend Today* (853633434).
- 1.25 *UEFA Champions League Special*. Preview of this Wednesday's final between Juventus and Borussia Dortmund (22914347).
- 1.55 *SeaQuest DSV* (S) (7641434).
- 2.50 *The Count of Monte Cristo* (David Greene 1975 UK). Richard Chamberlain stars in this bland version of Dumas' adventure (14423724).
- 4.50 *News, Sport, Weather* (T) (7373960).
- 5.05 *London Weekend Tonight* (8817508).
- 5.20 *F1: Spanish Grand Prix Special*. Latest news from Barcelona (S) (8621453).

Channel 4

- 6.40 *Miraculous Mellops* (R) (8539927).
- 7.05 *The Adventures of Sonic the Hedgehog* (R) (S) (7991366).
- 7.35 *Creepy Crawlers* (S) (7631724).
- 8.00 *Transworld Sport* (32231).
- 9.00 *Morning Line* (S) (11148).
- 10.00 *Gazzetta Sport* (Italy) (84434).
- 11.00 *NBA 24/7* (S) (75798).
- 12.00 *Rainbow* (54618).
- 1.00 *Billy the Kid* (David Miller 1941 US). Western adventure starring Robert Taylor who tells the story of William "Billy the Kid" Bonney (T) (67786144).
- 2.40 *Channel 4 Racing*. A nine-race card with the Irish 1,000 Guineas from the Curragh at 3.55 as the main event. The other races are the 3.05, 3.35, 4.05 and 4.45 races from Kempton Park and the 3.20, 3.50, 4.20 and 4.50 races from Doncaster (S) (7579327).
- 5.05 *Brookside* (Umbitas) (S) (7) (7552705).
- 6.30 *Right to Reply* (S) (873).
- 7.00 *Sitcom Weekend*. Introducing Channel 4's season, beginning with...

Channel 5

- 6.00 *Dappledown Farm* (2153144).
- 6.30 *Attractions* (R) (S) (775453).
- 7.05 *New Year's Early* (S) (5296540).
- 7.30 *Havakko: Winnie's House*. Stories for children (5282347).
- 8.00 *Alvin and the Chipmunks* (8132569).
- 8.30 *Land of the Lost* (8124540).
- 9.00 *Beverly Hills*, 90210 (S) (2418540).
- 10.50 *May Upfront: Anything's Possible*. Coronation Street star Denise Black remembers a childhood trauma (S) (88565076).
- 11.00 *Yum-Yum*. Sporting preview with Dominik Diamond and former Live TV stunner Gail McKenna, including a look at the Scottish Cup final and the English playoff finals (S) (59683279).
- 12.50 *News* (S) (15989960).
- 1.00 *The Mag*. Kids make their own news, reviews, gossip, fashion and comedy items (S) (4202502).
- 2.00 *USA High*. Teenage sitcom about the students of an American school in Paris. Jackson and Ashley begin an unlikely romance (S) (38531057).
- 2.20 *The Mag (Continued)* (S) (6035673).
- 3.15 *Sunset Beach* (Omibus). Has to be some sort of definition of "utility" (18595098).
- 6.00 *News and Sport* (S) (1459366).
- 6.05 *Hercules the Legendary Journeys*. Xena sets out to kill Hercules in this musclebound mythologising series (S) (317163).
- 6.55 *Night Fever*. Suge's karaoke guests are Jocelyn Brown, Mike Flowers, Toyah Willcox, Esther McVeay, Kathy Lloyd, Rhona Cameron, Mark Curry and Tanya Bryer. Pass the "B list" (S) (5634434).
- 7.50 *News and Sport* (S) (7970144).
- 8.10 *JAG*. Adventure series about a Navy lawyer. Harm and Mac are called in to investigate when the trainee in a platoon of marine women seems to have hanged herself (7877144).
- 9.00 *Halfie FF*. Our Aussie forensic psychiatrist is appointed to assess whether an heiress charged with the murder of her father and stepmother is fit to stand trial (9025873).
- 10.55 *Ali Alligator Eyes* (John Feldman 1990 US). Comedy drama about three holidaying friends and the sinister blind woman hitchhiker they pick up as they head for the American south. Out for revenge on the man who killed her parents, the young passenger persuades the trio travel to a non-existent musical festival (64183560).
- 12.50 *The Last Flim* (Corey Allen 1986 US). Bride-to-be Connie Sellecca sets her sights on lonely John Ritter for one last fling before marrying her stuffy fiance. Quantum Leap's Scott Bakula co-stars (9315274).
- 2.35 *Silent Witness* (Michael Miller 1985 US). Drama about a woman who witnesses a bar-room rape by her brother-in-law and is torn between testifying and keeping the secret within her close-knit family (6052038).
- 4.15 *Night Stand*. Spook talk show hosted by Dick Dietrich (78853421).
- 4.40 *Prisoner Cell Block H* (4879545).
- 5.30 *Whittle* (R) (S) (212729).

ITV/Regions

- ANGLIA** As London except: 1.20pm *Anglia News and Weather* (85633434). 1.55 *Film: King and Queen* (55336328). 3.50 *seaQuest DSV* (8591298). 5.05 *Anglia News, Sport and Weather* (8817908). 1.00 *Film: Light of Day* (681767). 2.55 *Film: Born to Ride* (619922). 4.30 - 5.30am *Shift* (43019).
- CENTRAL** As London except: 1.20pm *Central News and Weather* (85633434). 1.55 *ITV Sport Classics* (86359095). 2.10 *Film: Carry On Screening* (934786). 3.55 *seaQuest DSV* (8597989). 5.10 *World of Wonder* (4172279). 4.05 *Jobfinder* (232477).
- RTV WALES** As London except: 1.20pm *RTV News and Weather* (8563434). 1.55 *TV Sport Classics* (86359095). 2.10 *Film: Carry On Screening* (934786). 3.55 *seaQuest DSV* (8597989). 5.10 *World of Wonder* (4172279). 4.05 *Jobfinder* (232477).
- ITV WEST** As ITV Wales except: 1.55pm *HTV News Volume One*, issue One (5821520). 2.30 *The Making of Liar* (24042587). 2.45 - 3.25 *Cartoon Time* (4042587).
- ITV WALES** As London except: 1.20pm *HTV News and Weather* (85633434). 1.55 *TV Sport Classics* (86359095). 2.10 *Film: Carry On Screening* (934786). 3.55 *seaQuest DSV* (8597989). 5.10 *World of Wonder* (4172279). 4.05 *Jobfinder* (232477).
- MERIDIAN** As London except: 1.20pm *Meridian News and Weather* (85633434). 1.55 *Film: The Making of Liar* (250). 3.00 *World of Wonder* (6084649). 3.20 *Airwolf* (8672873). 4.15 *The List* (7466059). 5.05 - 5.20pm *HTV West News and Weather* (8817908).
- WESTCOUNTRY** As London except: 1.20pm *Westcountry News and Weather* (85633434). 1.55 *Film: Men of the Woods* (8672612). 3.50 *seaQuest DSV* (8591298). 5.05 *Meridian News and Weather* (8817908). 1.00 *Film: Light of Day* (681767). 2.55 *Film: Born to Ride* (619922). 4.30 - 5.30am *Shift* (43019).
- YORKSHIRE** As London except: 1.20pm *Calendar News and Weather* (85633434). 1.55 *Film: The Amazing Captain Nemo* (55350908). 3.55 *seaQuest DSV* (9576989). 5.10 *Coronation Street* (4172279). 1.00 *Film: Bed with Medmer* (95564). 1.30 *Film: Family Plot* (41210187). 3.30 *Funny Business* (19232187). 4.05 *Collins and Maconie's Movie Club* (55228583). 4.35 - 5.30am *Murder, She Wrote* (6740438).
- CAMBRIDGE NORTH EAST** As Yorkshire except: 1.20pm *North East News* (85633434). 5.05 *North East News* (8569839). 5.10 - 5.20pm *Cartoon Time* (4172279).
- CAMBRIDGE** As C4 except: 10.00am *Home Improvement* (59537). 10.30 *The Monkees* (24989). 12.00pm *Film: The Opposite Sex* (2201724). 2.10 *Australia Wild* (11012453). 6.30 *Springhill* (873). 7.00 *Newyddion a Chwarae* (Mae's Udd yn 7ed (974989). 8.45pm *Film: Till Death Us Do Part* (7141